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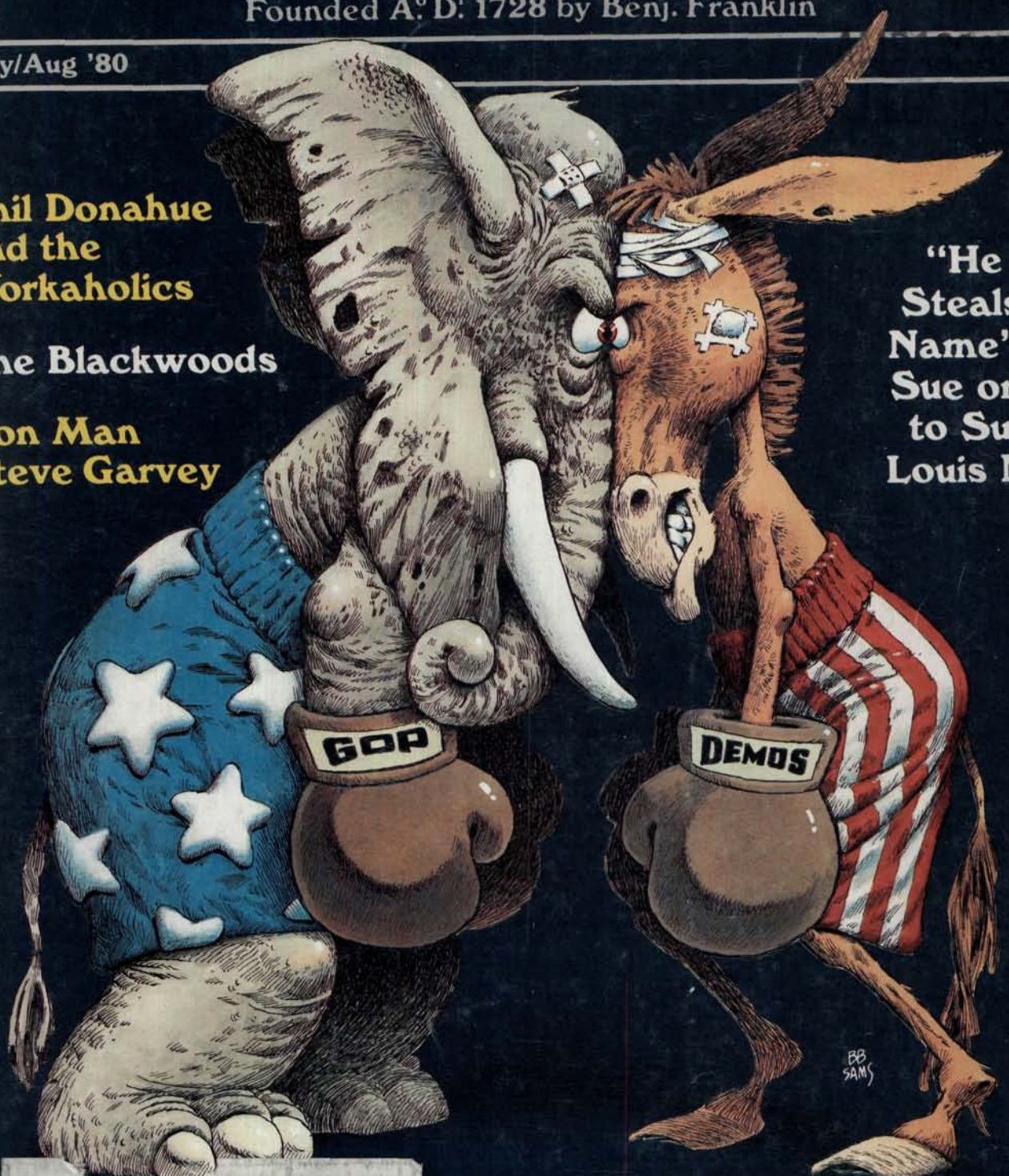

Phil Donahue and the Workaholics

The Blackwoods

Iron Man Steve Garvey

"He Who Steals My Name" (To Sue or Not to Sue) by Louis Nizer

Kelly: Still
n His Toes

The Political Arena
by Bill Furlong

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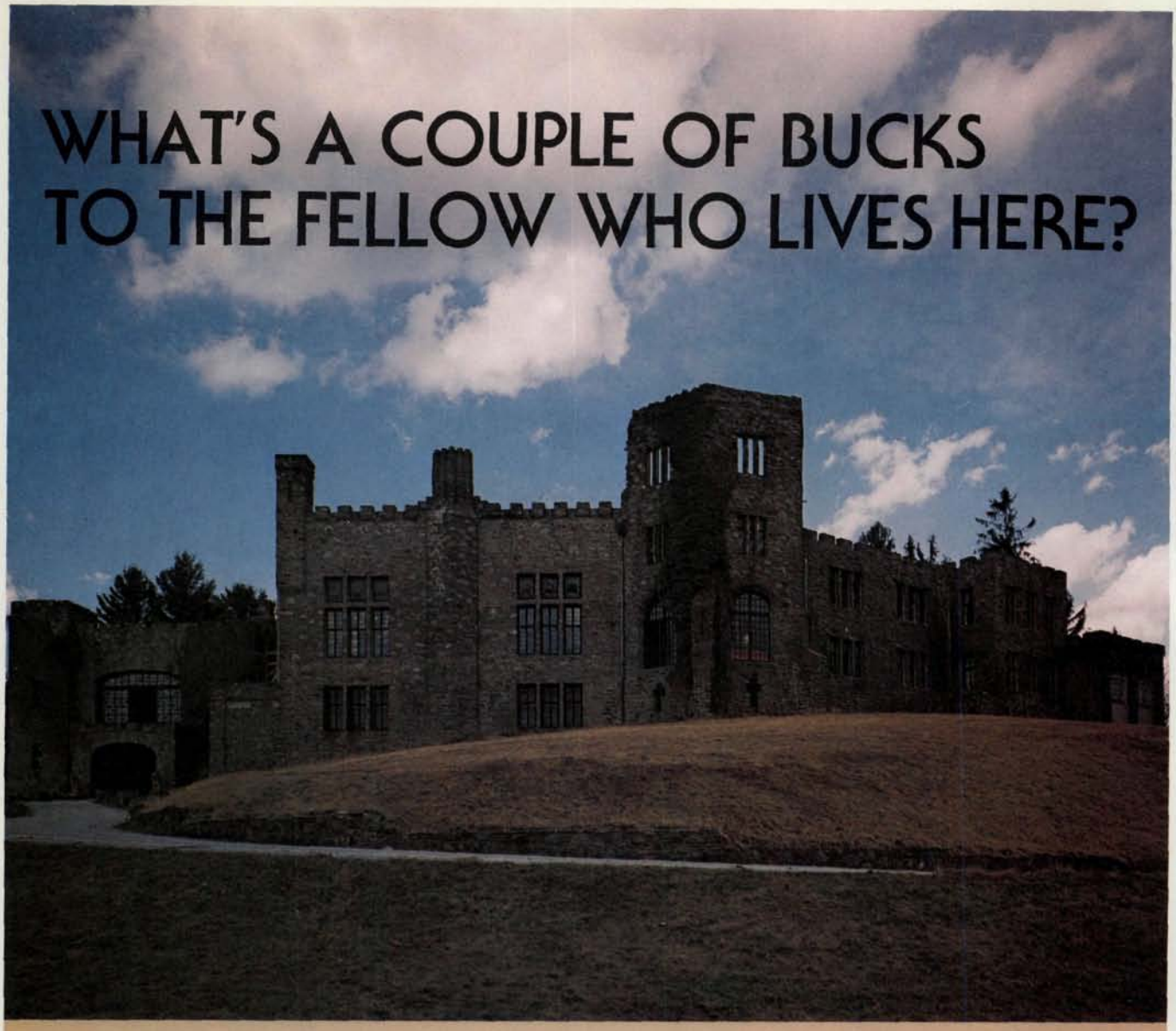

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Vic Cassizzi and his family live in the former Seely home in Asheville, North Carolina. It is now the parsonage and church for the Overlook Christian Ministries. Mr. Cassizzi is the pastor.

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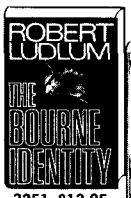

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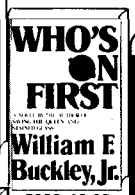

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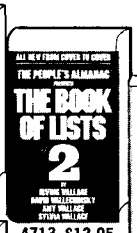

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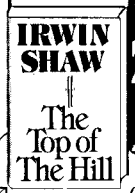

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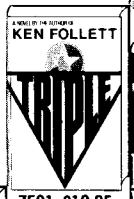

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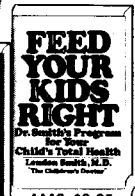

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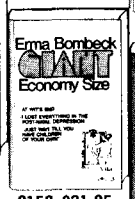

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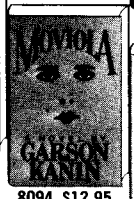

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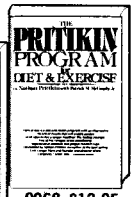

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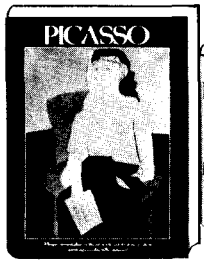

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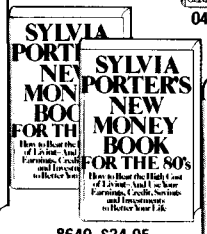

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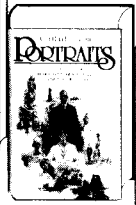

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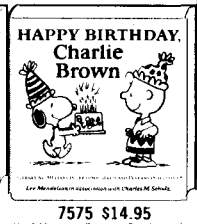

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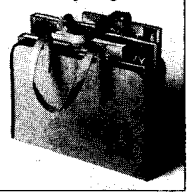

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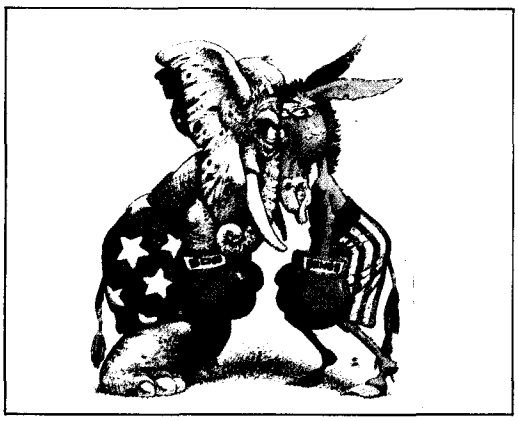

Crashing The Party

Post prognosticator Bill Furlong takes a look at a movement of nonpoliticians who, without candidate, party or fund-raising apparatus, circulate their opinions by writing and speaking rather than plunging into political organization.

16

Going to Pot

The "grass" fire raging through our schools is threatening more than the mental and physical conditions of the current generation. New research proves that marijuana is causing damage to the lungs, the reproductive system and the brain.

32

Let's Play Work

The 8-to-5 worker says, "Thank God it's Friday." The workaholic says, "Thank God it's Monday." The *Phil Donahue Show* explores this phenomenon with Dr. Marilyn Machlowitz, author of *Workaholics*, and the family of Beurt and Cory SerVaas.

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Cover illustration by B.B. Sams

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The names of characters used in all *Post* fiction and semifiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

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Funny stage they're at: George is older, but somehow he doesn't quite measure up to kid sister Shirley. "It's a stage," Dad consoles his son. "You'll outgrow it." The kids are growing up. Almost too fast. So, be sure to share those little moments, as well as the big, with faraway friends and family. Just reach out with a phone call, and they're sharing your day.

Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

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Letters to the Editor

Cholesterol Quest

I read with a good deal of interest your article, "Warning: Narrow Artery" (March 1980). You stated on page 46 of the *Post* article that Wisconsin children have higher cholesterol levels because of their higher intake of dietary cholesterol and dietary saturated fat from eggs, meat, milk and cheese.

Would you please give me a list of food substitutes for these high cholesterol/high saturated fat items so my diet can be changed toward a lower cholesterol level?

I eat a balanced diet. I am a diabetic taking insulin. I realize there are quick foods and relatively slow-burning foods such as meat. I think my answer would be in the area of eggs, meat and cheese and what substitutes could be used for them in other food items.

Stephen I. Johnson
Hastings, Michigan

Ed. note: We have asked Dr. Farquhar to answer your letter:

"There are a wide variety of tasty, high-energy substitutes for the high-fat-content animal foods such as meat, eggs and cheese. These replacements are most readily obtained from the vegetable kingdom. By substituting fruits, vegetables, cereal grains and legumes you can achieve your goal of reducing cholesterol. This is best done by developing tasty recipes that please the palate and satisfy not only you but the rest of your family. Remember that the combination of legumes (beans, peas, lentils) and cereal products such as brown rice and corn can furnish a combination of proteins that equals the quantity of proteins derived from animal products.

"This new pattern of eating will allow you to develop meals without meat and dairy products that sacrifice neither good nutrition nor pleasure. Furthermore, recent research suggests that the fiber-containing whole cereals (whole wheat, brown rice, corn) may have some special benefits for diabetic individuals. In some instances, blood sugar falls and the amount of insulin needed for diabetic control is decreased. If you do alter your diet, it would be important to coordinate it with your physician, who may wish to follow your case during the change period."

—John Farquhar M.D.

Mormon Memory

Your article about Mormons having less disease (May/June 1980) reminded me of a Mormon song we used to sing which emphasized the diet:

"In our lovely Deseret, where the saints of God have met, there's a multitude of children, all around; they are generous and brave, they have precious souls to save, they must listen and obey the gospel's sound.
(chorus)
"That the children may live long and be beautiful and strong; tea and coffee and tobacco they despise. Drink no liquor, and they eat but a very little meat; they are seeking to be great and good and wise."
(chorus)

Lane Palmer, Editor
Farm Journal
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Our Mis-State

I would hesitate to take a cross-country automobile trip with the individual who prepares your map puzzle, "Where Do You Think You Are?" I am afraid we would get lost and end up not only in the wrong city but in the wrong state.

I refer to your May/June issue of the *Post*, Page 116. Map #8 shows the town of Newton at the junction of State Roads 33 and 130. The answer given is Indiana.

Please tell your puzzle maker to get back in his/her automobile and drive west to Illinois where he/she will find the town of Newton. I wonder how many other map readers will discover the error.

Best wishes for continued success of the *Post*. I am enjoying it thoroughly, but my favorite item is still "Where Do You Think You Are?"

Lyman S. Ayres
Indianapolis, Indiana

Continued on following page

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Quality. Our way of life.

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April Applause

I cannot remember any instance of any other general magazine having the fortitude to present the Christian religion as you did in the April 1980 *Post*. You did a beautiful job.

Victor I. Whittemore
Palm Desert, California

Unviable Verdict

With reference to Nick Thimmesch's well-researched article ("Karen Silkwood Without Tears," November and December 1979), it seems to me that it is the U.S.A. and all Americans, not just hapless Kerr-McGee, who are the victims of a foolish verdict. For Judge Theis to tell the jury that it could decide what standards K-M *should* have followed is a dangerous precedent. If the town drunk falls down stairs that meet all building codes and safety standards, a jury could award him damages because the jury decides the standards should have included foam padding on all walls, landings and steps.

Besides, every time the anti-nuclear activists "win," we all lose in our struggle for energy sufficiency and for reduction in our dangerous and costly dependence on foreign oil.

Dickens said it well: "The law is an ass."

R.M. Campbell
Cohasset, Massachusetts

Alcoholic Ignorance

In William Barry Furlong's article on potential first ladies in your March 1980 edition, attention is directed to the author's description of Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Kennedy as "confessed alcoholics." I was stunned by Furlong's abysmal ignorance and his gross lack of taste in using their disease as the vehicle to point out their human foibles. Had both women shared the commonality of diabetes or epilepsy, would he have so labeled their acknowledgment as a confession? An enormous disservice has been done not only to the million people who are recovering alcoholics but more significantly to those who are still suffering from the disease and who, because of such words as "confessed" and the social stigma implicit therein, will die, never knowing the serenity of release from the physical and psychological addiction of alcoholism. Since Mr. Furlong set this semantic penitential scene, let his penance be to research this disease that afflicts millions of people and publish forthwith a definitive article on the strides being made therein—despite such attitudes as displayed by Mr. Furlong.

Jacqueline L. Wallace
Duvall, Washington

Cover Story

For years I have been telling my wife my picture had been part of a *Saturday Evening Post* cover when I was a boy, but had no copy of it to show her. Several days ago, when we went to our library in Mt. Lebanon, Pennsylvania, my wife stopped to look at an exhibition in the lobby. It was "50 Years Ago on

Saturday Evening Post Covers," from the collection of Charles A. Wright of Mt. Lebanon. And—hurrah!—the cover on which I appeared was part of the exhibit.

It is the cover of April 26, 1930, showing a gang of teen-age boys playing baseball. The artist, who signed himself Eugene Iverd, was really George Ericcson, a teacher of art in the Erie Academy High School in Erie, Pennsylvania. I attended the school and lived in the same block with Mr. Ericcson, which is why I was one of the boys chosen to pose for the cover. I certainly was pleased to see the cover again. Recently, I found out that my brother, Jack, appeared on the November 15, 1930, cover in a football scene.

If you have any arrangements by which it is possible to buy a copy of either cover, or of the issue of which it was a part, please advise the price.

Harvey Mercer
Mt. Lebanon, Pennsylvania

Sorry, we don't have any copies to sell, but perhaps another reader does. If so, he can write to you care of the Post, *and we'll send the letter on. In any event, these 1930 issues are on display at the Benjamin Franklin Museum, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. As a* Post *reader, you are invited to visit the museum any time.*

Furlong's First Ladies

Your recent article, "Look Who's Running For First Lady," in your March 1980 issue, has a comment I'm not so sure I understand. Written by William Barry Furlong, it mentions one item concerning Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt (out of context), i.e., "Mrs. Roosevelt suggested that she found her supreme fulfillment in her work, yet we know now that the greatest passion of her White House years was another woman, to whom she wrote five and six and seven terribly passionate letters a day. . . ." Can you clarify this statement, please? Was Mrs. Roosevelt suffering from lesbian tendencies? Because I fail to understand how any woman *or* man could have felt sexually inclined towards such a stiff and businesslike female.

A. Reid
La Jolla, California

Baylor's Grady Nutt

What a great article on Grady Nutt of "Hee Haw" fame and Rhea Grey (March 1980). Baylor University is extremely proud of both: Grey for his very compassionate heart, and Nutt for his ability to make people laugh and love.

We have had Nutt as the chief entertainment at Baylor's Homecoming show, "Cabaret," several times but did not know until this article came out that he has never sent us a bill—not even for fare.

Thanks for recognizing two of Baylor's finest.

Roger Edens
Waco, Texas

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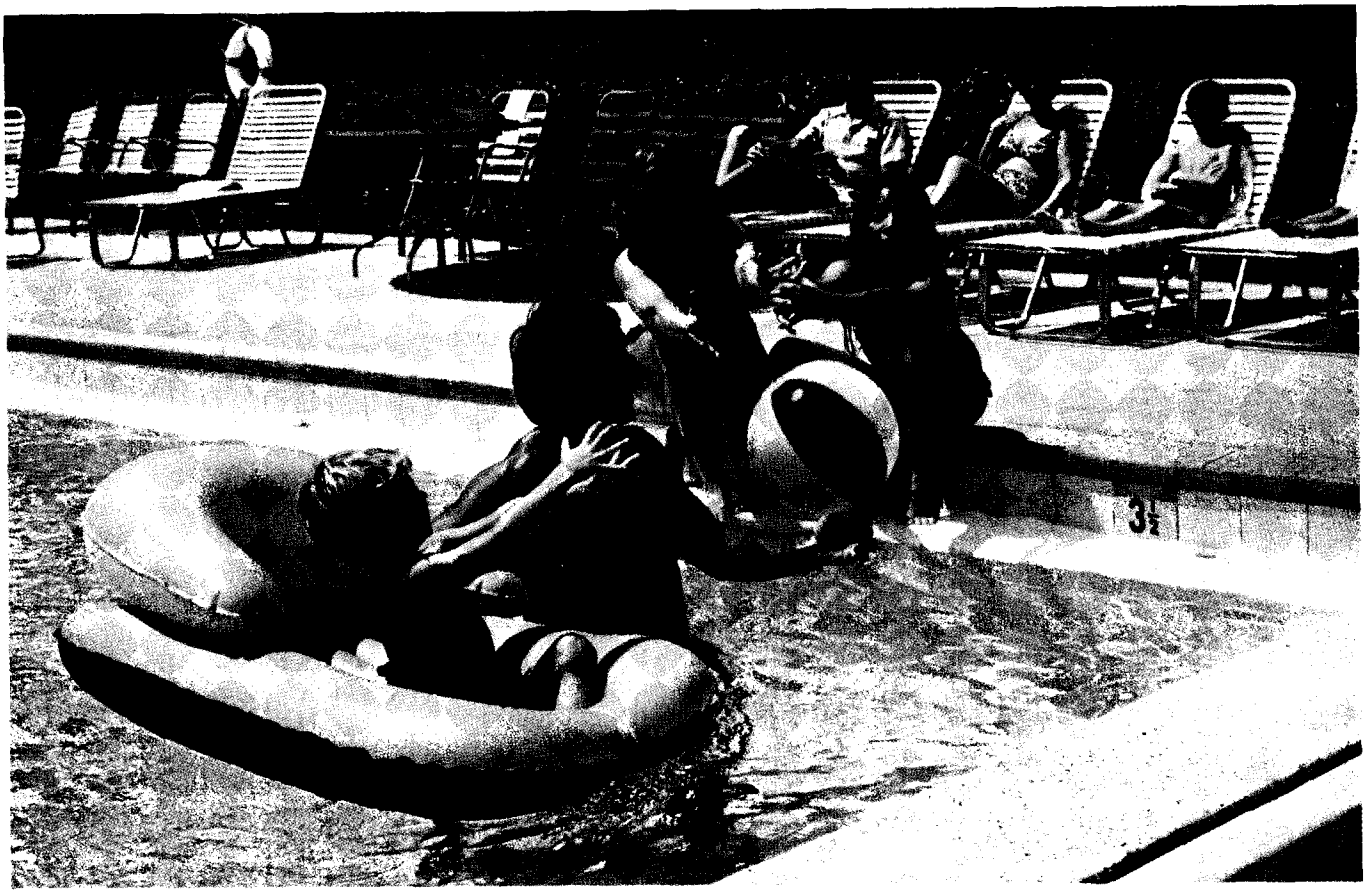

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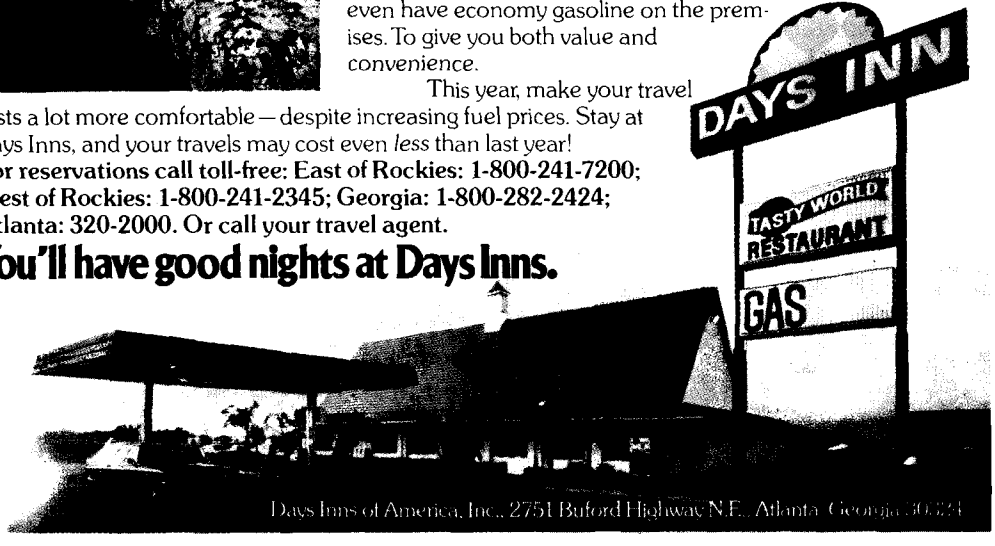

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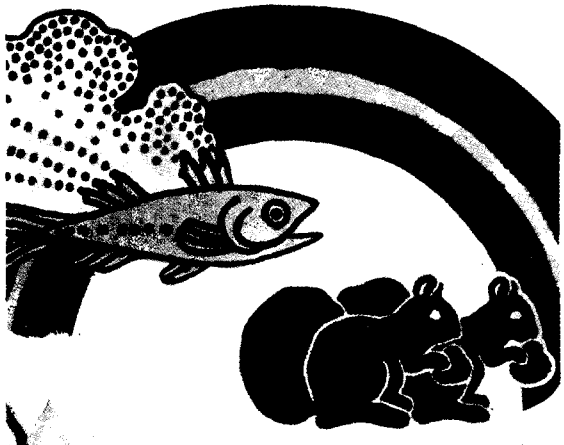
July/Aug. '80

FAT SQUIRRELS, RED SKIES, AND ALL THAT...

There's more to down-home weather lore than just a lot of hot air. Can you predict which of these old-fangled forecasts are actually based on scientific facts?

by Jeannie Kitchen Hanson



Low-flying bats, rainbows in the west, aching teeth, mackerel skies, fat squirrels, sundogs, red skies at night, croaking frogs and the like have something in common. They are all staples of weather lore, some of it as old as the Bible but also as modern as today's amateur meteorologists.

Now, with weather satellites and the phalanx of computers at the National Weather Service, we may be able to scoff at ancient weather sayings as we sit in our skyscraper offices and temperature-controlled houses. But the early farmers and ancient mariners who depended on them for livelihood—and even life—may have the last laugh yet.

Test your skills as a weather forecaster, scoring one point for each correct true-or-false answer. A score of 0 to 5 means you would have been a failure as an early farmer, 6 to 10 means you could have gotten along passably before this century (though you probably would have been rained on a few times) and 11 to 15 qualifies you to be a regular soothsayer or probably even a local TV weather forecaster.

1. A ring around the moon means rain will come.

2. On spring and fall evenings, vapor rising from a river means a frost is coming.

3. The winter will be colder if squirrels are fatter, rabbits' fur is thicker, tree bark is heaviest on the north side, wild horses have thicker coats, hoot owls call late in the fall, cornhusks are heavier, chipmunks carry their tails higher, holly bushes have more berries and carrots grow deeper.

4. A morning rainbow in the west means rain is coming soon.

5. You can count on a January thaw.

6. A mackerel sky means rain within 36 hours.

7. Do business when the wind is from the northwest.

8. Swallows and bats fly lower before a storm.

9. Lightning never strikes the same place twice.

10. A cold winter means a hot summer.

11. Sundogs mean snow within 24 hours.

12. "Red sky at night, sailors' delight. Red sky at morning, sailors take warning."

13. Bones, corns and teeth ache when a storm is coming.

14. An east wind blows no man good.

15. Frogs croak more before a rain.

Now for the answers and the reasons for them, according to George Freier, physicist-meteorologist at the University of Minnesota, and Bruce Watson, consulting meteorologist for the *Minnesota Weatherguide/Calendar*:

1. True. The ring is created when tiny ice particles in fine cirrus clouds scatter the moon's light in all directions. These clouds form in the upper atmosphere as a warm front approaches cooler ambient air. Since a collision of fronts indicates changing weather, rain is quite likely, though not certain, and should arrive within 24 hours. Although presence of a ring is a pretty good predictor of rain, not all rainstorms are preceded by a ring around the moon.

2. True. The wisps of fog indicate radiant energy based on temperature differences. In the spring and fall this often means the land nearby is cooling and, if cooled enough, will frost.

3. False. Plants and animals may be able to adapt well to the seasons, but they cannot *predict* them. Sayings such as these are not predictions at all, but signs that the winter is already cold. More investigation, however, is still needed in this area.

4. True. Rainbows are created when the sun shines through raindrops acting as prisms; they are always opposite the sun and so can be in the west only in the morning. Since most weather comes from the west, the rain from the airborne raindrops is probably quite close. But this kind of rainbow is fairly rare—most of the rainbow-producing showers come at the end of the day.

5. True. During any given

Continued on following page

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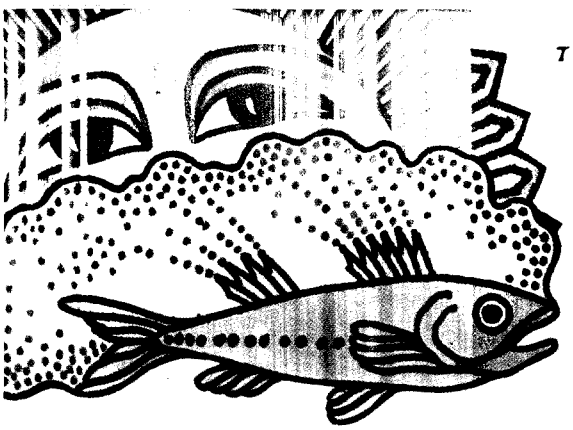
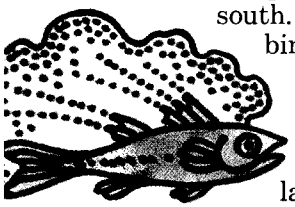


month, several weather systems move across a region, each of them usually lasting four to seven days. During most of these periods, the winds shift through all directions of the compass, including the south. A south wind, combined with the higher angle of the sun toward the end of winter, will warm the air and the land, creating some degree of January thaw.



6. True. A mackerel sky is a system of very high cirrus or cirrocumulus clouds resembling fish fins. These clouds reflect the approach of a warm front. It will collide with and be pushed over the cooler, ambient air, reach its dew point and form rain, usually within a day and a half.

7. Good advice. Over most of the earth, northwest

winds bring fair weather with a high barometer. This seems to put people in a better mood for everything, including business. But deserts, mountains and oceans to the west can throw off basic wind patterns and sometimes invalidate this saying.

8. True. The ears of swallows and bats are very sensitive to air pressure and they feel more comfortable when it is constant. So when the barometer begins to fall, they must fly closer to the ground to equalize the pressure. Since the barometer begins to drop about 12 hours before a storm, their behavior can be a first indication of bad weather. A contributing factor is that insects, these animals' food supply, are also driven lower by a falling barometer.

9. False. This not-so-apt apothegm probably originated in fear. Also, most things struck by lightning are destroyed and so are not again available at the same location.

Lighting *is* selective, however; it usually strikes only one person in a large outdoor crowd. The electricity is grounded through this primary channel, often killing the person. But many more people can be killed by the ionization area around the main bolt, even though it is a million times weaker. The field of electric current causes shock and heart fibrillation, leading to death. Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and heart massage can save these people, reducing the number of lightning deaths drastically.

We can scoff at ancient weather sayings. . .but the early farmers and ancient mariners who depended on them may have the last laugh.

10. False. At some periods in the Earth's history, all seasons have been relatively cold and, at other times, relatively warm. Physicists are still looking for good reasons or even just high correlations for other seasonal comparisons.

11. True. Sundogs, seen only on very cold days, are rings around the sun or bright vertical lines at the sun's height in the sky. Much like rings around the moon, they indicate ice crystals that scatter light. Since the crystals are hexagonal, they can act as prisms and create colorful "dogs." The crystals usually descend as snow.

12. True. This saying can be traced at least as far back as the New Testament. Matthew 16:2-3 reads: ". . . .When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to day: for the sky is red and lowring. . . ."

The red sky is caused by airborne dust that intercepts the sun's shorter wavelengths, emphasizing the redder rays. Dust in the morning usually means a strong wind the previous night, indicating the arrival of a new weather system to collide with the present one. Dust, or a red sky, in the evening usually indicates that strong sunlight has evaporated water from the ground that has recondensed around dust particles in the air. This sunlight will probably remain tomorrow, since most weather systems last several days.

13. True. When the barometer begins to fall, gas pressure can build up around a sore bone or a decayed tooth root. This slight difference in pressure is what enables some people to detect a barometer drop, which usually, though not always, indicates an approaching storm.

14. True. This saying originated in the North Atlantic states, where east winds bring moisture-laden air from the ocean, but it also is valid for the rest of the country, with the exception of the West Coast. East winds indicate that there is a low-pressure area to the south. When colder air from the north collides with the warm moist air, rain usually results.

15. True. Frogs cannot tolerate much evaporation of their skin's moisture. So low-humidity days find them under water most of the time Before a storm, when the humidity is higher (as in the morning and evening, generally), they are more eager to emerge from their ponds croaking.

Weather lore, then, is more than a lot of hot air. But note that it is most useful for predictions of less than 24 hours, must often be qualified because it tends to overpredict and works best for specific events, such as storms.

Longer-term and general forecasting are beyond the scope of lore. . .but then they are often beyond the scope of professional meterorology, too.

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By Alvin Tresselt, Dean of Faculty

If you want to write and get published, I can't think of a better way to do it than writing books and stories for children and teenagers. Ideas flow naturally right out of your own life. While it's still a challenge, the odds of getting that first unforgettable check from a juvenile publisher are better than they are from just about any other kind of publisher I know.

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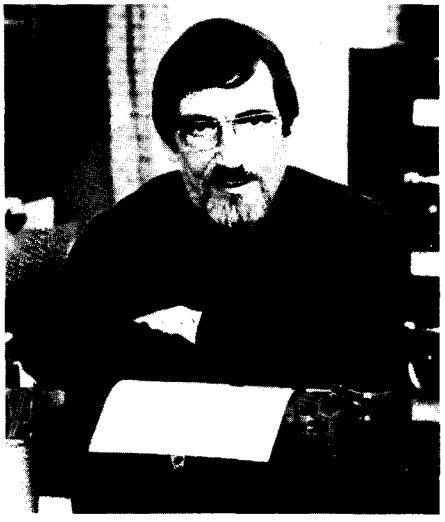

Alvin Tresselt was Vice President and Executive Editor of Parents' Magazine Press, the first editor of *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine for Children*, and a board member of the Author's Guild. His 53 books for young readers have sold over two million copies.

To help us spot potential authors, we've developed a revealing test for writing aptitude. It's free, and we don't charge for our evaluation. But no one gets into The Institute without passing it. Those who pass and enroll receive our promise: You will complete at least one manuscript ready to submit to a publisher by the time you finish the Course.

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I've learned a lot about writing for children and I love it. Now I'm passing my knowledge on to my students so they can profit from it. When I'm not writing my own children's books I spend my time at The Institute of Children's Literature, a workshop for writers that does only one thing and does it better than any other educational institution I know of: It trains qualified people to write for the young reader.

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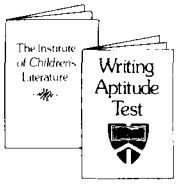

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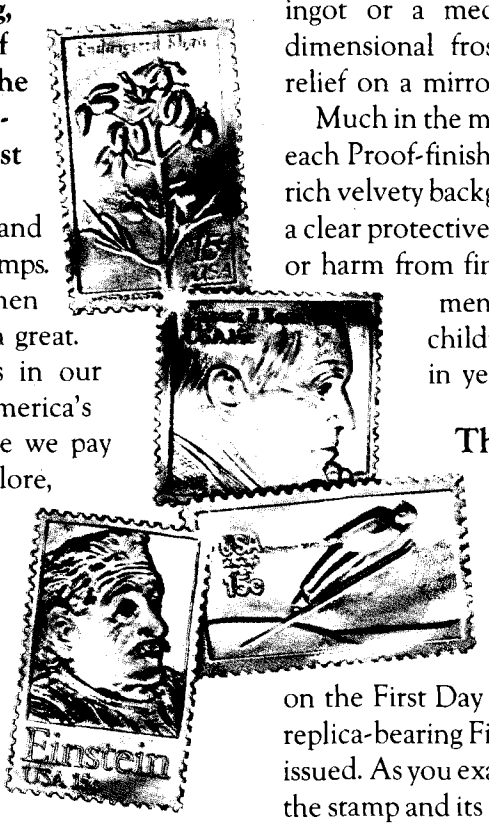

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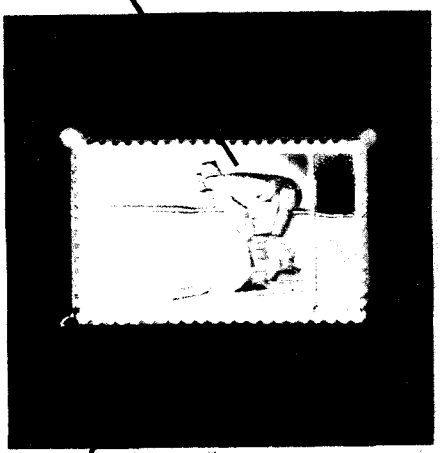
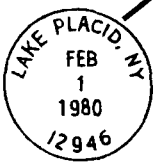
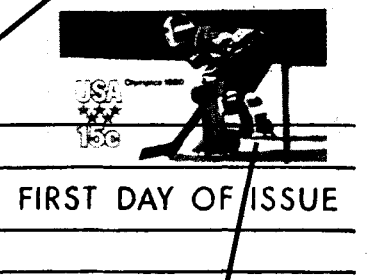


The 1980 Winter Olympics
Ice Hockey





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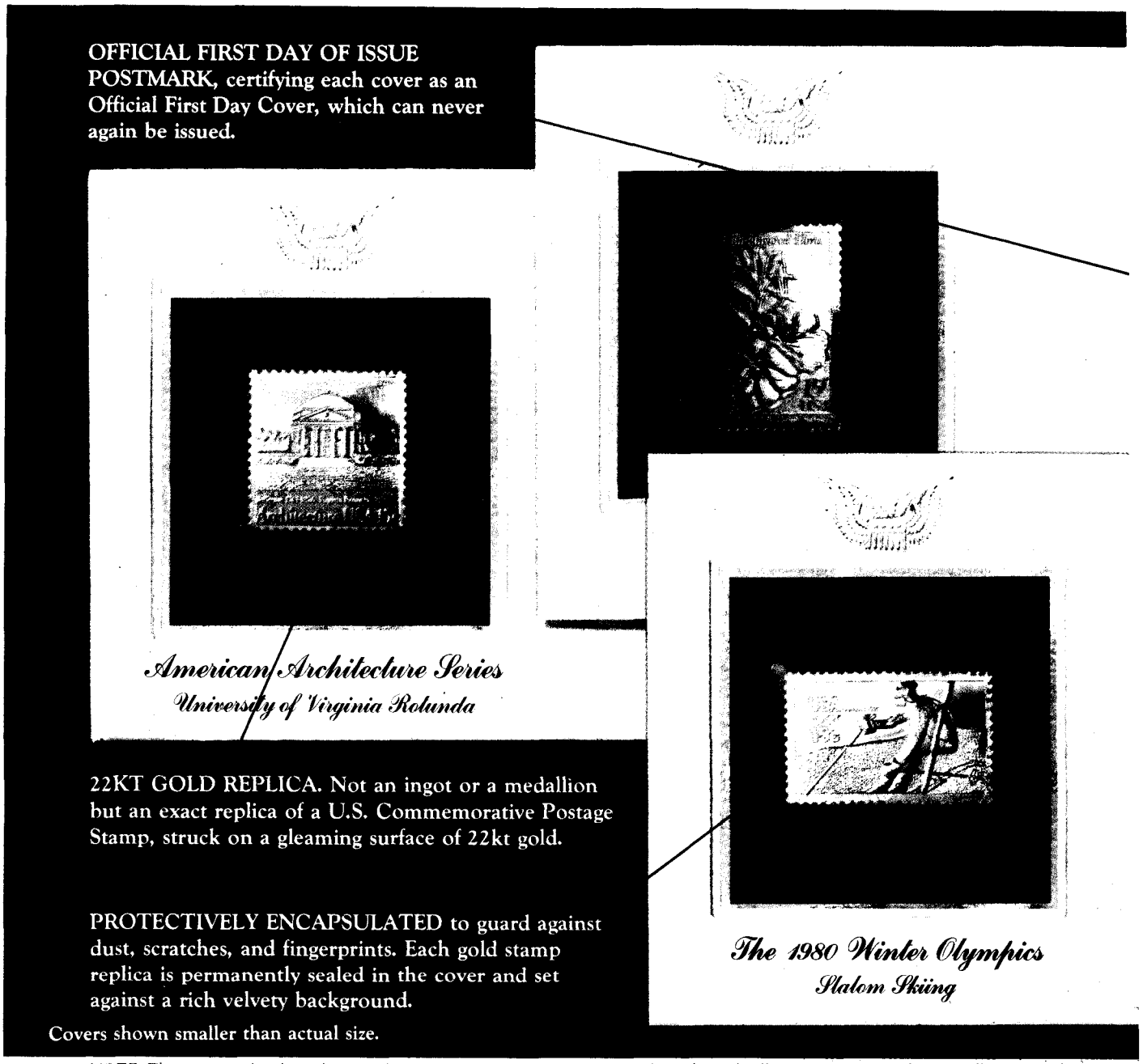
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A NEW MOVEMENT IN THE POLITICAL RING

The dream of power and fame that drives the fringe parties has given us the neo-conservatives—a movement of influence without party affiliations.

by William Barry Furlong

In 1912, disgusted with the job William Howard Taft had done as President, Theodore Roosevelt formed the "Bull Moose" Party, ran as a third-party candidate, split the Republican vote and helped put Democrat Woodrow Wilson in the White House.

In 1948, Henry Wallace began a third-party movement. So, too, did Strom Thurmond of South Carolina. Twenty years later, George Wallace, running as the American Independent Party candidate, gained more than 13 percent of the presidential popular vote. Eugene McCarthy, also leading a third party, gained considerably less when he ran.

The fortunes of these candidates have varied widely; John Anderson or anyone else who decides to start an independent movement in 1980 may discover what other third-party nominees have found—in America, unlike those countries which prefer a multiplicity of parties, people cherish the two-party system. And likely will continue doing so.

Why, then, do fringe parties retain hope in their future despite the prospect of so little success? Because of their dreams of fame and influence and power.

The power is elusive. It's been 124 years since any new party—the Republicans, as it happens—got enough of a start to make a genuine bid for the presidency. (The Republicans finished second to the Democrats by about 536,000 votes in 1856, and then won the White House in the next six presidential elections.) But the Republicans got started at a unique time in American political history—at a time when the other two major parties were nearing disintegration. The Whigs did, in fact, disappear in 1856. The Democrats were in so chaotic a state that—for the only time in American history—a challenger defeated an incumbent president of his own party in the race for his party's presidential nomination, and *then* went on to win the presidency in the ensuing general election. In fact, the Democrats were not able to pull themselves together enough to win a presidential election for the next 28 years. The likelihood that this situation will be duplicated—that both major parties will approach dissolu-

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Astonishing taste.
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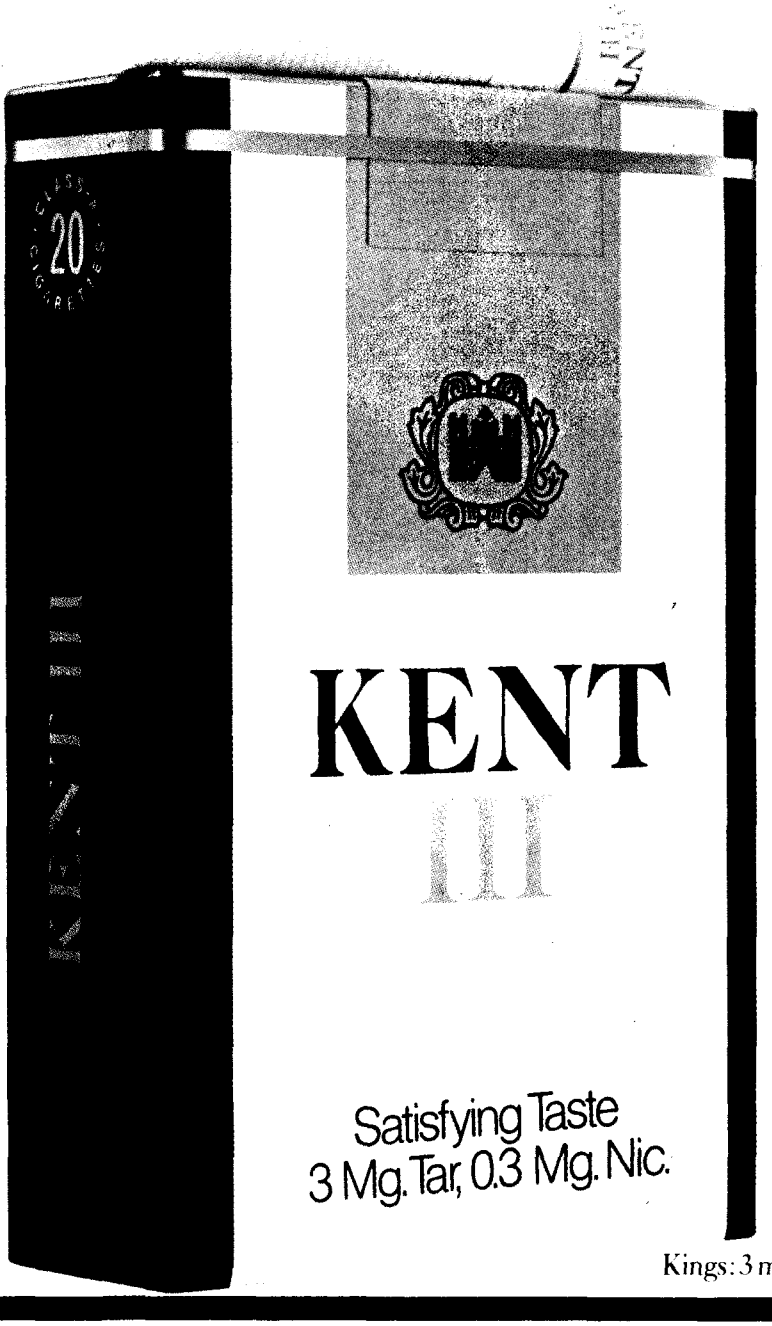
Come experience it!



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III

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3 Mg. Tar, 0.3 Mg. Nic.

Kings: 3 mg tar. 100s: 5 mg tar.

3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. 1980.

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tion at the very same time, and thus open the path to power for a fringe party—is very slim.

The fame is equally elusive. Fame does not necessarily transfer from the party to the candidate: In one recent presidential election, Hennings Blomen, E. Harold Munn, Sr., and Fred Halstead were all presidential candidates for well-entrenched and long-existing fringe parties (one was organized in 1869), and yet they came away with not much more fame than they had before the election. Nor does fame seem to transfer from the candidate to the party: Senator McCarthy, Eldridge Cleaver and comedians Dick Gregory and Pat Paulsen were all candidates in the same recent presidential election, and yet most people cannot remember—or *believe*—the parties they represented. The hard fact is that fame doesn't much matter in any fringe-party effort: The Bull Moose party had Teddy Roosevelt as its presidential candidate, the Progressives had Senator Robert M. LaFollette, Sr., the Socialists had Eugene V. Debs and Norman Thomas, the States Rights party had Thurmond and the American Independent party had Wallace. And yet none of them ever did much more than become a "spoiler"—if they even achieved that. And some of the most successful of the "spoilers" never lasted long enough to turn up in another election.

"And the final vote is 4 for Jimmy Carter, 3 for Jerry Brown, 5 for Ronald Reagan, 6 for Ted Kennedy and 97 for Phil Donahue."

But there is one more compelling dimension to fringe-party activity that suggests why so many of them try to buck the odds: the chance to influence history. That is a real and continuing prospect, if only because history tells us that so many of the fringe-party positions of the past have become public policy— usually after the major parties in power reject and condemn them for a few decades. Almost all the reform and welfare legislation of the last century—from child labor laws to Social Security to regulation of public utilities to consumer protection (such as the Pure Food & Drug laws)—had their origin in fringe-party proposals. Today the trend continues: The demand that a Constitutional amendment be passed to bar a deficit in the federal budget came out of a proposal made by the Libertarian party during the gubernatorial campaign in California in 1978; it has only since been picked up by the Libertarians' rival in that election, Jerry Brown of the Democrats, for his presidential campaign.

It is that particular imperative that made a current political dynamic the most talked-about, closely examined and bitterly fought-over political movement of these times. It is called the "neo-conservative movement," and it is notable because it has no candidate, no party, no fund raisers, no vote-getting apparatus and—as far as the most searching observer can see—only one individual who could qualify as a professional politician. And yet it already has influence that far outstrips that possessed by the U.S. Labor party or the Libertarians or any of the other fringe parties.

Why? Because the ideas and positions of the neo-conservatives strike a sympathetic chord in a large portion of the electorate—in that portion of the electorate that reacts less to labels than to the actual position being stated.

Take labels: The neo-conservatives are not conservative. And never have been. Quite the contrary: Most of them found their roots in liberalism or socialism. Some of them still like to call themselves "liberals"— *ev*erybody likes to think of himself as a "true liberal," even the flintiest of old-line conservatives. But the neo-conservatives have positions outside the two extremes of political thought—somewhere between them—and thus have the pleasure of being detested by both liberals and conservatives.

For example: The neo-conservatives would not, as "pure" conservatives still demand, undo all the social and economic programs instituted by the nation since the days of Franklin Delano Roosevelt —unemployment compensation, Social Security, job programs for the unemployed, legal protection for organized labor and many, many other actions. Nor would they, as many liberals demand, extend this trend indefinitely until the government controls most or all of our lives. Indeed, they tend to express a skepticism about massive new welfare programs; they feel the civil-rights movement entered a self-destructive phase in turning to riots and violence—and to separatism—in the late 1960s; they deplore the drug-culture-and-revolution zeal that so infected part of society in the 1960s; and they do not clamor for the collapse of the corporate structure of the American economy. Most important, they are militantly against communism and the expansionist policies of the Soviet Union. Even in the days when they thought of themselves as liberals and socialists, most of them were anticommunist and anti-Soviet. This gave them a certain distinction—as compared with many of their associates in left-wing movements—and today it is still setting them apart, though from Democrats and Republicans.

Their need to stand apart from the orthodox political lines—or between them—derives from the contradictions within both parties. The Republicans "talk" a great war against the Soviets, but the neo-conserva-

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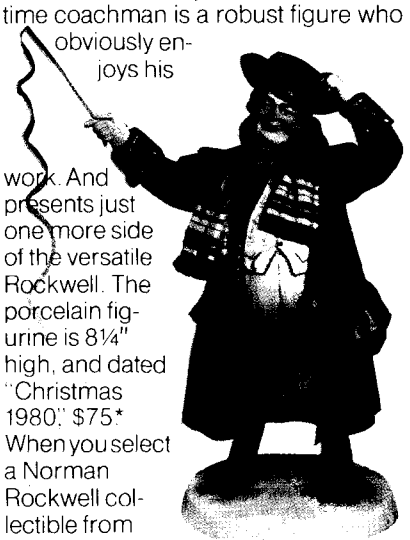

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Speaking Out

WHY SPANISH TRANSLATIONS?!

When Hispanics spurn our language rather than learn our language, translating Yes! Yes! to Si! Si! should be a No-No.

by Mauricio Molina

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

I was naive 20 years ago. I say this because I came here from Central America and readily accepted what my parents told me. What they told me was that if I wanted to thrive here I had better learn English. English, it seems, was the language that people spoke in this country. In my innocence and naivete, however, it never occurred to me that I really didn't have to. I can see now that I could have refused.

Yes, English is the language of the United States. But if it is, why can I take the written part of my driver's license test in Spanish? If it is, why are businesses forced to provide Spanish translations of practically every blank credit application or contract agreement? And not just businesses—government offices must also have quite a number of Spanish translations for those who want them.

Clearly, my old language did not get left behind. Don't misunderstand; this is real nice. It allows me to luxuriate in the knowledge, sweet indeed, that I am privileged. Without a doubt this is the land of opportunity. And I know it. But for those of us whom people call "Hispanics," it's a little bit more. It's the land where opportunity itself is served and seasoned as if this were the old country.

How stupid you must think me for complaining! Should we not simply take the opportunity and run? Why complain? Complaining may only spoil the fun for those among us who don't want to learn English.

But I choose to complain. I do it because questions nag at me. For instance, just who are those people for whom the Spanish translations are provided? It's a good guess that they're not Chinese, or French, or Serbo-Croatian. Of course, we know them already as "Hispanics." But what in the world does that mean?

A Hispanic is someone who came, or whose ancestors came, from a region where Spanish is the only language spoken. Nothing more. Racially, a Hispanic may be anything. It's a mistake to say "Hispanic" and mean by the term a black Cuban just as much as it would puzzle a Chilean named O'Hara.

As to who precisely among Hispanics has a need for the Spanish translations, I can't tell yet for sure. If you'll follow me a bit, though, we may together unravel this puzzle and learn something.

I would divide Hispanics living in the United States into two groups: those who were born in this country and those who came from elsewhere. It is easy to see that a number of individuals in the latter group, people who perhaps knew no English when they arrived, may have linguistic problems here. Logically, some among them may have need of Spanish translations.

The first group I mentioned, made up of people born and reared here, should have no need of any translations, right? Well, not exactly. I'm told that many among them know English very poorly, if at all. So of course they need the help. But here I hope you'll forgive me if I pause to say that I think this is a very strange thing. I mean,

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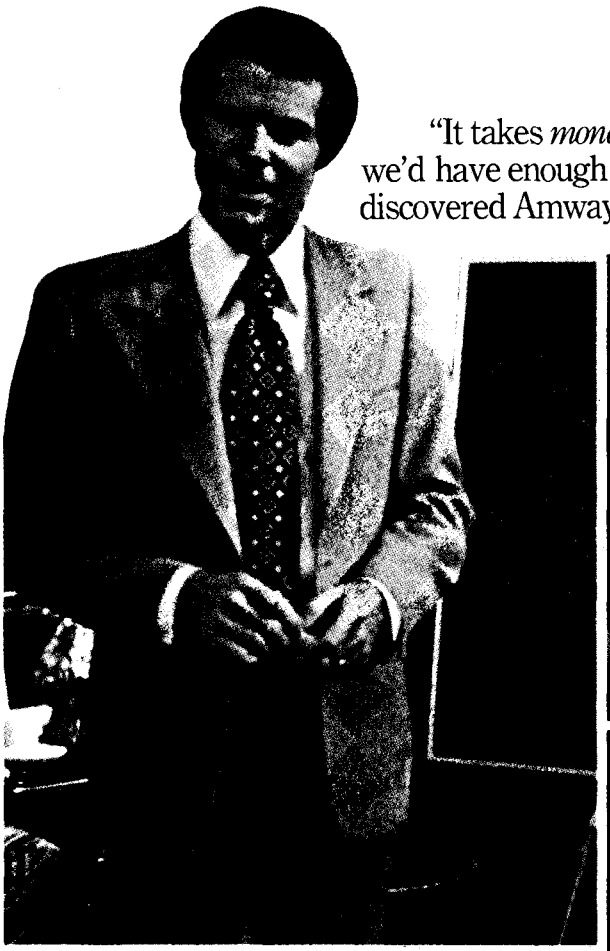
"I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D FEEL REALLY INDEPENDENT!"



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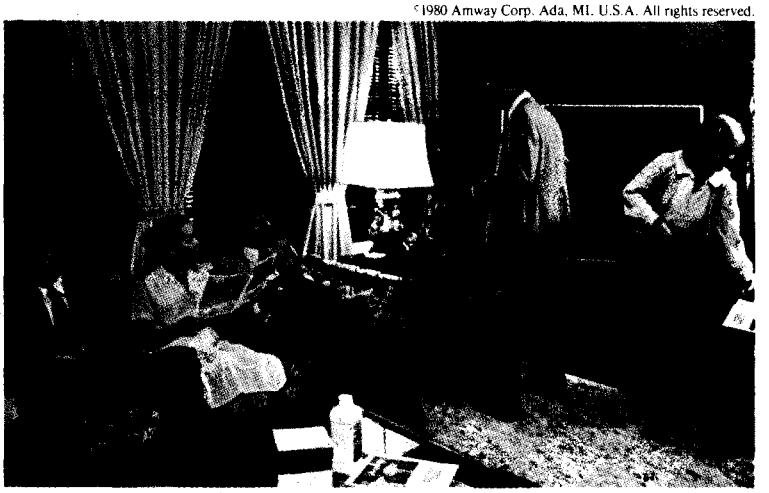

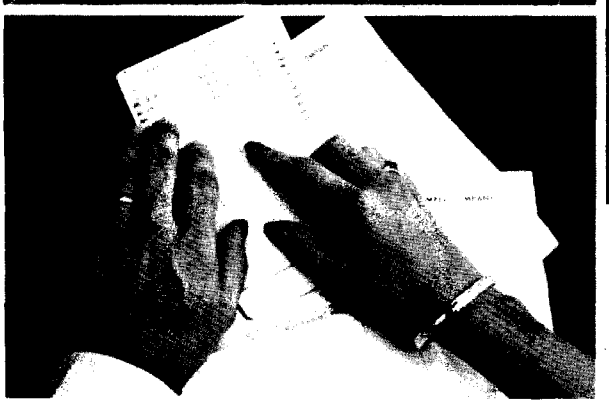

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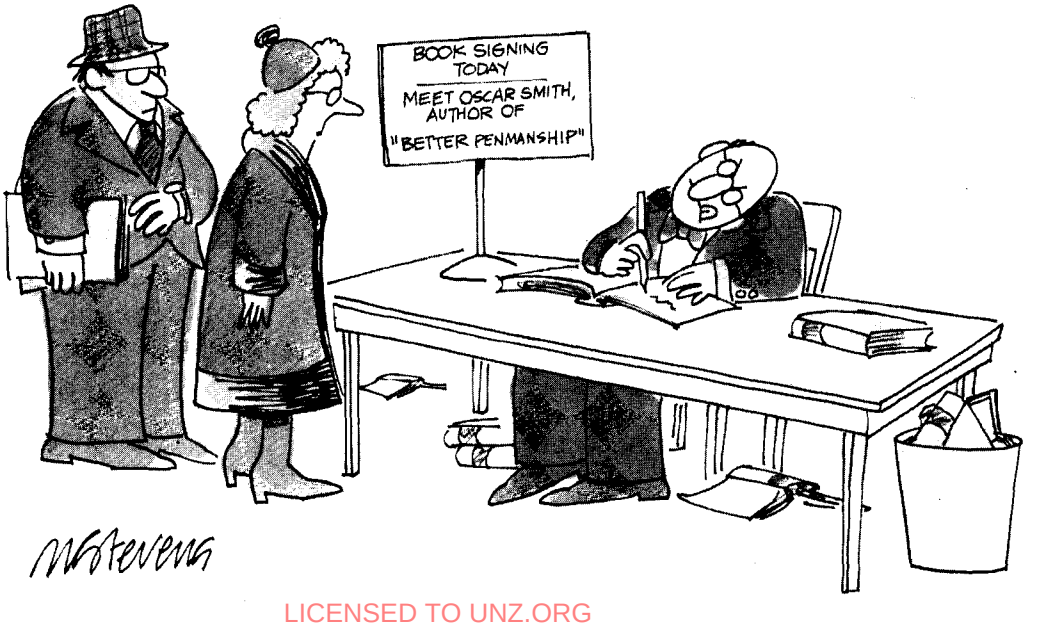

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HE WHO STEALS MY NAME

To sue or not to sue is the question a lawyer must try to answer for the client whose good name has been blighted.

by Louis Nizer

It wasn't until the 17th century that the law recognized that you could assault a person with a weapon called words. Until then only physical blows entitled the victim to a remedy. Concepts of honor and reputation were cherished long before, but they were supposed to be vindicated by violence. Duels on the field of honor, not in the courts, were the forum for satisfaction.

Of all the remedies the law has fashioned to redress grievances, the libel law ranks among the noblest. It provides a judicial means to salvage a person's dignity, to recapture the esteem in which he has been held by the community, to restore the victim to his profession and business and to his family and friends. In addition, the libel law provides for a triple-tiered damage structure: actual money loss suffered from loss of job or business or professional activity; recompense for pain, suffering and humiliation; and, if the libel was motivated by malice, punitive damages to teach the perpetrator a lesson and discourage others from similar misdeeds. Indeed, libel can also be a crime. The effect of inflammatory words can be so severe that it causes riots. Interestingly enough—under the common law and still in many states—even truthful words can constitute a crime if they are maliciously designed to arouse passions which cause violence. Why not? Much less, such as loud music all night, or sound tracks blaring at unearthly hours, has been held to constitute criminal nuisance. Despite the philosophers, truth doesn't justify everything. It, too, must accommodate itself to the peace and safety of the community. Here we begin to see the impending clash between the libel laws and free speech, which I shall discuss later.

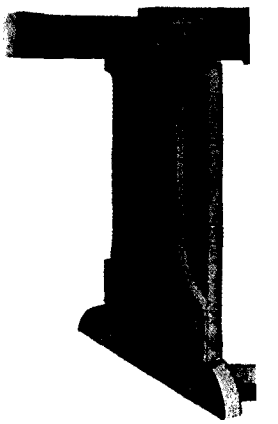
Although libel laws do not distinguish between a minor hurt and a serious one, I have always felt that it was good discretion not to launch a suit for every lie uttered. The highest estate which a lawyer can reach is not to be a brilliant technician but to be a wise adviser. Not every grievance should result in a lawsuit. In a crowded competitive world, people will step on each other's toes literally and figuratively. But we ought not to rush into court every time we have been jostled or an angry cussword has been spoken. Legal warfare is expensive and harrowing. It should be resorted to only when there is real damage, not merely high sensitivity to a slur.

The exception, of course, is when an important principle is involved. Then the damage is subtle. It may not injure the individual, but he becomes the vehicle through which the rights of many may be asserted. Sometimes the reputation of the person maligned is so firm that it is impervious to libel. Nevertheless, the target, though unscathed, may recover punitive damages.

Most often, however, the grievance is narrow. It affects one individual and no one else. The air is filled with vituperative gossip. Columnists are more short of material than that devouring monster, television. So in desperation for items, columnists pick up rumors, hearsay and even invented "information" cloaked in anonymity—"What famous Hollywood star has left his home and board because of a redheaded starlet who has a minor part in his new picture?" I discovered on one occasion that the author of the titillating item had no more idea of the answer than did the reader.

This procedure is encouraged because reporters consider their sources to be sacrosanct. Unless there is a state statute which gives the same immunity to a reporter as to a doctor, priest or lawyer, such privilege does not exist. There is much to be said for the protection of newspapermen by means of such laws, because the serious reporter might not be able to obtain information if, later, he could be forced to reveal his source. However, the

> "If by the liberty of the press were understood merely the liberty of discussing the propriety of public measures and political opinions, let us have as much of it as you please; but if it means the liberty of affronting, calumniating and defaming one another, I, for my part, am willing to part with my share of it . . . and shall cheerfully consent to exchange my liberty of abusing others for the privilege of not being abused myself."



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unwritten law of silence, which has caused reporters to martyr themselves and go to jail rather than speak, also shields the irresponsible gossipmonger.

Is it not always thus? Every law is like a disc—recorded on two sides. The virtuous purpose is stated on one side, but, if we examine the platter on the other side, dissonances appear. The libel disc has two sides, too. One, the idealistic judicial tool to avenge injury to reputation by civilized means, the other the use of such tool to attack for every petty, inconsequential slight.

As a lawyer, I have been engaged in lengthy court battles of the first genre, but on the other hand, I have probably discouraged and prevented more libel suits than most lawyers.

Let me give several illustrations. Truman Capote, he of the talented pen and gossipy tongue, made disparaging remarks about the writing ability of Jacqueline Susann, the author of *Valley of the Dolls, Once Is Not Enough, The Love Machine* and *Dolores.* (Capote insists that all artistic writing is gossip, citing *War and Peace* and Dostoyevsky. This is a shaky thesis which depends on a contrived definition of history as accumulated gossip.) Capote's comments about Susann were made on Johnny Carson's "Tonight Show," thus assuring an audience of millions for his contemptuous views. Opinions are not generally subject to libel. They may be wrong, but not untruthful. They express the critic's frame of mind accurately, and the reader knows that he is receiving an evaluation, not a statement of fact. If, however, a critic writes that an actor's performance was defective because he was drunk, and he was not, that would be libelous—indeed, as the law says, libelous per se because the libel demeans one in his professional capacity. There is the anecdote of Heywood Broun's review of a play in which he stated that the star gave the worst performance ever seen in a theater. He was sued for libel. A year later, while the suit was pending, the same actor appeared in another play. Broun was cautioned by his lawyers not to write anything which would aggravate the situation. He reconciled his critical integrity with his lawyers' admonition by writing about the star whom he had previously impaled that "his performance was not up to his usual standard."

December 24, 1728
". . . I shall cheerfully consent to exchange my liberty of abusing others for the privilege of not being abused myself."
Benj. Franklin

Although Capote's less than enthusiastic view about Susann's artistry was not libelous, the battle of words was on. Carson, like any interviewer, was not averse to controversy and he invited Susann on his program. She was ready. When asked whether she had heard Capote's comment, she surprised everyone by doing a remarkable takeoff of him. Whatever one might think of her writing, there was no doubt she was a great mimic. Capote lends himself to that art. He is very short, pudgy, puffy, baldly blond and talks in a high-pitched, nasal, slow Southern drawl which outrageously exaggerates his homosexuality. He is like a cartoon of himself. It is only respect for his fine writing talents which prevents audiences from laughing at him. Nevertheless, his rolling eyes, giggles, squeaky voice and feminine gestures provoke stifled laughter even from those most attentive to his views.

Susann captured all this perfectly. Despite her large size and dark visage, she shrank to his gnome-like size, and her whining cadences, interrupted by stretched out "w-e-l-l-s," sent the audience

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into paroxysms of laughter. It is easy for an imitator to gain recognition of a subject who has one outstanding characteristic. Cartoonists know this well—De Gaulle's long nose, Roosevelt's onesided smile, Churchill's bulldog nose, Nixon's jowls, Carter's teeth (called Chiclets by one comedian). But for live imitators, the voice and the musical scale it travels are the trademarks of individuality. They are considered as distinctive as a fingerprint. A gifted mimic can achieve his effect by talking from a dark room. But his virtuosity on the stage includes posture, subtle gestures and idiosyncratic mannerisms. Susann mastered her subject to the finest detail.

Now it was Capote's turn. He was invited to occupy the same chair from which she had performed and give his rebuttal. His was not the skill of imitation. He was an originator, and he must have given much thought to finding just the right descriptive phrase which would ridicule her and create as much laughter as she had subjected him to. When Carson asked him what he thought of Susann's views, he raised his voice to its shrillest pitch and declared that he paid no attention to her. "A-n-y way, she looks like a truck driver in drag!"

Words are like chemicals. Some combinations fizzle. Others explode. The laughter which burst across the nation drove her and Irving Mansfield, her husband and gifted partner in the dissemination of her works, right into my office. They insisted on an immediate suit. I advised them that in my opinion a slander had been committed. Aside from the falsity of the literal description, the innuendo expressed the animus of the words. What is an innuendo? It is the law's device to spell out the intended vicious meaning of what might otherwise appear to be innocent. So, for example, if one writes, sarcastically, "Oh, sure, he is an honest man," one can sue for slander if spoken, or libel if written, and plead the innuendo that such words meant that he was dishonest. So, the innuendos to be ascribed to "A-n-y way, she looks like a truck driver in drag" were many. One was that she was a lesbian of masculine inclinations, or that she was so unfeminine that she was more like a man who, because of perversity, dressed up as a woman, or that she was as ugly as an uncouth truck driver who aberrationally disguised himself in woman's clothes—all clearly slanderous.

I recognized the anguish the words had caused her, her husband and many friends. She had been ridiculed. She had been made a laughing-stock particularly in those quarters where envy is the by-product of success. We are hero-worshippers, but paradoxically, we like to see the mighty fall. It levels us, creating the illusion that we have risen somewhat, rather than those we looked up to have descended. That is why we cheer the champion and yet thrill at his defeat.

So, although Capote's comment was in my opinion libelous (television broadcasts have been held equivalent to written publications and therefore libel rather than slander), and although I was not unaware of the hurt and humiliation they had suffered, I advised against suit. It seemed to me that what was involved was an unfortunate exchange not worthy of the

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fees, exhaustion of time in extended pretrial depositions, ultimate lengthy trial and probable appeals. Furthermore, there would be no actual damage. Wasn't she still on the best-seller list? Did she really believe Capote's snide comment would affect her popularity as an author? I saw no principle involved. Also, there had been some provocation, which in law is deemed to ameliorate damages.

All this fell on unsympathetic ears. We are blind to what we do not want to see and deaf to what we do not like to hear. They were determined to attack. Fees were of no consequence. She was fabulously successful. She wanted revenge. She wanted to see the day when "the little worm would squirm under cross-examination."

I was losing the battle of persuasion rapidly. In the course of the friendly argument, I learned that they were leaving for Germany to attend a book fair in which her book was featured. I seized the opportunity to gain time.

"You are leaving in a few days. A complaint cannot be prepared in such a short period. Why don't you wait until you return? We'll confer again. Perhaps you will view this differently by then."

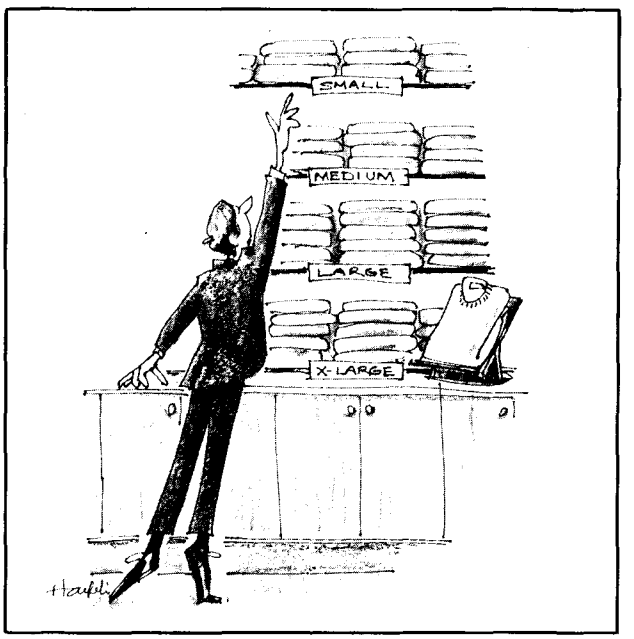
They were all aware of the ruse. For the first time, their tense demeanor changed and they smiled.

"You are not going to talk us out of this," Susann said. "We'll be back," she announced with MacArthur determination. "We expect you to prepare papers. Please, please, we want you to sue the nasty little——." She used a heavenly phrase not intended to be angelic.

Their visit to the book fair in Frankfurt was a triumph. Her books were featured. She was honored. International recognition is particularly gratifying to an author. It gives the impression of historic appreciation.

When she and her husband sat again in my office, she was glowing with pride, and he reflected hers as well as his own. Her description of her trip set a different stage for the discussion. There was no longer single-minded insistence prompted by desperation.

I redoubled my effort to have her drop the matter. By this time, recollection of the ridicule to which she had been subjected was less painful. I reviewed her acceptance by the public at large, her increasing invitations to appear on forums and television interviews, her husband's prideful citation of the phenomenal sale of her books, the inescapable jealousy such success produces, including possibly Capote's (this pleased her most), the protective callus an author must develop against the inevitable blows from critics, an experience not unknown to her (unanimous praise is almost impossible), and therefore she ought to rise above the taunt in a television exchange. I felt it was my duty to protect her against an improvident litigation, but if she disagreed I knew there were many able lawyers who would undertake the matter. They insisted that they would only proceed with me, and resignedly, though good-naturedly, the matter was closed.



So we thought. But we counted without Capote's penchant for gossip and pursuit.

A short time later, the following appeared in a publication called *After Dark:*

"It was Capote who took advantage of television exposure to get in an effective gut-stab at another highly vulnerable 'writer,' Jacqueline Susann. On the 'Tonight Show,' he told the world that she looked 'like a truck driver in drag.'

"It didn't take long for Miss Susann, who isn't exactly a novice at verbal self-defense, to announce she was suing Capote for a million dollars.

" 'Had to drop the whole suit,' Capote says, chuckling with victorious pride. 'Had to! She and her lawyer, the famous Louis Nizer, went to NBC to watch a replay of the program which they watched and watched, and finally, Louis Nizer turned and said, "Jackie, forget it. You don't have a case." She went into a rage and screamed, "A case? Whaddya mean? It's right there in living color. Libel if there ever was libel!" And then Nizer told her that all my attorney would have to do was to get a dozen truck drivers and put them in drag and have them parade into court and that would be all. So, no million-dollar suit from Miss Jacqueline Susann.' "

Immediately thereafter, and as surely as inventive venom begets retaliation, I received a brief note from Susann.

Dear Louis—

Now the little 'capon' has put words in your mouth—it's really wild! What do you think?

Best,
Jackie

The restrained tone of this note was undoubtedly due to her belief that she now had an ally. She knew that Capote, by repeating and enlarging the libel, and fictitiously drawing me into the suit to confirm him, had made it difficult for me to plead with her to be forgiving. Her previous gesture of forbearance had resulted in a gloating repetition of the attack on her. I would have to act. She was right. I sent this letter to Capote.

My Dear Truman Capote:

In the May issue of *After Dark*

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you are quoted as describing my rejection of Jacqueline Susann's request that I represent her in a libel suit against you because there was an invulnerable defense: our viewing the broadcast at NBC, etc.

Every statement attributed to you is incorrect. I did not advise her and her husband that she had no cause of action against you. On the contrary, I thought you had libeled her. I did not view the broadcast. It was not necessary.

The reason I persuaded her not to sue was that it is my policy to discourage libel suits unless there is very serious injury to the plaintiff and his or her career, or an important principle is involved (as in the Frank or Reynolds-Pegler case). There is always hurt to sensibility, but not every injury, at least in my judgment, warrants a legal war.

I had hoped that my judgment in dissuading a suit would be justified by letting the matter die with only the sacrifice of hurt feelings. However, you have chosen to revive the matter, claiming to know of the confidential conference between myself and my client, presenting completely false reason for your not being sued, and one which incomprehensibly has me confirming your libelous statement. Thus you involve me, too. In addition you give further evidence of malice toward Jacqueline Susann.

I may have to reconsider my decision to discourage litigation even though there was a cause of action. My decision may well depend on your reply. In all fairness, I would expect and appreciate a prompt correction of the matter.

Sincerely yours,
Louis Nizer

Truman Capote answered with characteristic verve and wit. He flattered me by saying that he found it impossible not to answer a charming letter from a lawyer even though the burden of the communication was to sue him.

But the point of the letter, all said in good humor, was that he did not see how he might have libeled Miss Jacqueline Susann. He remarked that in the give-and-take of interview language he had commented, off the cuff, that she bore a striking resemblance in some of her publicity photographs to a truck driver. This he felt was "bitchy, yes; malicious, no." He was of the attitude of one professional to another with admiration for what she did in her field of literary endeavor, although he reserved judgment on the virtue of the field itself.

He then turned his attention to the fact that Miss Susann had made some remarks about him in West Coast interviews that might be reviewed. She had repeatedly referred to him as a homosexual, which accusation he turned off with the comment, "Big news." He felt that she had also accused him of sloth and that she suggested that he was green with envy of her energy. This accusation seemed to bother him not at all. That he was unhappy about the quantity of her output compared to his he found totally without merit; as far as he was concerned she could win the world's major literary prize and it would not disturb him.

Once again he thanked me for such a delightful, scolding letter and pointed out that correspondence was something he indulged in so rarely that I might keep his letter for my heirs to sell at some far later date at a literary auction.

It was the kind of letter that brightens one's day, and suddenly, by his magical writing ability and disarming candor, he had removed the heat from the whole situation.

Susann was completely appeased by this disarming letter. She had received an apology, been told that he respected her "as a very professional person," had conceded that his comment about her was "bitchy" and confirmed her charge that he was homosexual by chiding her that she had hardly made a new discovery. She laughed about the whole thing and might even have been charmed by his wit.

But the real reason known to few, that she now saw the matter in better perspective, was that she had been advised that she had cancer and had only one year to live. If we would sense the imminence of death one year or 20, would not most quarrels subside?

Mr. Nizer will continue his discussion of libel in the September issue of the Post.

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MARIJUANA: THE MYTH OF HARMLESSNESS GOES UP IN SMOKE

New medical research puts a match to the myth that smoking marijuana is not harmful. The real dope is that the daily habit is damaging to the body as well as the mind.

by Peggy Mann

Is marijuana just the "innocent high" some have made it out to be? New medical research into the effects of this widespread drug points to heretofore unknown risks, as this exclusive two-part Post *series will show.*

"It's unreal," the school guidance counselor told me. "The kid looks you straight in the eye and says—full of conviction—'Well, pot doesn't hurt *me*!' His grades have slid from As and Bs to Cs and Ds. He's been put off the basketball team because of poor performance. He's irritable, hostile, always tired, feels depressed. He cares less about everything. He has a cough, chest pains. He's really going down the tubes. But blowing grass every day, he insists, has no relation to any of this.

"To my mind, the scariest thing about marijuana is that the user can't see what the drug is doing to him. Or, if he does admit to a symptom, he shrugs it off. Yesterday a seventh grader told me, 'I know pot's done bad things to my memory. But I don't really need my memory because I decided I'm not going to college.' "

The guidance counselor is Rick Gibson from Goddard, a small town in Kansas. I met him at lunch in another small Kansas town, Wellington. We were both attending a two-day "Grass Roots Conference on Grass." Wellington's population is 8,500. The school auditorium has 1,000 seats. And both days there was standing room only. Physicians, teachers, school administrators, guidance counselors, psychologists and parents came from all over Kansas and from nearby states to attend.

The Wellington conference was part of a burgeoning new movement throughout America. Schools and parents' groups are waking up to the fact that: (1) marijuana abuse has reached pandemic proportions among our youth; (2) something must be done about it; and (3) they are the ones who must do it. They realize that a vital first step is to educate themselves about the rising tide of medical evidence showing that pot can have serious psychological and physical effects. It can cause cellular damage and impair lung function, the reproductive system and the brain. Furthermore, the younger the user, the more deleterious the effects.

The roster of speakers at Wellington was an impressive one. The first speaker after lunch was Dr. Harold Voth, senior psychiatrist and psychoanalyst at the famed Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas. He has studied the psychopathology of marijuana in depth for the past eight years. Coincidentally, his first point carried on from the one the guidance counselor had just made to me.

"Marijuana produces a wide spectrum of symptoms," said Dr. Voth. "Some affect some people; some affect others. And there are those who seem to 'get away with it' reasonably well, for a while. But there is one truly pernicious symptom—specifically related to marijuana—which seems to be evident in *every* chronic pot user, youngster or adult. This is the extraordinary refusal to accept the hard scientific evidence about the harmful effects of marijuana. The user will scoff at the evidence, twist it, pervert it, call it 'reefer madness'—anything except look it straight in the face.

"This may be one reason much of the media have, until recently, done shockingly little to relay the medical findings about the harmful effects of marijuana to the American public.

"In my opinion, marijuana use in the United States today constitutes a national crisis, and all-out efforts from all segments of our society are essential in view of the enormous harm being done to millions of Americans, particularly our youth."

Statistics on youth drug abuse clearly show why Dr. Voth's prescription for "all-out efforts" must be heeded on a national scale. For example:

- According to a report published by the House of Representatives Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, "The United States is the most pervasive drug-abusing nation in history and marijuana is our most pervasive illegal drug of abuse." Says Congressman Lester Wolff (D-NY), chairman of that committee: "Our young people are the first in all history to have used marijuana on a mass scale. Neither this nation—nor any other nation—has ever before faced a problem that is so insidious and so dangerous."
- Last year, according to the federal government's drug abuse network, marijuana accounted for the second largest number of admissions to our federally funded drug treatment facilities, and 33 percent of these had started their pot use before age 14.
- According to a recent national

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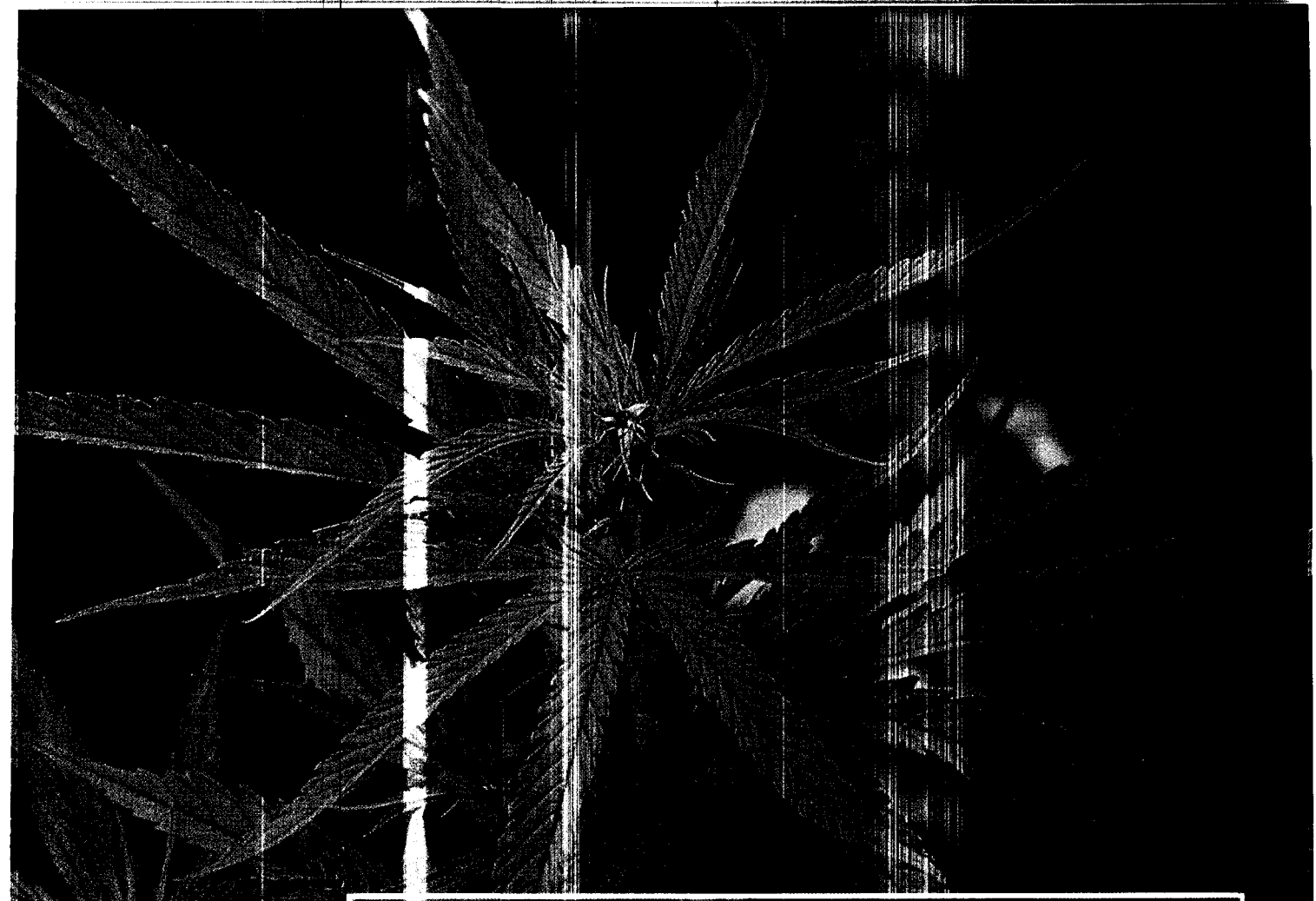

As shocking as it is to see these children "turning on" to pot, Dr. Ingrid Lantner, a pediatrician and counselor from Cleveland, Ohio, reports that she frequently hears about a two- or three-year-old who has been given marijuana time after time by older siblings or parents. "I know several youngsters who have been smoking daily since they were six years old. . ."

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drug abuse survey covering ages 12 and up (1976-1977), use of marijuana is twice as high for youngsters as for adults, and use by youngsters ages 12 to 17 increased by nearly a third in one year. (A new national survey has just been carried out by the National Institute on Drug Abuse and, according to Dr. Robert Peterson, assistant director of research, "We would be very surprised if this did not show an increase in use, especially among young users.")

- According to the High School Senior Survey, the only national drug abuse survey taken every year since 1975 (representing every state except Alaska and Hawaii):
  - In 1979, one out of ten high school seniors smoked pot daily, or almost daily—an 80 percent increase since 1975. Of these, daily users averaged 3½ joints (marijuana cigarettes) a day; 13 percent smoked more than seven joints daily.
  - Of the 50 percent of seniors who smoked pot at all during 1979, 37 percent said they "usually stay high seven hours or more." (Add to this the fact that marijuana is up to ten times more potent than that smoked a decade ago.)
  - Forty-nine percent of all seniors who used pot "during the past 12 months" also used one or more additional illegal drugs during that period.

Popular drug-culture magazines teach how to grow your own, how to smuggle dope into the U.S., how to dress for pot parties, how to get around the law. Their advertisers reach a market of young people with money to spend, and the drug paraphernalia in their pages is available by mail—portable head shops, accessible to young residents of even the smallest, most remote communities. (Paraphernalia shops have been outlawed in Indiana.)

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It is worth noting that this study surveys only those students who have made it to the end of their senior year. Drug use among dropouts is notably higher than among those who finish high school. (In some areas, for example, grocery store delivery boys no longer take coffee breaks, but "pot breaks.") Also not included are those who were not in school the day the survey was taken. Truancy is another "symptom" of regular pot use.

All recent state, city, suburban and rural surveys show that pot use has increased rapidly among youngsters of all income levels and all grade levels, with the highest increase at junior high school age. Throughout the country, surveys show that junior and senior high school kids are getting stoned on the way to school, during school, after school and at home—where they often "smoke out the window" or burn incense to cover the smell. One local newspaper series on the subject started: "For many middle school students, marijuana has replaced Wheaties as the morning 'meal.'"

In some areas, pot use starts as early as the fourth and fifth grade. If the saying is true, "as Maine goes, so goes the nation," it is worth noting that a 1979 two-county survey in rural Maine showed that in the fourth grade, 6 percent had tried marijuana at least once and one percent had used it "many times." ("And," says Mel Tremper of Maine's Office of Alcohol and Drug Abuse Prevention, "as drug use goes, we in Maine are kind of behind the times.")

California is a state "ahead of

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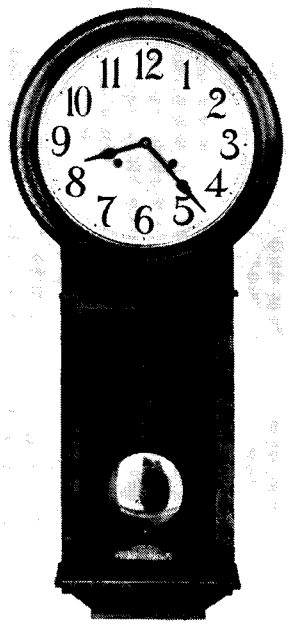

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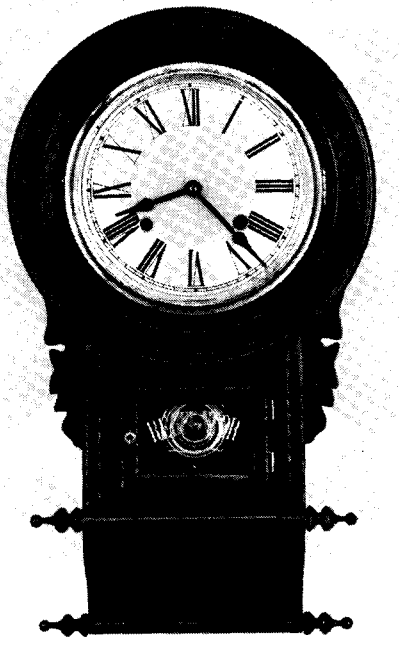

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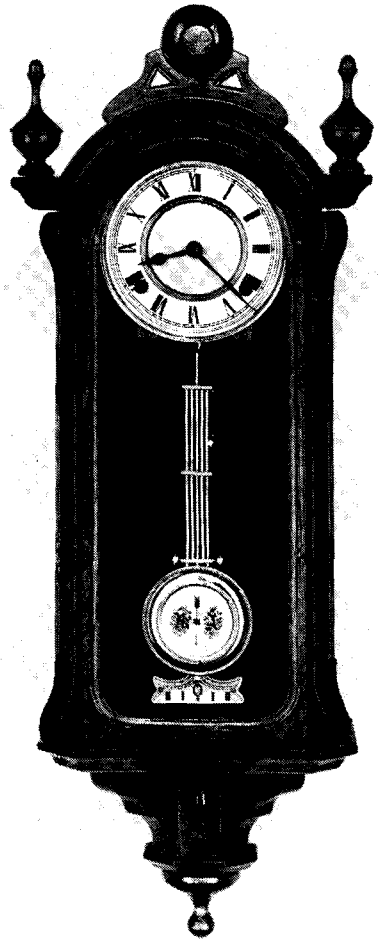

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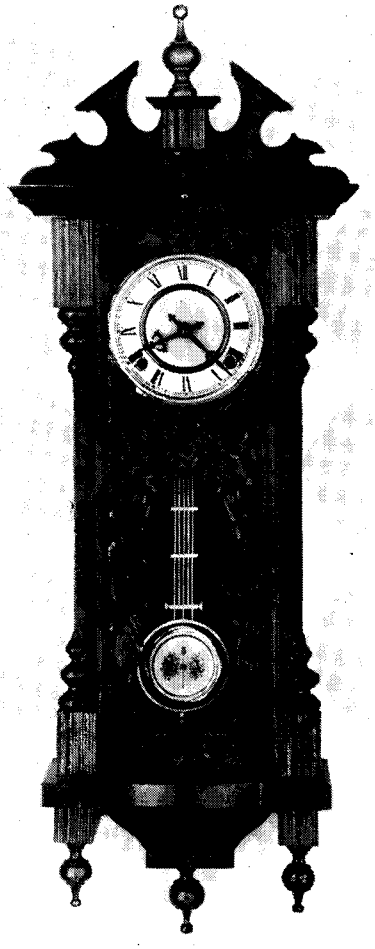

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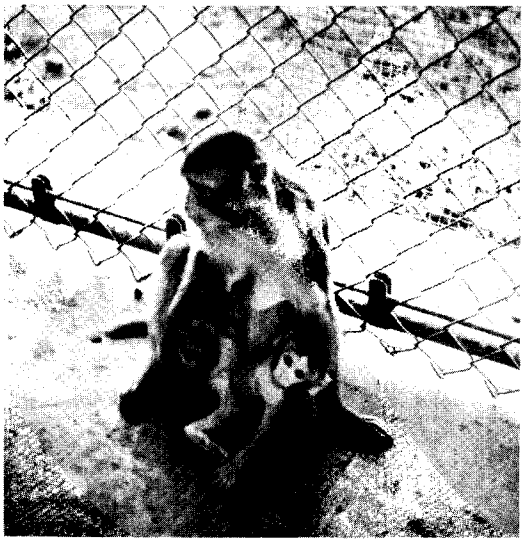

Rhesus monkeys exposed to the human equivalency dose of one to two joints per day for three years exhibited a loss of drive, motivation and interest in the care of their offspring. A picture of a control, or non-drugged, rhesus shows a rhesus mother nicely nursing her baby. But the THC-treated mother (right) has been exposed to the human equivalency dose of one to three joints a day. Typically, these mothers didn't nurse their babies, groom them, retrieve them or cuddle them as the control mothers did. Dr. Ethel Sassenrath at the Primate Research Center of the University of California, who conducted the experiments, also noted that the THC-exposed babies showed deficits in attention and over-concentration on different stimuli in the environment—the types of deficits of behavior which indicate that the central nervous system had been affected in early development.

"The target for drug paraphernalia in the 1980s is ages 6 to 16," the operator of one of Florida's largest head shop chains recently admitted, claiming it was "an industry decision." Organized campaigns of this sort, added to tremendous peer pressure, are misleading young people into believing that pot smoking is a normal part of growing up.

the times" in this area. Dr. Richard Blum, one of the country's foremost authorities on drug abuse, studied 3,200 school children in California and found that some started pot use in third grade. Said Dr. Blum: "The phenomena that appear in California generally appear in the rest of the country several years later." Dr. Blum's survey was conducted in 1976.

For the past two years, pediatrician Dr. Ingrid Lantner has been speaking on the subject of marijuana at schools in the suburbs of Cleveland, Ohio. She speaks two or three times a week, often to fifth and sixth graders. She always asks them: "How old is the youngest child you know who has smoked marijuana?"

Dr. Lantner told me: "I have never asked this question without hearing about a two- or three-year-old who has been given marijuana by older siblings or parents—and not only once. I know several youngsters who have been smoking daily since they were six years old. In all these cases, the parents are users. I have never known of a grown-up who would give a child that age a tobacco cigarette or any other drug."

Dr. Lantner also asks for written questions from her young audiences. Every time she speaks she receives one or two questions which indicate that parents give pot to their young children. Two typical questions:

"I am ten. My parents let me smoke pot since I was six. Will my eggs be damaged?"

"My brother smoked M.J. since age seven but not every day. Will he have his growth affected? He is now 11. He gets the M.J. from my mother."

Another question Dr. Lantner often receives from fifth and sixth graders is: "What shall I do if someone physically forces me to

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smoke pot?"

"School principals tell me," says Dr. Lantner, "that after a ball game, a group of potheads—older students—often come around to sell drugs, and they're very aggressive with the little ones, insisting they buy and smoke on the spot. This happens in a nice, upper-middle-class area in the suburbs of Cleveland."

Nor are the suburbs of Cleveland, Ohio, the only area in the country where parents are giving pot to very young children. Take Missouri, for example. Ed Moses, drug information officer of the state of Missouri, works full time lecturing and teaching about drug abuse. "Every year drug abuse is affecting younger age groups," he told me. "They commonly start feeling the pressure to turn on as early as the fifth and sixth grades. Also, every year the marijuana is getting stronger and more easily available in larger quantities.

"I think the most disturbing thing I've found is many parents' attitude that marijuana is so harmless that it's okay to reward their three- and four-year-old child with getting high.

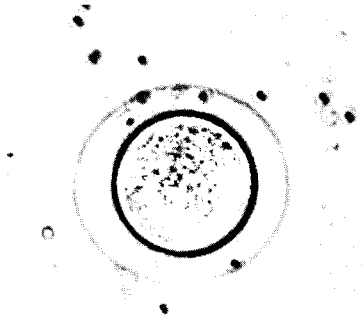
"For example, at parties, the parent will let the three- to five-year-old child carry the joint around to the toking [pot-smoking] guests. And, as a reward, the child is allowed 'to take a hit' and get stoned. This is becoming more and more common among young parents who are heavy users.

"The youngest I have seen in a home was with a couple in their early 20s who got their nine-month-old baby high by 'shotgunning' the child [turning the cigarette backwards with the lit part in the mouth so that a concentrated rush of smoke can be blown into someone else's mouth or face]. The father told me, 'We like to get Annie high so she won't be afraid to walk.' I pointed out that she was so stoned she couldn't even crawl. The father said, 'Well, that's cool. At least she's not afraid to try.' 'She boogies around when she gets high,' the mother said, laughing. This meant that the baby bounced around a little while. Then she sat—spaced out."

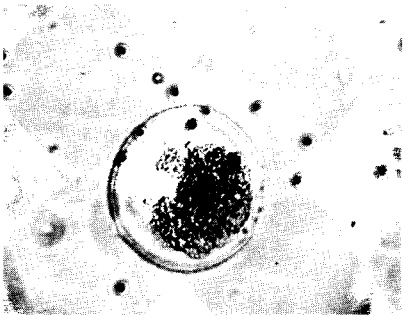
A kindergarten teacher in a South Texas town told me, "My

THC-Injected Mice Produce Abnormal Eggs

Current research indicates that THC (the active agent in marijuana) may induce genetic mutation. One recent experiment involved mouse ova (female reproduction cells, commonly called "eggs"). Two groups of 26-day-old female mice were used in the experiment. The control group was allowed to proceed with a normal routine while the test group was injected with daily doses of THC. The animals were then allowed to mate with non-treated young adult mice. Forty-eight hours after mating, the animals were sacrificed and the fertilized eggs were recovered from the oviducts. Abnormal cells occurred in 37.5 percent of ova recovered from the THC-treated mice, compared with 10 percent in those obtained from the controls.

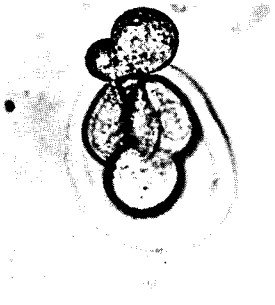


A normal ovum (left) shows the chromatin (that part of the cell nucleus that is composed of DNA and is the carrier of the genes) to be finely granular and evenly dispersed throughout and responsive to fertilization and normal cell division.



In stark contrast is the abnormal ovum (above), taken from the THC-treated mice, where the chromatin has clumped together. The fact that it has coagulated is an indication that it is damaged and probably is a nonviable chromosomal substance, in which case there would be no pregnancy at all.

A normal fertilized ovum demonstrates predictable cell division.



Irregular shapes and sizes of fertilized cells appear in the mice ova in the THC-treated group 48 hours after mating.

It was the conclusion of this research that THC does act as a mitotic (dividing cell) poison and therefore is considered a chromosomal mutagen. It is also important to note that unlike male sperm, which is replenished during the entire life of the male, the number of female eggs is determined at birth and, once they are damaged or destroyed, they can never be replaced—the damage is permanent.

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children don't smoke pot. But the first grade teachers tell me that some of *their* children come in stoned—always the ones with older brothers and sisters."

Maryland is so "typical" that it is often referred to as "America in miniature." Certainly the 1978 Maryland statewide survey reflects what is being found in local surveys throughout the country: "Students began using one or more illegal drugs at about one year earlier than the same grade level use in the last Maryland survey (1975)." And the "one" drug is invariably marijuana. Most local surveys show that, each year, initial marijuana use drops one year lower.

Older siblings are the chief source of supply for very young users. Because the myth of marijuana's "harmlessness" has so permeated our society, youngsters often feel they are doing their smaller brothers and sisters a favor by getting them high. There is also another motive. If the younger child gets involved, he or she won't "narc" (tell Mom and Dad).

It is quite possible for Mom and Dad to be unaware of the fact that their children are stoned. With marijuana use it's easy to "hide the high" or to "come down" by dinner time. The clearest tell-tale symptom—red eyes—is handled by kids via eye drops. (The eye drop industry reports a boom in sales.) Youngsters who use a local swimming pool have an easy excuse—"chlorine in the water"—even though the closest they may have been to the water was hanging out in the locker room blowing grass.

There are, of course, discernable symptoms of the youngster who is a heavy pot user. Unfortunately, most of them are so much like the "blow up" symptoms of normal adolescence that many parents tend to disregard such as merely something their child will "grow out of." But this is not likely to happen unless the child gets some firm, supportive help from parents and from the school.

Parents should realize that even the "straight" kids (non-drug users)—who represent about 50 percent of most surveys of junior high and high school classes—are under constant peer pressure to "Try it: It's great." And this pressure to start pot use comes not only from peers. All kids are affected by aspects of adult industries which make drug use in general—and pot use in particular—seem like a normal part of growing up in America today.

For example, a recent survey in Atlanta, Georgia, showed that while one third of non-drug-using kids listen to rock music on the radio three hours or more a day, virtually *all* drug-using youngsters listen three or more hours a day. Some reported: "I listen all the time when I'm home." In addition, they have favorite records and cassettes that they put on when they're high and "float with them."

The same Atlanta researcher, Dr. Fred Crawford, studied the contents of rock lyrics to determine what messages they contained suggesting or supporting drug use. He found that more than half of the current rock songs had messages condoning or suggesting the use of drugs, and that many students start listening to rock music at about the time of first use.

And what do they hear when they listen? There are countless songs with "do drug" messages such as this from Eric Clapton:

Cocaine, cocaine
She's all right.

And this from Dr. Hook's Medicine Show, the *Sloppy Seconds* album ("killer weed" is marijuana):

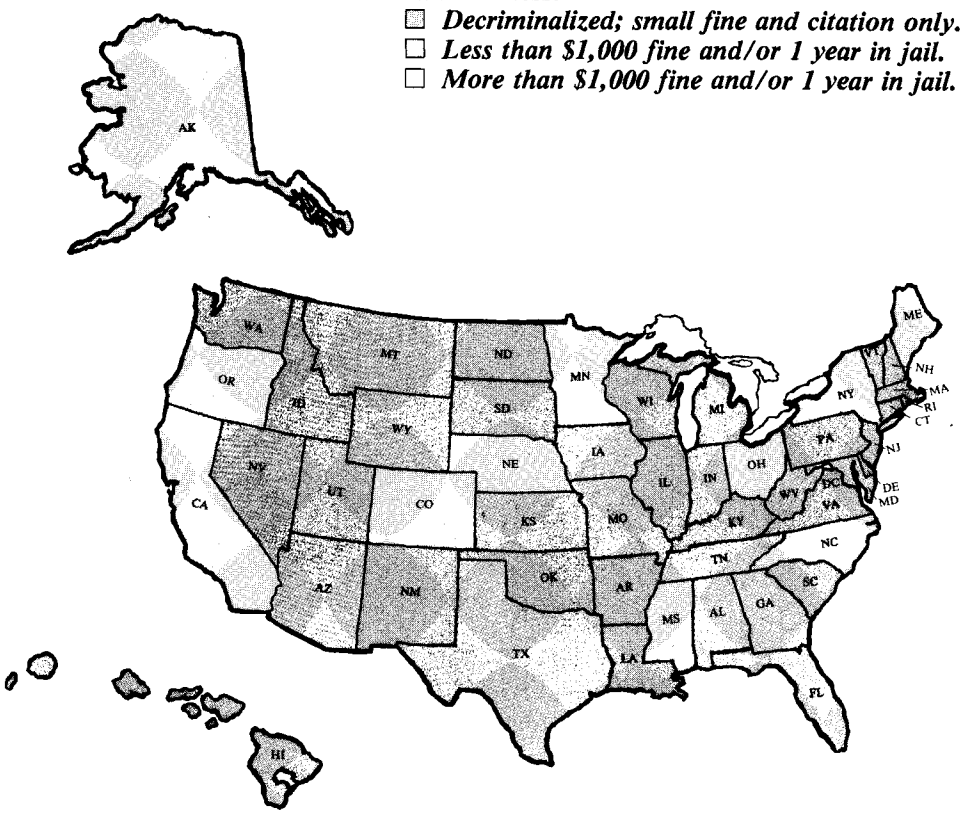
Some men need some killer weed
And some men need cocaine
And some men need some cactus juice
To purify their brains.
Blow your whistle,
Bang your gong,
Roll up something to take along
Feels so good it must be wrong
Freakin' at the freakers' ball.

Another example of the "mes-

Continued on following page

First-time marijuana-possession penalities for 1 ounce or less:

- ☐ ***Decriminalized; small fine and citation only.***
- ☐ ***Less than $1,000 fine and/or 1 year in jail.***
- ☐ ***More than $1,000 fine and/or 1 year in jail.***



In most areas, laws for possession of an ounce or less of marijuana (30 to 60 joints) for personal use are not enforced. Some say this is reason to relax the laws (decriminalization) or to eliminate them (legalization). However, in states which have decriminalized pot, law enforcement officials point out that marijuana use among youths has escalated greatly, and traffic accidents and drug-related crimes have increased dramatically.

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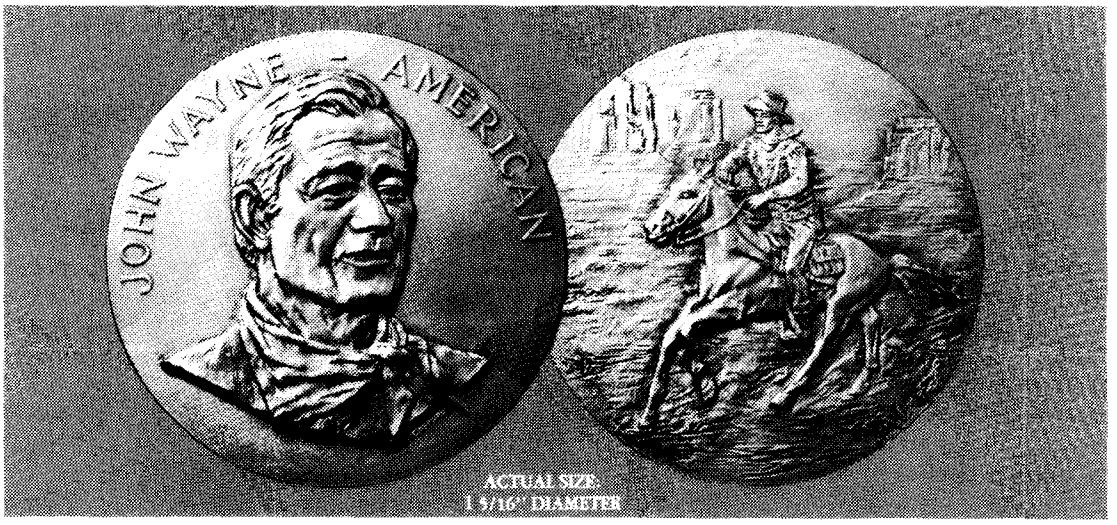

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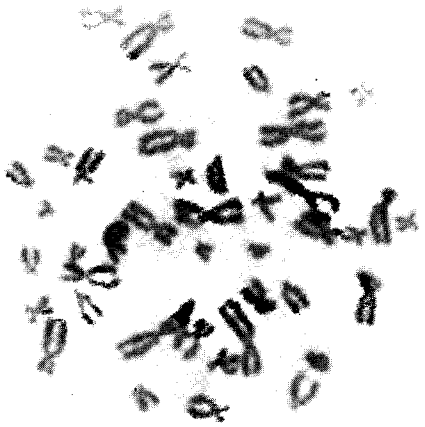
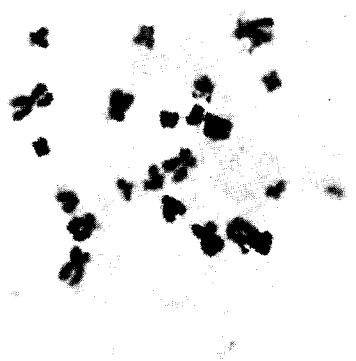
sages" youngsters receive from the adult community comes from the drug paraphernalia industry—now a $3 billion business. A highly profitable line is the "kiddie" drug paraphernalia, which includes such items as baby bottles and "Catch-a-Buzz" flying discs which double as pot-smoking devices, skateboards and kiddie belt buckles for "hiding your stash" (your supply of pot), comic books which show how to cut and snort cocaine and *McGrassey's Reader*, an easy-to-read, 20-page primer which includes clear directions on how to roll a joint, a pot vocabulary, advice on what to wear to your first pot party, plus a packet of alfalfa "practice grass." For more advanced readers there is *The Whole Drug Manufacturers' Catalog*, one-third of which is devoted to "Kitchen Chemistry and Bathtub Dope: How to Produce Drugs from Non-Prescription Items and Household Chemicals in Your Kitchen Without Prior Chemical Knowledge."

In most states such items are legal and can be found in various varieties of stores, including posh gift shops, boutiques, record stores, flower shops and stores which specialize in magic, Oriental gifts, leather goods, smoking goods, etc., as well as in the "head shops." And some head shops advertise openly in school newspapers as "novelty shops." The kids know what they are, but (presumably) the teachers don't. One of the biggest head shop chain operators in Florida recently told Florida state legislator Mary Ellen Hawkins: "The target for drug paraphenalia in the 1980s is ages 6 to 16." He said this was an industry decision.



A. Non-marijuana smokers have more white cells with 46 chromosomes.



B. Marijuana smokers have an increased percentage of cells with fewer chromosomes.

While a normal cell has the typical complement of 46 chromosomes within its nucleus (left), recent experiments indicate that heavy-marijuana smokers have marked increases in the number of cells with micronuclei (nuclei with less than 46 chromosomes, as pictured right). The experiments were performed to determine the effects of marijuana on human lymphocytes (white blood cells, which are a major part of our bodies' defense systems). Five volunteers with histories of chronic marijuana smoking were used. They ranged in age from 22 to 32 and had histories of smoking at least ten marijuana cigarettes per week for six years or more. Seven healthy students who had no history of smoking marijuana served as the control group. After repeated periods of smoking followed by deprivation, blood samples were obtained from all subjects in the test group. Similar samples were obtained from control subjects on the same day. The cells from the non-marijuana smokers showed a 15 percent incidence of micronuclei, while the cells from the marijuana smokers showed a 36 percent incidence of micronuclei. Dr. Akira Miroshima of Columbia University noted that the marijuana smoker might run a greater risk of disease, since THC lowers our resistance to infection.

What does all this mean in terms of our youngsters' health? And what can parents look for as possible signs or symptoms of chronic pot use among youngsters?

The psychological symptoms are often the first to manifest themselves. These include decreasing school performance; increased irritability ("stop *hassling* me" flared out for no justifiable reason); a general apathy; depression; drastic, inexplicable mood changes; feelings of isolation; a cutting off of communication between parent and child and a general loss of interest in everything except pot smoking and the accompanying "kiddie drug culture."

There are two very common physical symptoms: a chronic cough—a bothersome, constant hacking—and chest pains. Says Dr. Ingrid Lantner, "I have yet to see a teen-age tobacco smoker complain of chest pains, but it's quite common among pot smokers. School nurses tell me this, too."

However, it is the nonvisible physical symptoms which may be the most damaging. And this is the information which is finally crossing the chasm between the scientific community on one shore, which has been putting forth these findings at ever-increasing rates, and the general public on the other shore. For years this chasm has not remained empty. It has been industriously filled with misinformation, distortion and perversion of the facts and, at times, even outright lies emanating from pro-pot organizations and individuals whose purpose seems to be to discredit the findings which prove that pot is harmful and to make it seem an essential and harmless ingredient of the "now" way of life.

Because of this constant surge of misinformation, which is still heard loud and clear throughout the land, pot smokers often have pat answers when confronted with the warning signals now coming loudly and clearly from the scientific community.

One common "turnoff" of these findings is the shoulder-shrug comment, "For every study showing that pot is harmful, there's another showing it's harmless."

This is simply not true.

One of the world's most knowl-

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edgeable experts in the field of marijuana is Dr. Carlton Turner, director of the Federal Marijuana Project funded by the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA). Dr. Turner and his associate, Dr. Coy Waller, have just completed a hefty two-volume work: *Marijuana: An Annotated Bibliography*. The first volume has already been published by Macmillan; the second will be published this summer. In preparing these works, Dr. Turner abstracted more than 5,000 scientific publications on cannabis (the plant from which marijuana, hashish and hash oil are prepared). He says: "As a scientist, I have to be objective. I am not a crusader for or against any drug. I am for evaluating any drug on its merit, which I base on all scientific publications about that drug. There is not a single paper on the crude drug marijuana which gives it a clean bill of health, not a single paper to support it as an innocuous drug.

"A widely quoted study of 30 Jamaican cane workers was never published by a scientific journal. It could not stand the scientific review process.

"There *are* some reports on *individual* cannabinoids indicating possible therapeutic use." (Cannabis contains 61 known cannabinoids—substances unique in nature, found only in the cannabis plant.) "However, it must be remembered that any drug has some side effects, and with the broad biological action of the cannabinoids at the cellular level, the side effects may outweigh the benefits in long-term use. This is the reason that marijuana has no place in modern medicine. Using marijuana would be like giving people molded bread to eat to get penicillin.

"Media, with some exceptions, have not taken the time to understand the nature of the crude drug marijuana. If you attend a conference and there are 15 scientific papers cautioning against the use of marijuana, and *one* saying that a single extracted cannabinoid might be useful in a therapeutic area, the media headline this by saying that *marijuana* has been found to be useful. The findings are reported in such a way that the public is led to believe joints of street pot are being smoked by people with glaucoma or by cancer patients to control nausea after chemotherapy treatments, when the research is actually being done with a synthesized THC capsule. And by the time this 'news' sifts down to the school yard, you have kids saying that pot cures cancer, pot cures nearsightedness and pot cleans out your lungs after you smoke tobacco cigarettes." (The latter comes from early findings which indicated that marijuana might be helpful in cases of asthma. Further research clearly showed just the opposite is true.)

"Incidentally, why the media have generally been so 'up' about publicizing the possible medical benefits of marijuana and so 'down' on relaying the consistently emerging evidence concerning the harmful effects of marijuana is a matter to be comtemplated."

Another common argument of pot-smoking youngsters is this: "You have your martini, so why can't I have my pot?"

Dr. Nicholas Pace has a solid answer for this question, and he is well qualified to give it. Dr. Pace is the co-founder and past president of the New York City Affiliate of the National Council on Alcoholism. He is also one of the founding directors of the American Council on Marijuana and Other Psychoactive Drugs.

Dr. Pace points out: "There are two important differences between alcohol and marijuana. First, alcohol has a single chemical, and it is water soluble. One ounce is metabolized and is completely excreted from the body within 12 hours.

"What about pot? Youngsters like to consider it a 'natural weed.' Some even believe it to have health-giving properties. In reality, however, cannabis is an extremely complex crude drug containing 421 known chemicals. When you smoke a joint you are combusting these chemicals into hundreds of other different compounds. And we don't know how they are affecting the body.

"We do know, however, that among the 420 basic chemicals are

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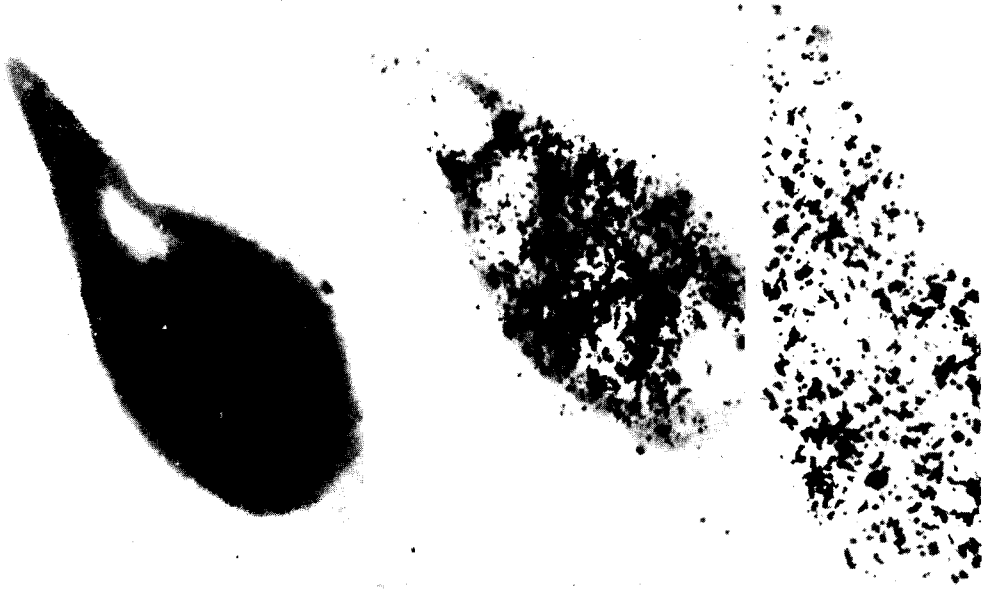

The only long-term (20-year) study of the effects of THC on the male reproductive cell (sperm) was conducted in the small laboring village of Piraeus, Greece, by Dr. Marietta Issidorides and Dr. Costas Stefanis of the University of Athens, Greece. Spermatozoa from nonsmokers and from chronic hashish smokers (hashish has a high concentration of THC) were photomicrographed. Normal spermatozoa from a non-hashish-smoking male show a proper density, indicating that it is rich in protein and other essential chemical substances. In the center and right panels, sperm taken from a hashish-smoking male shows a definite breakdown of protein substances and a clumping together of chromosomal material. The research team also noted changes in the ultrastructure of the spermatozoa of chronic hashish-smoking males which could result in genetic disturbances or prevent fertilization.

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61 known cannabinoids (new ones are being discovered all the time), and so far scientists have studied only a few of them. We know that at least four of the cannabinoids are psychoactive, or mind-altering. But a few of the nonpsychoactive cannabinoids which have been studied thus far appear to be even more harmful to certain organ systems than the psychoactive ones.

"Therefore," says Dr. Pace, "the first important point to be kept in mind is that even the so-called 'NIDA marijuana' used by scientists is, in fact, a Pandora's box of unknowns."

"NIDA marijuana" is grown on a well-guarded five-acre "pot farm" on the outskirts of the University of Mississippi. This project, funded by the National Institute on Drug Abuse and directed by Dr. Carlton Turner, supplies to researchers marijuana which has a relatively stable Delta-9-THC content of about 2 percent. (This is the chief psychoactive cannabinoid in marijuana.)

Dr. Pace points out that so-called "good street pot" has a 4, 5 or even 6 percent THC content. Therefore, sobering as the research findings are, they gain an even greater impact when we realize that they represent work with THC half as potent as that which many of our youngsters are smoking regularly today.

"The second important point regarding marijuana," says Dr. Pace, "is the fact that it is fat soluble, like DDT. And we have, of course, banned the use of DDT because it accumulates in body cells and organs.

"The cannabinoids are not only fat soluble. They are, in fact, lipophilic—fat loving. The fatty sections of cells and membranes and the fatty organs of the body act like magnets attracting the cannabinoids. The cell membrane—the coating surrounding the cell—is at least 60 percent fat. When the fat-soluble cannabinoids dissolve in the cell membrane, they make it difficult for the most important constituents of the cell, the proteins, to enter. And cannabinoid clogging of the cell has additional deleterious effects.

"What about the fatty *organs*? It should be remembered that the chief fatty organs of the body are the gonads (sex glands) and the brain. Indeed, the three-pound human brain is composed chiefly of fat. As one prominent researcher once noted: 'We're all fatheads, from that point of view.' "

Dr. Pace and every other marijuana researcher I have interviewed agree that the fat solubility of marijuana is the most important—and ominous—single factor about this drug.

Why? Dr. Pace puts it this way: "The most studied cannabinoid, the popular 'Delta-9,' has been traced radioactively in the body in human and animal studies. All the studies show that it takes three days to a week for the body to rid itself of *half* the THC in a single joint and much longer (some studies show up to 30 days) to get rid of all of it. This means that even if a youngster smokes only one joint a weekend, about half the THC and other cannabinoids *remain* in the body. Half the cannabinoids in next Saturday night's joint are added to the first. And so on, for a smoke-filled series of Saturday nights."

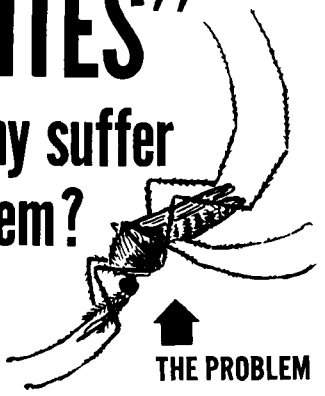
Dr. Robert C. Gilkeson, who has spent 15 years in neurophysiologic research, puts it this way: "No drug or chemical improves the normal cell. Marijuana is a known intoxicant. Toxic means poison. Anyone who smokes or ingests more than the equivalent of one marijuana cigarette every 30 days will accumulate an acute neurotoxic substance in his or her body."

What are the results of "cannabinoid accumulation?"

A single article can only touch the iceberg's tip. This becomes clear when picking up a 777-page volume, *Marijuana: Biological Effects*, published by Pergamon Press. This contains 50 scientific papers given at the two-day Reims Conference held in France in July 1978. The conference was limited to marijuana's effects on the lungs, the reproductive system, the brain and the cells.

The September issue of the *Post* will discuss these four areas in depth, as well as give some useful pointers for parents and other interested adults who wish to combat this "grass fire" of marijuana use among our young people.

"MOSQUITO BITES" why suffer them?



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RELIGION

A NATION IN PRAYER

It could have been the 4th of July: The patriotic celebration of God at the annual National Prayer Breakfast in Washington, D.C., was at once both festive and reverent. The worshipful atmosphere left no room for bipartisan thoughts.

by Congressman Guy Vander Jagt

Post editors attended the 1980 National Prayer Breakfast, in the ballroom of the Washington Hilton, to share with Post *readers the inspirational and powerful message of that beautiful morning. The Honorable Guy Vander Jagt, veteran congressman from Michigan, spoke without notes to the overflowing audience. We reproduce his speech as it was recorded in the hope that those not fortunate enough to attend will find it uplifting.*

President and Mrs. Carter and friends: Never before in the history of these prayer breakfasts has the need for and the desire for prayer been greater. I thank you my friend, Jim Wright—I think—for this great honor. I say "I think" because I'm scared. I'm scared in a cosmic sense for our world; but, I'm scared in a personal sense at preaching to so vast a congregation. And I thank you for the hundreds of prayers, which I have felt, that the words of my mouth and the meditations of our hearts might be acceptable in God's sight and that something good and great and powerful might happen to us this morning.

Thirty-two years ago, I stepped for the first time before a pulpit in a little white wooden-frame church in Tustin, Michigan. Incidentally, Mr. President, Tustin, Michigan, is even smaller than Plains, Georgia. And I did my very best to persuade

The prestigious audience of more than 3,000 at this year's National Prayer Breakfast was a far cry from the humble beginnings of the Honorable Guy Vander Jagt's early career as a minister. Membership at his first church in Tustin, Michigan, where he preached at age 17, was exactly 18 souls.

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that all-time record turnout of a congregation—18 people—that a 17-year-old young man could struggle through as their minister during his senior year in high school. I doubt if they've noted very much improvement since then, but I know that they would note a whale of an improvement in the size of the congregation. I'm sure that those elders wished they were here with me this morning to pass their collection plate before this vast group. But I got to thinking, as I was preparing, that if I had remained in the ministry and preached my whole life in the churches of Michigan, that a whole lifetime of preaching all put together would not have reached as vast a congregation as this morning alone in terms of the congregation's potential for good and potential for impacting the world and changing that world.

One year ago, Mr. President, in your very moving remarks to us, you pointed out that the three biggest news stories of 1978 had all been connected with religion: a tragic mass suicide in Guyana, the elevation of a Polish Cardinal to Pope John Paul II and the Camp David peace accords. And you shared with us that when it began, you, Begin and Sadat agreed that prayer would be a part of your daily deliberations. And you did share with us that that was the only thing the three of you agreed upon for the first several days. But the three of you—a Moslem, a Jew and a Southern Baptist—kept on praying and you kept on trying, and a triumph ensued. And we honor you, and we thank you and we pray for you. You then said, Mr. President, a haunting sentence. You said, "I would guess that the big news story of 1979 will be the impact in the Persian Gulf in the Middle East of religious fervor. Because," you explained, "the great events that move men and nations are intimately connected with religion and the spirit." How prophetic! This morning, on the 96th day of our hostages' captivity in Tehran, we pray not only for our countrymen, but we pray also that somehow, some way, God will reach through the religions and lay on the heart of the Ayatollah Khomeini His age-old ancient plea, "Let my people go." So, I would pray that the big news story of 1980 would be the safe release of our hostages *and* a spiritual awakening here at home.

America has always turned to God in time of need, for we are a nation founded upon a faith in God. It's there at the bedrock, the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that . . . men . . . are endowed *by their Creator* with certain unalienable rights." That's the source of our rights as Americans; not the Constitution, not the Courts, not the Congress, but that all of them were put together to preserve and protect the rights that God gave us when he created us in his own image. Our Declaration is, first of all, a declaration of dependence on God. So when America loses its God, it loses the basis for its rights.

Based on that faith, we strode so rapidly into greatness as a nation that the French were intrigued. They sent a young French journalist over here by the name of Alexis de Tocqueville to answer the question, "What makes America great?" In pursuing the answer to that question, de Tocqueville wrote a book, *Democracy in America*, which still stands as a classic today. President Eisenhower quoted him in a speech: "He patiently and persistently sought the greatness and genius of America in our fields and in our forests, in our mines and in our commerce, in our Congress and in our Constitution, and he found them not. But he sought still further and then he said: 'Not until I went into the churches of America and heard her pulpits flame with righteousness did I understand the secret of her genius and power.

Continued on page 100

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PUBLIC SPEAKING AND OTHER CORONARY THREATS

The fear of speaking up can keep you down.

by Max D. Isaacson

In my job and at other functions, I'm called on quite often to speak. In fact, my wife says that I get up so often that I'm living proof of the old adage that hot air always rises. But I have something a little more substantial than hot air to talk about today. I can tell you from personal experience that the ability to express oneself well in public is certainly valuable in my business and in every walk of life that I know of.

In addition to my interest in public speaking, I'm happy to speak for another reason. Since I'm on the staff of an oil company, I'm happy to be invited *anywhere* where there is a cordial reception. That's a pleasant accomplishment.

Speaking of accomplishments, my subject was to be "Accomplishments Through Speechcraft." A more appropriate title might be: "Public Speaking and Other Coronary Threats!" because in public speaking, many are called but few want to get up. You know and I know that it can be scary indeed to get up to address a group. But listen to these statements:

Daniel Webster said: "If all my possessions were taken from me with one exception, I would choose to keep the power of speech, for by it I would soon regain all the rest [of my possessions]."

Sigmund Freud observed: "Words call forth emotions and are universally the means by which we influence our fellow creatures. . .by words, one of us can give to another the greatest happiness or bring about utter despair."

The eminent Dale Carnegie said: "Every activity of our lives is communication of a sort, but it is through speech that man asserts his distinctiveness. . .that he best expresses his own individuality, his essence."

Someone else has observed, and I certainly agree, that "self-confidence has *always* been the first secret of success." Of the known phobias—and there is a long list of them—the fear of public speaking consistently ranks at the top in public surveys. It's even more feared than death. But why should intelligent people fear public speaking?

Most of us have at least average intelligence, and when we look around us—at coworkers, bosses, politicians—we know that our level of knowledge is as great or greater than theirs, but the thing that so often separates us is our *inability* to feel confident when expressing ourselves. . .we fear to speak up.

It's true that we make ourselves vulnerable when we speak up. . .vulnerable to criticism. It's usually easier and more comfortable to stay out of the spotlight and to languish in the comfort and safety of the nonspeaker's role to avoid the risk of feeling inferior.

But I've always been fond of quoting Eleanor Roosevelt on the subject of self-confidence, and it was she who said: "No one can make *you* feel inferior without *your* consent." Think about that for a moment. "No one can make you feel inferior without your consent." Isn't that a remarkable statement?

And here are some remarkable figures to prove that man is his own worst enemy. More persons kill themselves each year than murder others. There are 25,000 suicides annually in the U.S. and 18,000 homicides. Suicide is the severest form of self-hatred. But a milder form of self-hatred is the inferiority complex many of us secretly harbor.

One of my kids recently told me a riddle. He said, "Dad, do you know what the largest room in the world is?" I replied that I did not. He answered, "The room for improvement!" That's why I believe in speechcraft, because it's a valuable means for improvement. It offers what most of us need to become better public speakers.

Isn't it incredible that there is so little emphasis

Continued on page 114

Max D. Isaacson is vice president of administration at Macmillan Oil Company, Inc. This message was originally delivered to speechcraft students at Des Moines, Iowa.

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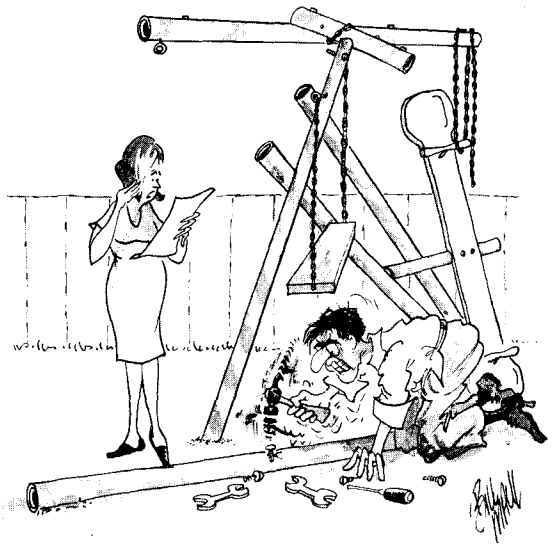
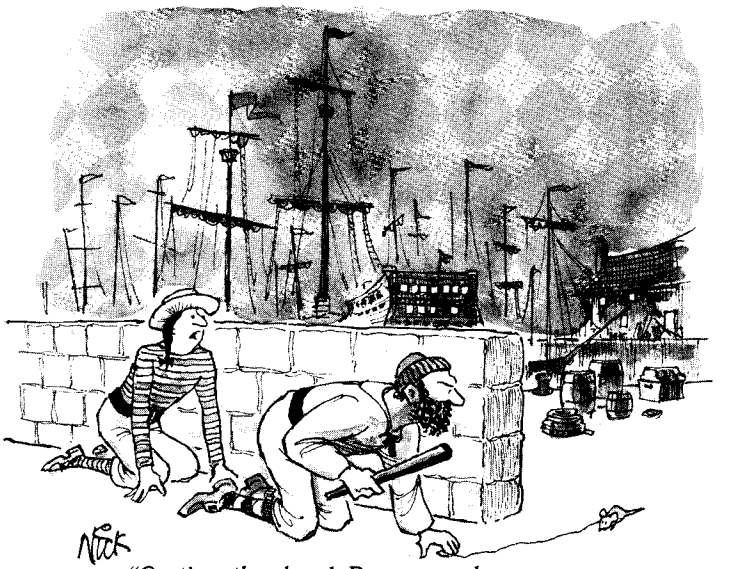
ON SECOND THOUGHT...

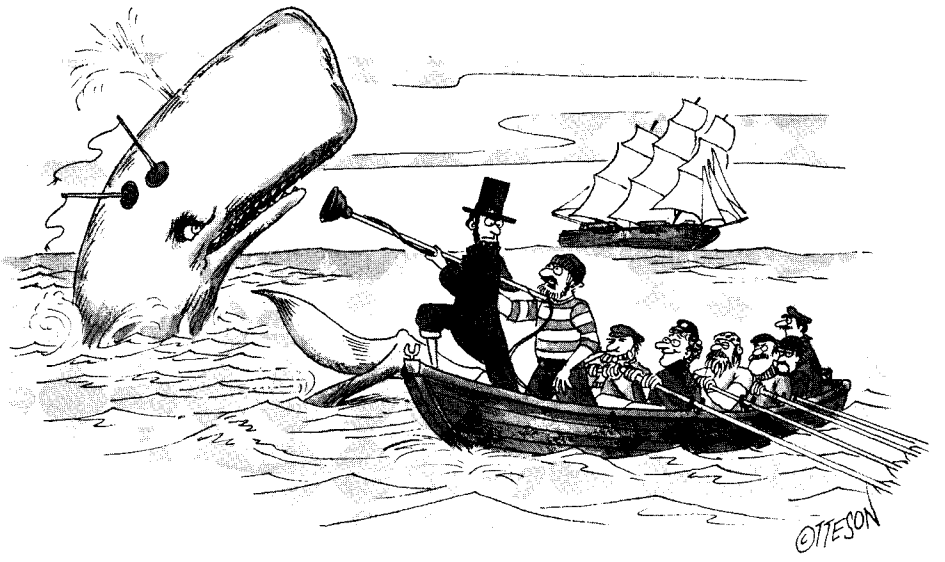
"Hey! Wait just a minute! This isn't the Union Mission, and you guys aren't the Salvation Army!"



"Oops! My mistake, dear . . . it says 'so simple only a child can assemble it' . . . "



"On the other hand, Ben . . . maybe we can manage one trip without a ship's cat."



"Capt'n! One of the mates here has a suggestion!"

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JEEVES TAKES CHARGE

The proverbial line, "the butler did it," was never more fitting than in the solution to this merry tale of tension from the puckish pen of P.G. Wodehouse.

by P.G. Wodehouse

Illustrated by Phil Smith

In our first episode, Jeeves' new employer has become engaged to Florence Craye. Jeeves, having previously butled for the Craye family, is understandably not too chirpy about the engagement.

A telegram calls his employer to the uncle's estate, where the upset fiancée is waiting. Seems that Uncle Willie is about to mail to the publishers an autobiography revealing scandalous behavior of himself and Florence's father in the flaming days of their youth. Ms. Craye presents the ultimatum: Intercept the manuscript or call off the marriage.

As we left the situation last month, Jeeves' employer has managed to reroute the manuscript into his dresser drawer, hoping to sweat out a solution by Saturday, the day Uncle Willie will be expecting acknowledgment from his publishers. However, on Friday evening, the old boy, "looking considerably narked," calls his apprehensive nephew into the study and says, "An extremely disturbing thing has happened. . . ."

"As you know, I dispatched the manuscript of my book to Messrs. Riggs & Ballinger, the publishers, yesterday afternoon. It should have reached them by the first post this morning. Why I should have been uneasy I cannot say, but my mind was not altogether at rest respecting the safety of the parcel. I therefore telephoned to Messrs. Riggs & Ballinger a few moments back to make inquiries. To my consternation, they informed me that they were not yet in receipt of my manuscript."

"Very rum!"

"I recollect distinctly placing it myself on the hall table in good time to be taken to the village. But here is a sinister thing: I have spoken to Oakshott, who took the rest of the letters to the post office, and he cannot recall seeing it there. He is, indeed, unswerving in his assertions that when he went to the hall to collect the letters there was no parcel among them."

"Sounds funny!"

"Bertie, shall I tell you what I suspect?"

"What's that?"

"The suspicion will no doubt sound to you incredible, but it alone seems to fit the facts as we know them. I incline to the belief that the parcel has been stolen."

"Oh, I say! Surely not!"

"Wait! Hear me out. Though I have said nothing to you before, or to anyone else, concerning the matter, the fact remains that during the past few weeks a number of objects—some valuable, others not—have disappeared in this house. The conclusion to which one is irresistibly impelled is that we have a kleptomaniac in our midst. It is a peculiarity of kleptomania, as you are no doubt aware, that the subject is unable to differentiate between the intrinsic values of objects. He will purloin an old coat as readily as a diamond ring, or a tobacco pipe costing but a few shillings with the same eagerness as a purse of gold. The fact that this manuscript of mine could be of no possible value to any outside person convinces me that——"

"But, uncle, one moment: I know all about those things that were stolen. It was Meadowes, my man, who pinched them. I caught him snaffling my silk socks. Right in the act, by Jove!"

He was tremendously impressed.

"You amaze me, Bertie! Send for the man at once and question him."

"But he isn't here, don't you know. You see, directly I found that he was a sock-sneaker I gave him the boot. That's why I went to London—to get a new man."

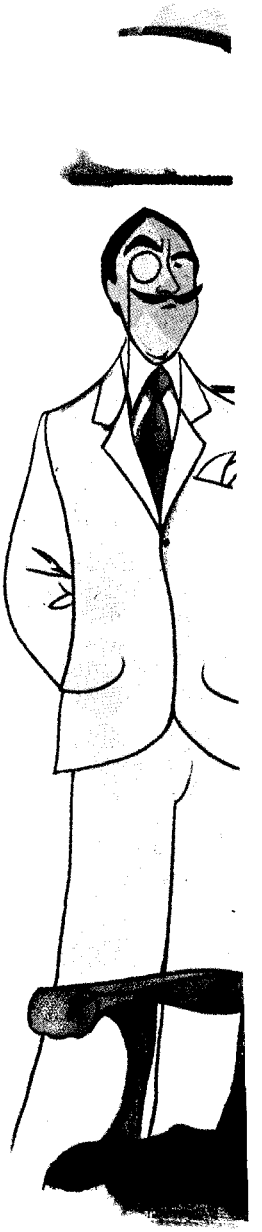
"Then, if the man Meadowes is no longer in the house it could not be he who purloined my manuscript. The whole thing is inexplicable."

After which we brooded a bit. Uncle Willoughby pottered about the room, registering baffledness, while I sat sucking at a cigarette, feeling rather like a chap I'd once read about in a book who murdered another cove and tied the body under the dining-room table, and then had to be the life and soul of a dinner party, with it there all the time! My guilty secret oppressed me to such an extent that after a while I couldn't stick it any longer. I started for a stroll in the grounds, by way of cooling off the old bean.

It was one of those still evenings you get in England in the summer, when you can hear a snail clear its throat a mile away. The sun was sinking over the hills and the gnats were fooling about all over the place, and everything smelled rather topping—what with the falling dew, and so on—and I was just beginning to feel a little soothed by the peace of it all when suddenly I heard my name spoken.

"It's about Bertie!"

It was the loathsome voice of young blighted Edwin! For a moment I couldn't locate it. Then I



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realized that it came from the library. My stroll had taken me within a few yards of the open window.

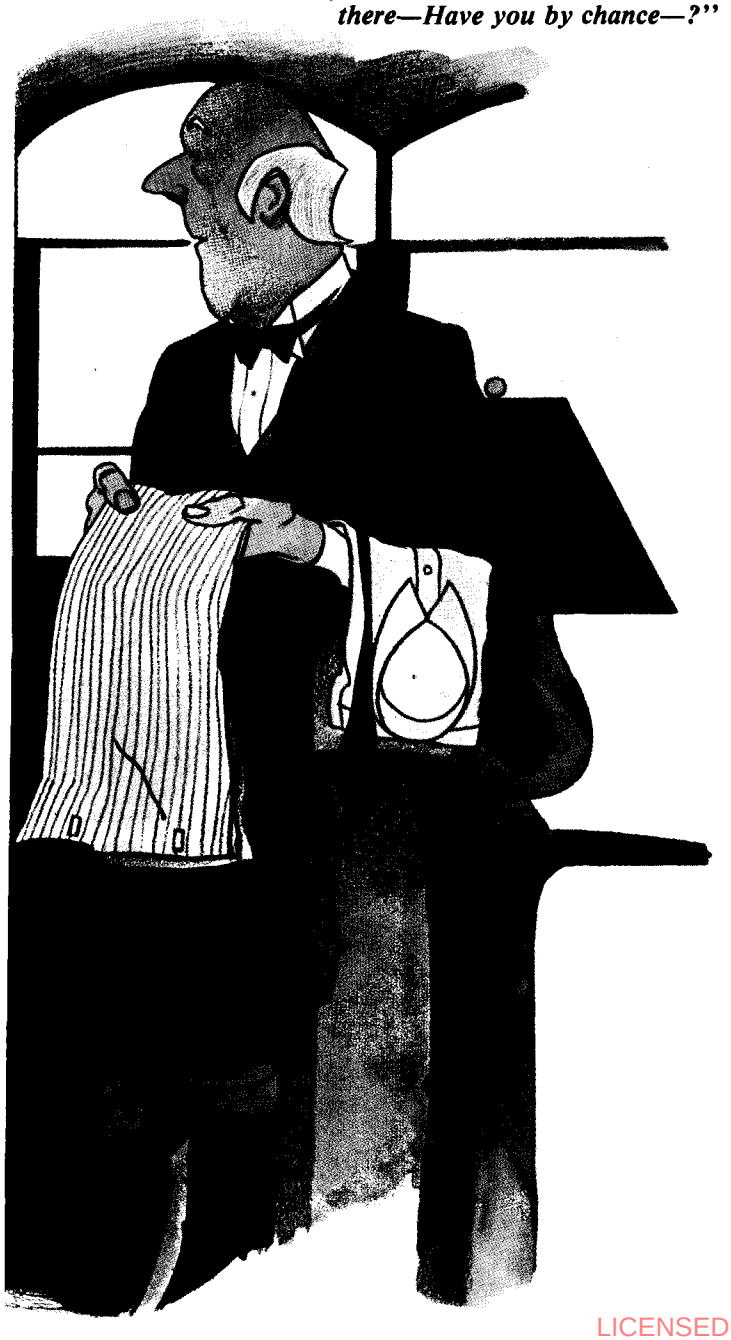
I had often wondered how those Johnnies in books did it—I mean the fellows with whom it was the work of a moment to do about a dozen things that ought to have taken them about ten minutes. But, as a matter of fact, it was the work of a moment with me to swear a bit, leap about ten yards, dive into a bush that stood near the library window and stand there with my ears flapping. I was as certain as I've ever been of anything that all sorts of rotten things were about to happen.

"About Bertie?" I heard Uncle Willoughby say.

"About Bertie and your parcel. I heard you talking to him just now. I believe he's got it."

When I tell you that just as I heard these frightful words a fairly substantial beetle of sorts dropped from the bush down the back of my neck, and I couldn't even stir to squash the same, you will understand that I felt pretty rotten. Everything seemed against me.

It was deuced difficult to know how to begin. "Er—Jeeves! Did you—Was there—Have you by chance—?"



"What do you mean, boy? I was discussing the disappearance of my manuscript with Bertie only a moment back, and he professed himself as perplexed by the mystery as myself."

"Well, I was in his room yesterday afternoon, doing him an act of kindness, and he came in with a parcel. I could see it, though he tried to keep it behind his back. And then he asked me to go to the smoking room and snip some cigars for him; and about two minutes afterward he came down—and he wasn't carrying anything. So it must be in his room."

I understand they deliberately teach these dashed Boy Scouts to cultivate their powers of observation and deduction and what not. Devilish thoughtless and inconsiderate of them, I call it. Look at the trouble it causes!

"It sounds incredible!" said Uncle Willoughby, thereby bucking me up a trifle.

"Shall I go and look in his room?" asked young blighted Edwin. "I'm sure the parcel's there."

"But what could be his motive for perpetrating this extraordinary theft?"

"Perhaps he's a—what you said just now."

"A kleptomaniac? Impossible!"

"It might have been Bertie who took all those things from the very start," suggested the little brute hopefully. "He may be like Raffles."

"Raffles?"

"He's a chap in a book who went about pinching things."

"I cannot believe that Bertie would—ah—go about pinching things."

"Well, I'm sure he's got the parcel. I'll tell you what you might do: You might say that Mr. Berkeley wired that he had left something here. He had Bertie's room, you know. You might say you wanted to look for it."

"That would be possible. I——"

I didn't wait to hear any more. Things were getting too hot. I sneaked softly out of my bush and raced for the front door. I sprinted up to my room and made for the drawer where I had put the parcel. And then I found I hadn't the key. It wasn't for the deuce of a time that I recollected I had shifted it to my evening trousers the night before and must have forgotten to take it out again.

Where the dickens were my evening things? I had looked all over the place before I remembered that Jeeves must have taken them away to brush. To leap at the bell and ring it was, with me, the work of a moment. I had just rung it when there was a footstep outside and in came Uncle Willoughby.

"Oh, Bertie!" he said without a blush. "I have—ah—received a telegram from Berkeley, who occupied this room in your absence, asking me to forward him his—er—his cigarette case, which, it would appear, he inadvertently omitted to take with him when he left the house. I cannot find it downstairs; and it has, therefore, occurred to me that he may have left it in this room. I will—er—just take a look round."

It was one of the most disgusting spectacles I've ever seen—this white-haired old man, who should have

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been thinking of the hereafter, standing there, lying like an actor!

"I haven't seen it anywhere," I said.

"Nevertheless, I will search. I must—ah—spare no effort."

"I should have seen it if it had been here—what?"

"It may have escaped your notice. It is—er—possibly in one of the drawers."

He began to nose about. He pulled out drawer after drawer, pottering round like an old bloodhound, and babbling from time to time about Berkeley and his cigarette case in a way that struck me as perfectly ghastly. I just stood there, losing weight every moment.

Then he came to the drawer where the thing was.

"This appears to be locked," he said, rattling the handle.

"Yes; I shouldn't bother about that one, don't you know. It—it's—er—locked, and all that sort of thing."

"You have not the key?"

A soft, respectful voice spoke behind me.

"I fancy, sir, that this must be the key you require. It was in the pocket of our evening trousers."

It was Jeeves. He had shimmered in, carrying my evening things, and was standing there holding out the key. I could have massacred the man!

"Thank you," said my uncle.

"Not at all, sir."

The next moment Uncle Willoughby had opened the drawer. I shut my eyes. It was coming!

"No," said Uncle Willoughby, "there is nothing here. The drawer is empty. Thank you, Bertie. I hope I have not disturbed you. I fancy —er—Berkeley must have taken his case with him after all."

When he had gone I shut the door carefully. Then I turned to Jeeves. The man was putting my evening things out on a chair.

"Er—Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"Oh, nothing."

It was deuced difficult to know how to begin.

"Er—Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"Did you——Was there——Have you by chance——"

"I removed the parcel this morning, sir."

"Oh!—ah—why?"

"I considered it most prudent, sir."

I mused for a while.

"Of course I suppose all this seems tolerably rummy to you, Jeeves——"

"Not at all, sir. I chanced to overhear you and Lady Florence speaking of the matter yesterday, sir."

"Did you? By Jove!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—er—Jeeves, I think that, on the whole, if you were to—as it were—freeze onto that parcel until we get back to London——"

"Exactly, sir."

"And then we might—er—so to speak—chuck it away somewhere—what?"

"Precisely, sir."

"I'll leave it in your hands."

"Entirely, sir."

"You know, Jeeves, you're by way of being rather a topper!"

"I endeavor to give satisfaction, sir."

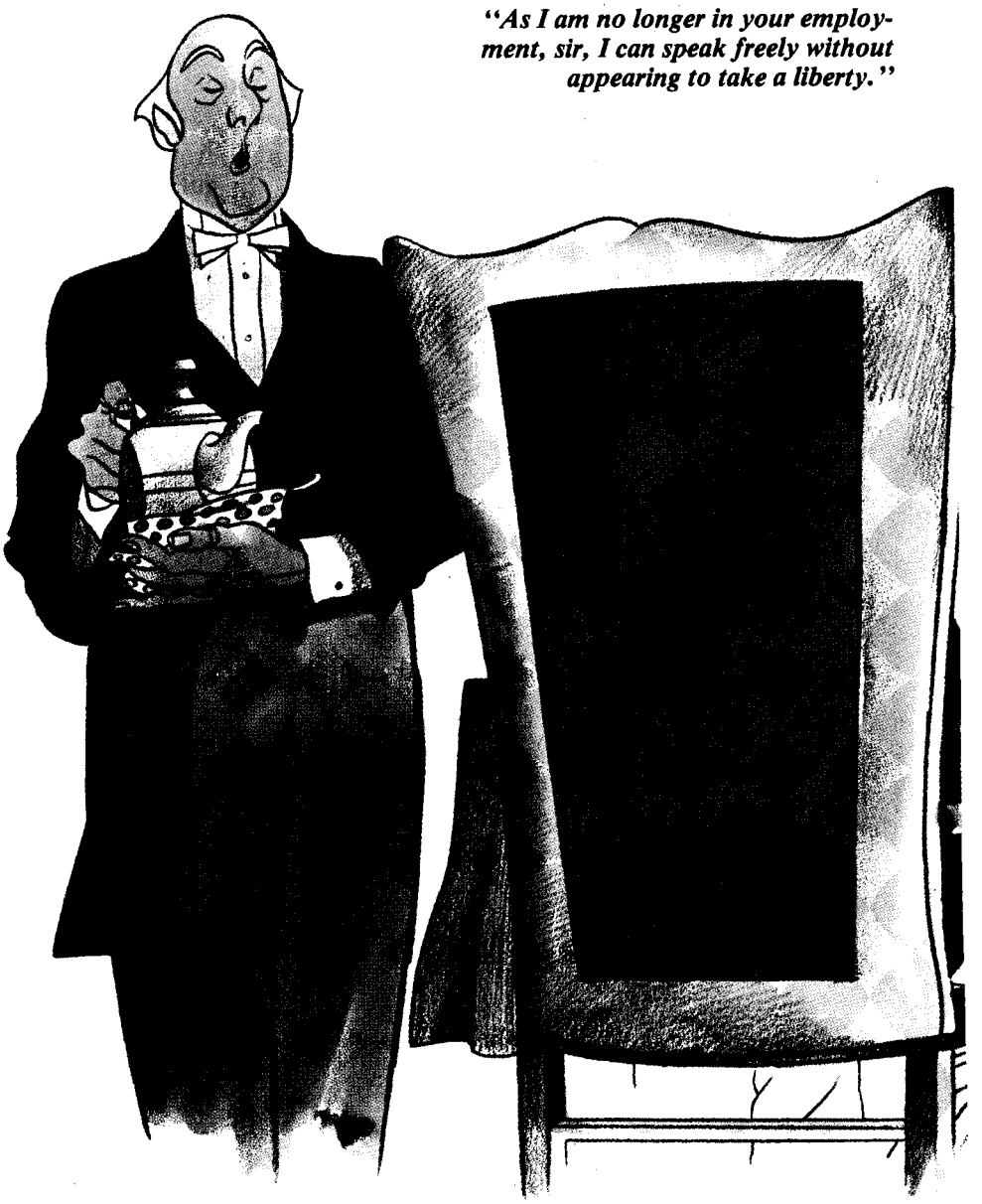
"One in a million, by Jove!"

"It is very kind of you to say so, sir."

"Well, that's about all, then, I think."

"Very good, sir."

Florence came back on Monday. I didn't see her till we were all having tea in the hall. It wasn't till the crowd had cleared away a bit that we got a chance of having a word together.



"As I am no longer in your employment, sir, I can speak freely without appearing to take a liberty."

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"Well, Bertie?" she said.
"It's all right!"
"You have destroyed the manuscript?"
"Not exactly; but——"
"What do you mean?"
"I mean I haven't absolutely——"
"Bertie, your manner is furtive!"
"It's all right! It's this way——"

And I was just going to explain how things stood when out of the library came leaping Uncle Willoughby, looking as braced as a two-year-old. The old boy was a changed man.

"A most remarkable thing, Bertie! I have just been speaking with Mr. Riggs on the telephone, and he tells me he received my manuscript by the first post this morning. I cannot imagine what can have caused the delay. Our postal facilities are extremely inadequate in the rural districts. I shall write to headquarters about it. It is insufferable if valuable parcels are to be delayed in this fashion."

I happened to be looking at Florence's profile at the moment, and at this juncture she swung round and gave me a look that went right through me like a knife. Uncle Willoughby meandered back to the library and there was a silence that you could have dug bits out of with a spoon.

"I can't understand it!" I said at last. "I can't understand it, by Jove!"

She gave a sort of frightful laugh that made my toes curl.

"I can! I can understand it perfectly, Bertie! Your heart failed you! Rather than risk offending your uncle, you——"

"No, no! Absolutely!"

"You preferred to lose me rather than risk losing the money! Perhaps you did not think I meant what I said. I meant every word! Our engagement is ended!"

"But—I say!"

"Not another word!"

"But, Florence, old thing!"

"I do not wish to hear any more. I see now that your Aunt Agatha was perfectly right. I consider that I have had a very lucky escape. There was a time when I thought that, with patience, you might be molded into something worthwhile. I see now that you are impossible!"

And she popped off, leaving me to pick up the pieces. When I had collected the debris to some extent, I went to my room and rang for Jeeves. He came in looking as if nothing had happened or was ever going to happen. He was the calmest thing in captivity.

"Jeeves!" I yelled. It's a rotten thing to have your heart broken; it gives you the pip. "Jeeves, that parcel has arrived in London!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Did you send it?"

"Yes, sir. I acted for the best, sir. I think that both you and Lady Florence overestimated the danger of people being offended at being mentioned in Sir Willoughby's *Recollections*. It has been my experience, sir, that the normal person enjoys seeing his or her name in print, irrespective of what is said about them. I have an aunt, sir, who a few years ago was a martyr to swollen limbs. She tried Walkinshaw's Supreme Ointment and obtained considerable relief—so much so that she sent them an unsolicited testimonial. Her pride at seeing her photograph in the daily papers in connection with descriptions of her lower limbs before taking, which were nothing less than revolting, was so intense that it led me to believe that publicity, of whatever sort, is what nearly everybody desires. Moreover, if you have ever studied psychology, sir, you will know that respectable old gentlemen are by no means averse to having it advertised that they were extremely wild in their youth. I have an uncle——"

I cursed his aunts and his uncles and him and all the rest of the family.

"Do you know that Lady Florence has broken off her engagement with me?"

"Indeed, sir?"

Not a bit of sympathy! I might have been telling him it was a fine day.

"You're sacked!"

"Very good, sir."

He coughed gently.

"As I am no longer in your employment, sir, I can speak freely without appearing to take a liberty. In my opinion you and Lady Florence were quite unsuitably matched. Her ladyship is of a highly determined and arbitrary temperament, quite opposed to your own. I was in Lord Worplesdon's service for nearly a year, during which time I had ample opportunities of studying her ladyship. The opinion of the servants' hall was far from favorable to her. Her temper caused a good deal of adverse comment among us. It was at times quite impossible. You would not have been happy, sir!"

"Get out!"

"I think you would also have found her educational methods a little trying, sir. I have glanced at the book her ladyship gave you—it has been lying on your table since our arrival—and it is, in my opinion, quite unsuitable. You would not have enjoyed it. And I have it from her ladyship's own maid, who happened to overhear a conversation between her ladyship and one of the gentlemen staying here—Mr. Maxwell, who is employed in an editorial capacity by one of the reviews—that it was her intention to start you almost immediately upon Nietzsche. You would not enjoy

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Magic Doesn't Age

As his new film, Xanadu, *will prove, the only taps for 67-year-old Gene Kelly are on his toes.*

by Jon Land

This is Fiorucci's, a Beverly Hills boutique where the contents of one small box can easily set you back a week's salary. But today no one is buying, because the store has been transformed into a location set for a major motion picture—the musical fantasy, *Xanadu*. A complex arrangement is being shot this afternoon and the principals are readying themselves for the first take after lunch.

On one side, Olivia Newton-John, one of the stars, chats with director Robert Greenwald. On another, a make-up man is having a last go at actor Michael Beck. Production and lighting personnel are busy checking meters and measuring off distances on the hardwood floors. A photographer is clicking away regularly with his Nikon.

Then Gene Kelly appears. He walks onto the set smiling, greeting some by name and patting others on the back, shedding radiance on the scene even before the white hot lights are switched on.

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"He still has the magic," says director Greenwald. "Magic doesn't age."

Nor, it appears, does Kelly. At 67, he looks no more than 45. And, after a 20-year hiatus from acting in Hollywood musicals, he has returned to star in a major extravaganza. Why?

"Number one, because they asked me. And number two, because I like all the people connected with the project. It's a great opportunity to do a picture with such talented young people and to be able to play a character my own age instead of one many years my junior, as has often been the case."

After too long an interval, Gene Kelly returns to the movie screen in **Xanadu.** *Thanks to conditioning from tennis and jogging, the vitality of this classy performer kept co-star Olivia Newton-John on her toes.*

And rightfully so. Kelly is as trim and athletically built now as he was two decades ago; regular hours on the tennis court and frequent jogging with his two kids have seen to that. His expression is still bright, his face showing barely a trace of wear or fatigue. Take away the gray hair and time appears to have frozen still.

Suddenly a bell rings.

"Quiet please. Quiet on the set."

This scene calls for Kelly to do what he does best—dance. But, he cautions, anyone expecting to see Jerry Mulligan from *An American in Paris* or Don Lockwood from *Singin' in the Rain* might be disappointed. Time, it seems, has kept on moving after all.

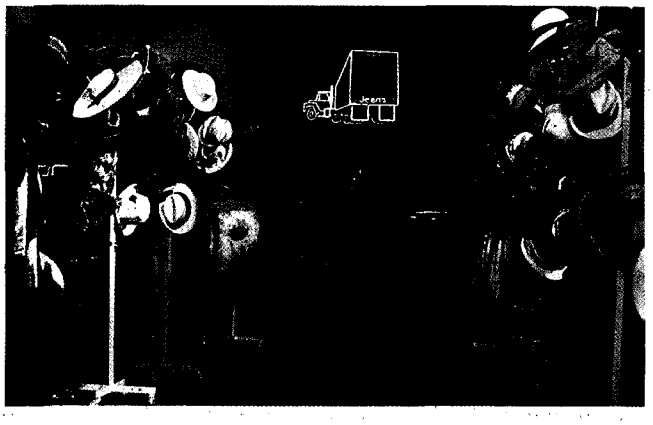
"Those days are behind me in any serious way," Gene confides candidly. "When I started to dance for a living, I thought I'd have a short career. I never dreamed that it would last as long as it has. I'm lucky in that respect, because a dancer, when he embarks on a career, has to do so like an athlete. It's a short-lived vocation because it's based on the limitations of the anatomy. A musician has his piano, a painter his brush and a writer his pen. But a dancer has only his body. And mine is past its prime. I do only a few moves in this picture because I don't want to do dancing that, for me, isn't satisfactory or very exciting anymore. I'd rather play coach than be the shortstop."

The point is that he's staying in the game. Kelly has responded to the limitations age has placed on him and has rechanneled his energies accordingly. It's not that he can't dance so much as he can't dance up to his own expectations. His legs, you see, are not as strong as they once were, but his standards are firmer than ever.

"I've always tried to reach for perfection in every film I've made, knowing that I could never achieve it," Gene says. "I began each picture thinking that we were going to make it not only as well as it could be made, but also better than it could have been made before. You see, this small group we had at MGM was like a repertory company. We thought making musical pictures was a true art form and we were serious about it. Up until then, musicals had been regarded as sort of the bastard of the industry. But to us, they were just as important as the dramatic projects the studio had going."

Kelly is speaking from a comfortable chair in his modestly, though admirably, appointed home in Beverly Hills. The house, like him, is a Hollywood original—one of the oldest in the area. The furniture is distinctly traditional, hardly ostentatious, and yet has a personality all its own. Gene has long resisted temptation to knock down a wall or two to provide the interior with a more modern, California look. It will stay the way it is because, with few exceptions, that's the way it's always been.

Interestingly, Kelly has a similar attitude toward his career. His 50 years in show business have been plastered with the same principles and ideals throughout. There is an unyielding penchant for artistic integrity, an obsession to settle for nothing as blandly mediocre as second best, and above all a desire to be his own man. Kelly is a genuine superstar in an era of prepackaged ones, spit-and-polish leather in a world of vinyl.



As audiences will find, Gene Kelly has not lost his penchant for artistic integrity. It was this superstar who transformed the dance from stuffy white tie and tails to the universal sweatshirt and sneakers.

"Gene liberated the Hollywood musical and infused it with an infectious *joie de vivre*," writes Clive Hirschhorn in his biography of Kelly. "He combined tap and ballet in a uniquely masculine way and used the cinema's infinite potential with vigor and flair. He is one of the rare handful of originals who brought to the American cinema individuality and style. As Astaire dominated the '30s, so Gene monopolized the '40s and '50s, in the process of which he ir-

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THE GREAT ROLLER SKATE SKEEDADDLE

Now you, too, can join the 28 million who skate for fun and fitness. And—who knows?—you may even learn to do the "Roller Hustle."

by Frederic A. Birmingham

James Caan roller-skates. So does Linda Ronstadt ("Anybody seen Governor Jerry Brown around the rink, lately?"). And Cher, Jerry Lewis, Bob Conrad, Dustin Hoffman, Jean Stapleton, Forrest Tucker and skillions of others around the world, beyond our own 28 million.

Skating was an official event in the Pan American games last summer. And there's lots of excitement over the idea that soon it may be part of the regular Olympic competition. Which is perhaps only fair, when we consider that team handball, kayak racing and other somewhat laudable but obscure sports have already been made official. The zealots are shooting for the 1984 Olympics.

That's good. Because roller-skating is a lot of things, and among them are speed racing, team hockey and free-style skating, which certainly rivals the drama and grace of free-style ice skating.

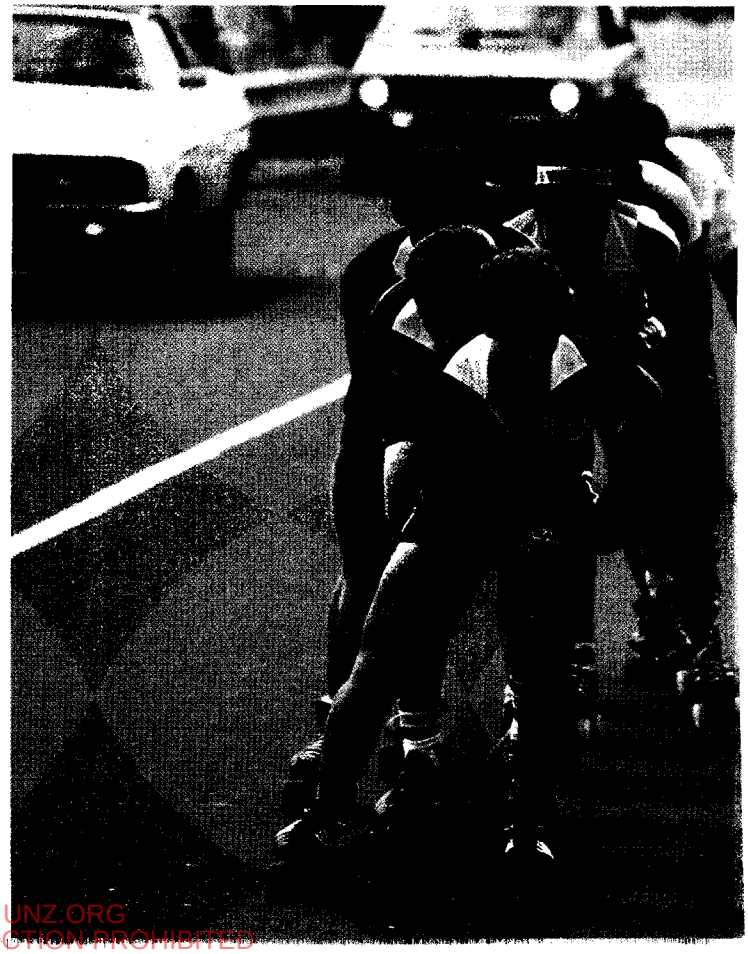
But back home, away from the Hollywood celebrities and the fantastic expertness of the international stars who were so well received at the Pan Am games, are the rest of us—ranging in age from 6 to 86—who are caught up in this renewal of a sport which only a few years ago was strictly for the kids.

It used to be the one thing city kids had over country kids. The reason: streets and sidewalks. Once upon a time, this author was a devotee of street skating and, wearing the steel rollers on metal frames (which you clamped onto your regular shoes, to the ultimate detriment of their soles, which emerged looking something like a slice of bread caught in a corn husker), sought out secret places where the sidewalks were either in old-style slabs of slate (marvelous! but beware the cracks in between, filled with anthills!), the new and smooth macadam or (not so great, but they'd do) a mixture of gravel and cement which preceded the new, smooth concrete of the modern city.

I discussed this at serious length with my favorite group of skaters—11 of them, to be precise—all of whom belong to one family. They are the Dugdales of Indianapolis. Skating has become a way of life with them, as you can easily see by a glance at the photographs with this article. It all started when Eleanor Dugdale decided to give her husband a pair of the handsome new roller skates they're making today as her Father's Day tribute to the one responsible for their seven children. (The additional two skaters in the group are a son- and daughter-in-law.)

Eleanor Dugdale, who modestly describes herself as a "faller downer," reveals that her family is virtually making a way of life out of roller-skating. They skate in the long driveway of their suburban home. They skate in shopping center parking lots at odd hours, when these provide a magnificent expanse of smooth skating surface. They skate around the plant of the Dugdale family business in town, and they skate to the drugstore, to the post office and anywhere else within a reasonable distance of home base.

They're skating for fun, principally. The younger generation of Dugdales are all healthy athletic types. Father Bill is a former football and baseball player, one



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who first skated on the streets of Chicago, where a lad learns not only to pick his turf where the best sidewalks are but also to get very fleet afoot in case he runs into any local heroes who feel like improving his looks with a punch in the nose. The beginning of wisdom, with skaters of any age, is the fear of the floored.

The skates that Mrs. Dugdale gave her husband are a far cry from the tooth-rattlers and toe-twisters that Bill and I used to fasten on our feet with a key—like some Inquisition torture device called the Ankle Press.

When we wanted to stop as sidewalk speedsters, we used to either drag one skate or brake with the point of one shoe toe, something our parents looked on with less than frabjous joy. Today, a "toe stop"—of rubber or plastic—screws onto a hole in front of the metal body of the skate and you can bear down with it hard enough on the skating surface without danger of rubbing off a toe in the process. The skates themselves are beautiful to behold in construction. The best, which can approach $100 in cost, have wheels made of various rubber and plastic compositions which run smoothly and silently. Polyurethane is the most popular, as it has some flexibility as well as rigidity. However, there are dozens of wheel types, depending on where you plan to skate most, and you should consider this factor before purchase. Some are for indoor use only, others strictly for outdoors; some will do for both. Wheels also vary in size in both diameter and width. Probably the polyurethane wheels are best for the novice skater. They're comfortable for both indoor and outdoor skating, they're virtually soundless and they roll along with magnificent ease while gripping most surfaces extremely well. You should rotate your roller skate wheels just as you do the tires on your car.

The latest addition to skating gear is the "jogging-skate"—the shoe part of the skate looks like a running shoe. They're low-cut, with a flat or cutaway heel, and come in electric blues and greens. But the flat heel can make it a little harder to skate—as if you're going up hill all the time. So if you plan to do some serious skating, the kind with the built-up heel is best. This is especially true if you go in for speed skating or the latest thing: disco skating (Can you do the Latin Hustle on wheels?).

The modest roller skate has a distinguished origin. It was not invented by the Chinese or the Egyptians and then claimed by the Russians, as in the case of most devices, but goes back to 1760, when Joseph Hocking, a thoughtful Belgian, invented an original which had but two wheels on each skate. The gadget languished until 1863, when a New York chap, James L. Plimpton, doubled up friend Hocking and designed, produced and patented the first four-wheeled roller skate. Later that year, Plimpton opened his own rink, the first of thousands to come, in Newport, Rhode Island.

Roller-skating has been "in" and "out" as a fad over the years since Plimpton's folly.

But, no doubt of it, it's "in" today.

There are good, sensible contemporary reasons for this. Young people, who have more freedom and free time than those in previous generations, find roller-skating a natural and congenial way of meeting new friends. Older folks, concerned more these days with health and fitness than in times of yore, find roller-skating just about right in terms of emotional and physical conditioning.

One study, quoted recently in *U.S. News and World Report*, rates skating as a close third behind jogging and bicycling as the best all-around form of exercise.

In his famous book, *Aerobics,* which has been termed "the world's most popular fitness program" after selling more than two million copies, Dr. Kenneth M.

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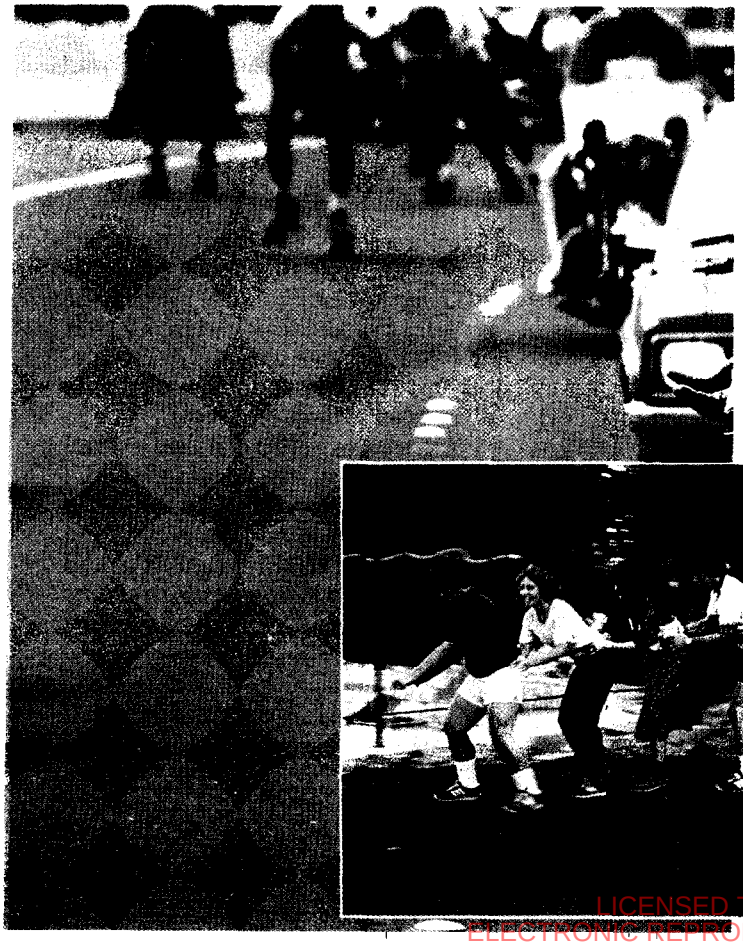

There's something afoot in the world of roller-skating: The sport is coming of age. Sturdy teams of eight-wheelers pleased crowds with a stout-hearted display of skating stamina as they ground 'round the bend in an official event at last summer's Pan American Games (left), and, back home, enthusiasts such as the Dugdales (below) may have to install warning lights and a whistle if their locomoting family grows to more than 11 members.

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JIM GILMORE OF KALAMAZOO

Companies, possessions, accomplishments and acclaim kept piling up, but in adversity, faith in God was all that counted.

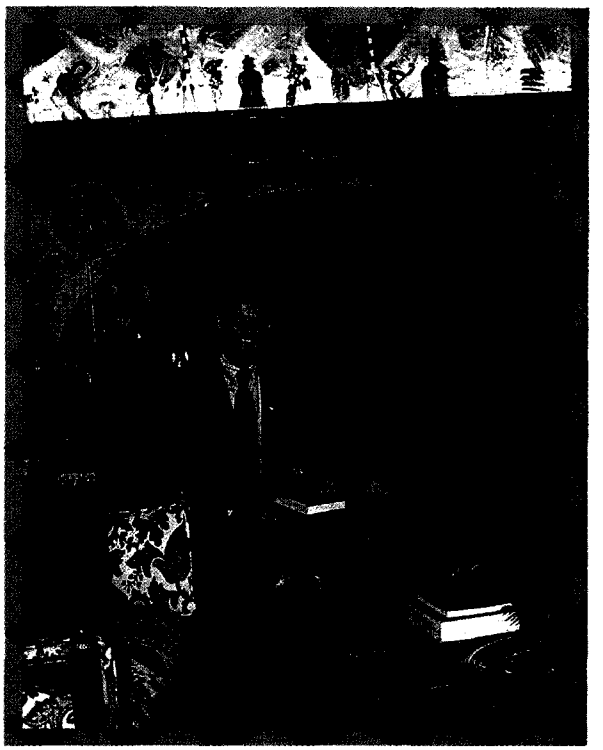
by Michael Allen

Coming in from the airport to downtown Kalamazoo, the driver makes a slight detour to show us the new Wings Hockey Stadium. "Mr. Gilmore is president of the company holding the IHL franchise," he says. "And president of Stadium Management Company. And partner in the Kalamazoo Stadium Company."

Later, he drives around the block to show us the Jim Gilmore car dealership. Parking across the street from the Gilmore Brothers Department Store, we find ourselves in front of an imposing corner building emblazoned with blue lettering of a size that leaves no doubt that this is the home of GILMORE BROADCASTING CO.

This also happens to be the headquarters of Jim Gilmore Enterprises, where we are to meet the man who signs on the dotted "president" line for four television broadcasting stations, three radio stations, two cable television systems, a farm, an advertising agency and a real estate agency. He is also either president, partner, board member or chairman of the board of such institutions as the First National Bank and Trust, First American Bank Corporation, Southern Michigan Inn Corporation, Fabri-Kal Plastics Corporation, Shakespeare Company, Green Turtle Inn and Green Turtle Cannery in the Florida Keys.

Of more importance to thousands of racing fans from Ontario, California, to Pocono, Pennsylvania, we will meet the man closest to the most honored and respected "prize" in all of the Jim Gilmore Enterprises—the president of Gilmore/Foyt Racing Team, Inc., sponsor of A. J. Foyt, four-time winner of the Indianapolis 500.



Of Jim Gilmore's many memories and remembrances from the 29-year marriage with his late wife, Diana, the mantle she implanted with marine artifacts is among his most cherished.

At the end of a second-floor corridor of the headquarters building, literally an avenue of racing photos and eye-filling memorabilia, we are ushered into a meeting room of quiet elegance and the matching personality of James Stanley Gilmore, Jr.

"I thought this would be less distracting than my office," he says. We would later see why. "Gosh, it was good of you to come. Would you like some coffee?"

It was not only a preconception from our briefing—Jim Gilmore is a big man. The square shoulders, the precise and positive mannerisms, the cut of his clothes and the cut of his handsome, rugged features all belie his 53 years. We were not to bask long in the warmth of his genial personality before becoming aware that Jim Gilmore is a big and handsome man spiritually, as well.

Happily married, father of five children to make a man proud, successful businessman, revered in the city that had earlier elected him its youngest mayor, respected in the state where he had been named among five "Outstanding Young Men" by the Jaycees, delegate to the Republican National Convention, invited to the White House by Presidents Nixon and Ford, the man charities could rely on to turn impossible dreams into reality—no doubt about it, Jim Gilmore had it made.

Then, not unlike Job, all that he was, all that he believed in, all that he lived for, was tested. On December 9, 1978, Diana, his beloved wife of 29 years, died of cancer.

"Di was my life, the real stimulus for all that we accomplished," he can tell us without flinching, a mist only for a moment clouding his pleasant Irish eyes. "We had suspected for some time that she might have cancer, but it wasn't diagnosed for another two years. By that time it had reached the lymph nodes and pretty well spread through her system." Looking absently at the wall clock, a magnificent foot-thick slab of oak polished to a mirror luster and bearing the inscription: "James S.

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Gilmore, Board of Directors, Shakespeare Co.," he quietly adds, "At such a time, money and material things mean nothing."

Would he think it improper if we asked how he managed to accumulate that money and those material things?

"Not at all. To be honest" (a phrase with which we would become familiar), "I inherited quite a bit of money. Upjohn stock, really. My widowed grandmother, you see, married the co-founder of the Upjohn Pill & Granule Company after his wife died. Before that, my grandfather and great-uncle had founded the department store across the street. So, after three years in the Army Air Corps—I was never in combat—that's where I went to work. I started as a clerk, was promoted to floorwalker and finally to assistant manager. But after 11 years, although I loved the store, I wanted to do something on my own."

What he did on his own first was buy a television station in Joplin, Missouri. At the same time, he ran for mayor, getting a record number of votes. As mayor, he dedicated the first outdoor downtown mall ever built in the United States.

"Don't give me credit for that!" he is quick to insert with habitual modesty. "Gosh, no. I just happened to be mayor when it was completed. As for becoming mayor, the one elected to the City Commission with the most votes automatically was the mayor. I *did* work pretty hard, though . . . door to door."

Inheriting his father's love for automobiles, he started a car dealership. Then he joined with a friend to form the Gilmore Advertising Agency. After that, it was real estate ("just some downtown office buildings") and the Jim Gilmore Enterprises farm at Richland, Michigan. Cattle? "Not many, maybe 500. And some buffalo. But mostly hogs. About 6,000 a year. And we raise our own corn. But compared to those Texas spreads, it's peanuts."

We confront him with the five-page résumé we have on Jim Gilmore that would do credit to the Ford Foundation. To one who has trouble getting to a lodge meeting once a month, how he can possibly pursue all the community activities while keeping a finger on the pulse of his business commitments boggles the mind. We suggest that, from the look, whenever a new project has to be tackled or an organization requires a founder, director, sponsor or adviser, Jim Gilmore's name is number one on the list to be appointed, elected or drafted. Or even more likely, feeling the need or the urgency, it is Jim Gilmore who quietly volunteers. We point to the evidence: Industrial Development Committee, Bronson Methodist Hospital, American Red Cross, Family Service Center, Constance Brown Hearing and Speech Center, Martin Luther King Memorial Fund, Radio Free Europe, Boys Club of America, March of Dimes, Muscular Dystrophy, Israel Bond Drive, Vietnam Fund Raising, Michigan Economic Development Commission and half a dozen colleges.

Before Jim has a chance to exercise his modesty here, we continue to confront him with a list of his involvements in public affairs: American Cancer Society, National Advisory Cancer Council, Citizens Advisory Committee on Environmental Qualtity, Federal Home Loan Bank of Indianapolis, Michigan Water Resources Commission, National Council on Aging, Governors Forum . . .

"Well, gosh," (his strongest word), "there are so many nice people and so much that has to be done. And I do feel very responsible. I can't tell you why. I've always had this great inner drive. I get a lot of satisfaction from working on a drive, Red Cross, Community Chest, talking to cancer patients or maybe sticking my neck way out, giving more than I should or doing much more than I thought I could produce. But any time I do that I usually can accomplish it. I just want to give more than I receive. I really do. And I always ask God for special help, because I'm not doing this for myself."

Evidence of his generosity with time and money, his humility and genteel demeanor have pretty well established the fact, but we ask anyway: Is Jim Gilmore a religious man?

Jim's chuckle is quickly absorbed by a new intensity. "I'm sure no one thinks I am. But I am. My family was always religious. I went to Sunday School some, although I didn't attend church when growing up. Church is fine, but my satisfaction comes from really practicing religion. And praying. I do it a lot. I'm sure that

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The Gilmores added one room to their dwelling—just something to house the race cars of Gordon Johncock and A. J. Foyt along with the usual pool table, elephant tusks, mounted tarpon and hammerhead sharks.

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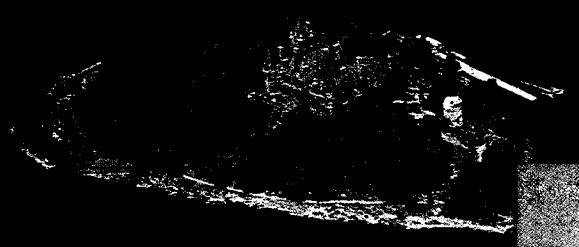
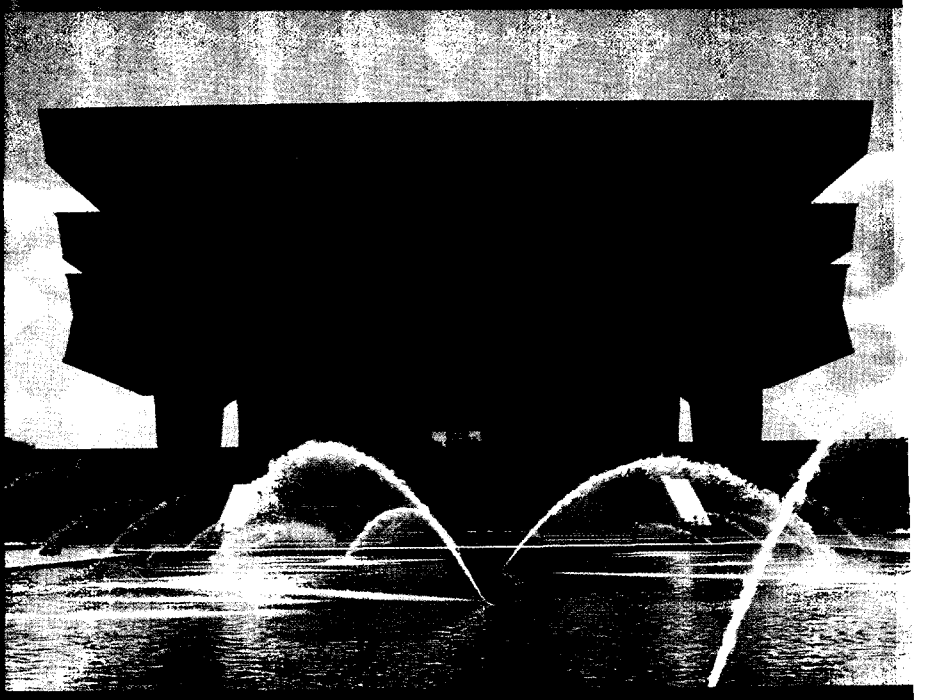
New York:

More Than Manhattan

If you set out to invent a country, where would you begin? You might create a fabulous city on an island by the sea, but this would be only a start. To make your country beautiful, you'd give it [illegible] and dot it with forests and lakes and crease it with rushing rivers hyphenated with towering falls. To make it functional as well as lovely, you would provide a climate that encourages diversified year-round activities, from swimming in both fresh and salt water to skiing down slopes of unmarked snow. There should be plenty of interesting spots for sightseers, where they could visit a lakeside winery, bid for antiques at a country auction, explore historic sites or mansions, steep in mineral baths or cheer on their favorites at a harness race. Naturally, the inhabitants of the country would be friendly and hospitable. Sound too good to be true? Then you haven't visited New York state—it's more than just Manhattan, you know.



A tour boat giving you a close-up of the picturesque Thousand Islands in the upper St. Lawrence River will stop at Boldt Island and the romantic ruins of Yellowstone Boldt Castle.



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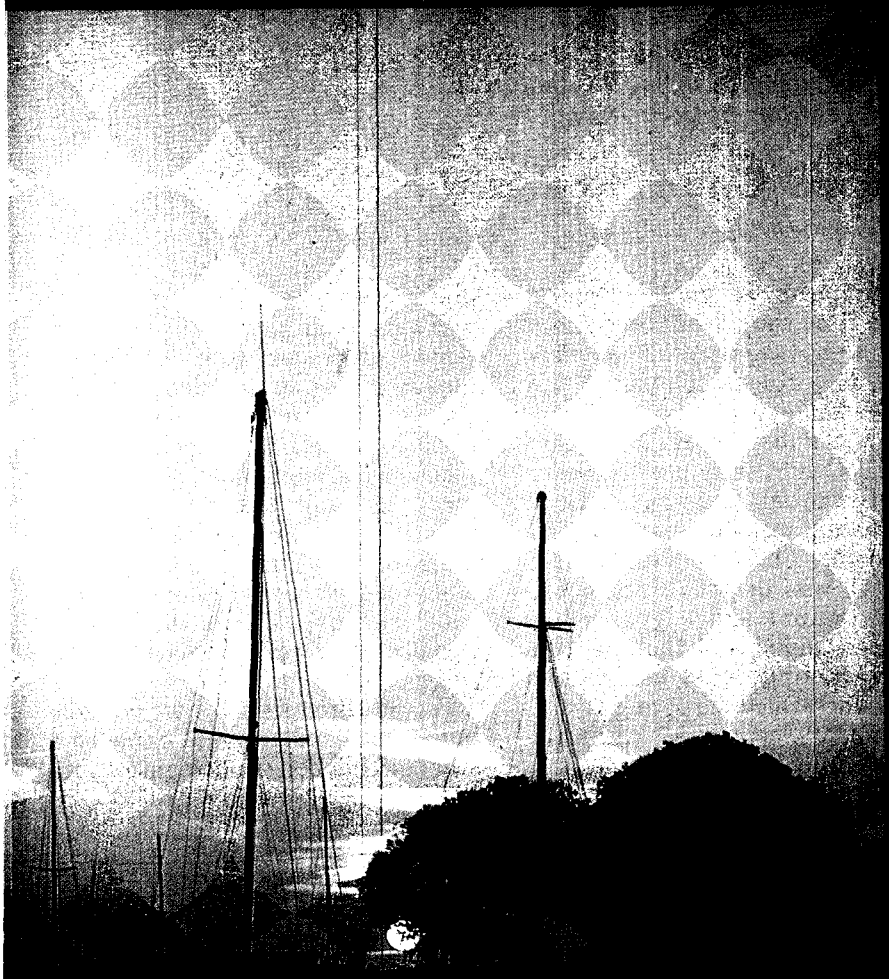
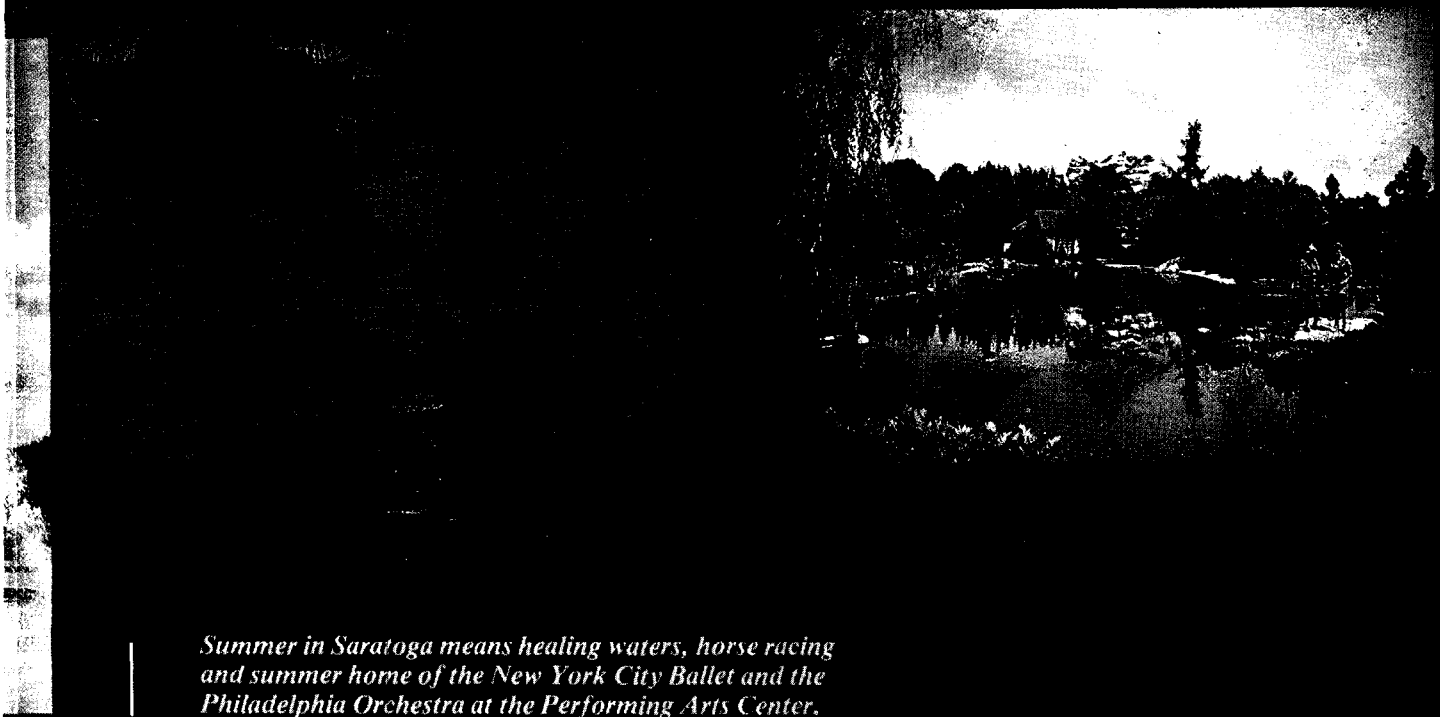


Commune with nature while you converse with the arts in the Chautauqua-Allegheny region, where the 65,000-acre Allegheny State Park and scenic Chautauqua Lake share equal billing with the well-known Chautauqua Institution.

For a touch of the Far East in southeastern New York, bring your low shoes and stroll through the three and a half acres of gardens and lakes with reflecting pool and Oriental plantings at North Salem/Brewster's Oriental Gardens.



Summer in Saratoga means healing waters, horse racing and summer home of the New York City Ballet and the Philadelphia Orchestra at the Performing Arts Center.

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OUR FLOUNDERING FATHERS

"Give me liberty or give me—ah—some sort of statement for my constituents."

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

I had a nightmare. In my nightmare, the statesmen who sacrificed their fortunes and their very lives to found this once great nation had been replaced by today's politicians—those dedicated individuals who risk their principles, their ethics, yea, their very morals, for the common goal of staying in office.

It was awful.

I saw the Boston Tea Party aborted by the Environmental Protection Agency. About to dump the ship's cargo into the sea, the little band of determined colonists were ordered to delay until the Agency could decide whether 342 chests of tea emptied into the harbor would prevent the mating of the *Cirripedia*, or goose barnacle. By the time the ruling came down, the tea, having long since been drunk, had already found its way into the harbor.

I saw members of the First Continental Congress refuse to assemble until the hall could be furnished with restaurant, sauna and marble rest rooms. Convening of the Second C.C. was delayed until a second restaurant and a gymnasium had been added and the one-inch-thick carpeting could be replaced by two-inch-thick carpeting.

Credit for construction of a totally new edifice went to delegates to the Constitutional Convention. While the British were taking Charleston, capturing 5,400 men and four ships, Benedict Arnold was deserting to the enemy, American forces were suffering a bloody defeat at Camden and General Washington's army was rioting, federal business remained focused on completion of a monument housing three restaurants, two gyms, adjoining saunas, 40-by-60-foot delegate's offices, 20-by-30-foot secretary and/or rumpus rooms, three-inch-thick carpeting and private marble bathrooms.

It was three weeks after convening that business again came to a standstill when a delegate from

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Vermont happened to discover the oversight of an assembly room. A cloakroom was eventually converted.

I saw Paul Revere's ride fall under the jurisdiction of the Federal Communications Commission. By the time its members got around to approving "one if by land, two if by sea," the British had crossed the Charles River, swept through Lexington, overrun Concord and formed 14 clubs in Boston alone.

In my nightmare the Battle of Bunker Hill was masterminded from the Pentagon. . .the Bedford limestone redoubt, complete with four restaurants, three gyms, two saunas and four-inch-thick carpeting, erected on the wrong hill. . .the structure, fortunately, luxurious enough to serve as an R and R retreat for overworked federal employees. . .the commanding officer calling out in the thick of battle, "To hell with the whites of their eyes!—keep firing, there are plenty more bullets where these came from!"

I saw Nathan Hale fall victim to the vagaries of the CIA. . .volunteering for a reconnaissance mission behind enemy lines disguised as a Dutch schoolmaster. . .betrayed while returning to his regiment by the bulge in his jacket caused by information having to be made out in triplicate. . .captured by the FBI. . .making his memorable statement on the gallows: "I regret that I had two federal agencies to contend with on this caper!"

And there was George Washington crossing the Delaware under the auspices of CETA (Carefree Employment To All), having to stand, all seats being occupied by the 72 men aboard—6 to row, 66 others hired on to look for icebergs.

I saw General Howe occupying Philadelphia after defeating the American forces at Brandywine Creek. . .Congress fleeing to Lancaster, then to York. . .Washington suffering heavy losses in his defeat at Georgetown. . .and the State department sending a stern letter of protest to George III, stating in no uncertain terms that the Americans were not at all pleased with British conduct.

I saw HEW and HUD in spirited spending competition at Valley Forge. . .the health, education and welfare people educating the men with holes in their soles to stand on one foot. . .separating the barracks into diarrhea and non-diarrhea sections; the housing and urban development boys going all out to exceed their appropriation with construction of a restaurant, gym, sauna and marble rest rooms.

The Pony Express had been taken over by the postal department. . .the 157 stations immediately increased to 628, thereby reducing a day's ride from the grueling 20 miles to a more tolerable five. . .the new stations designed with two restaurants,

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"IRON MAN" STEVE GARVEY

Years of hard digging in the demanding fields of the National League have brought this Dodger slugger a lode of records. But his mettle at the plate makes him open territory for acclaim jumpers—in baseball as well as in the press.

by Hank Nuwer

Photography by Max Hellweg

Steve Garvey wears a mitt and blue cap instead of gun and white Stetson, but otherwise he's indistinguishable from the good guys of the Old West. At this moment, as the L.A. Dodger superstar stands amidst a group of sportswriters on a Florida training field, a wild warm-up throw zips his way like a small musket ball. Without missing a preposition in the interview, Garvey shoots a thick forearm past a journalist's ear and knocks the ball down. His talk ended, Garvey trots off as if into the sunset to take a few practice ground balls at first base.

The incident is typical of Steve Garvey's flair for dramatic action, but he shrugs off all praise as unnecessary. After all, he is being paid $2 million for six years specifically to perform spectacular deeds.

"There's a certain emphasis on heroism in this country," says Garvey, "and I fit that definition because of the success I've had. As a professional athlete I have millions of people watching me, and I feel an obligation to set an example of what a professional athlete's life should be like."

But while other people would fold under such rigorous, self-imposed standards of excellence, Garvey insists that the only way he can be content is to strive for Olympian heights.

"We have to set the goals that are almost out of reach, which make us constantly stretch and lurch out," says Garvey, absently picking sun-flaked skin from one bicep. "If you only set a goal that is attainable without much work or thought, you are stuck with something below your true talent and potential. I think the ultimate for any of us should be to do something we truly enjoy and to get paid for it. That combination gives you a natural high that's unbeatable. You're involved in what you're doing, you're interested in it and you truly want to do it. I have friends who are stagnating because they think they can't go any farther or do any more. They can't be totally happy because what takes up most of their time is *not* something they want to do."

Certainly no one argues that Garvey is incredibly successful at doing what he likes best. In his decade with the Dodgers, Garvey has amassed 1,470 hits, slugged 159 home runs, captured four Gold Glove awards for fielding excellence and maintained an above .300 batting average. Nor does he show any evidence of wearing out. Last season the first sacker batted .315, banged 28 four-baggers and chased 110 runners past the plate. Moreover, he played in all 162 games—extending his consecutive game streak to 672, which beats all active players and has won him the nickname of "Iron Man."

Steve Garvey bats a thousand in looks, sincerity, enthusiasm, temperament, articulation, reliability and nice-guy image. He doesn't do too badly at the plate, either.

"I'm very proud of that record," confides Garvey in an interview held high above the earth in the Dodgers' private jet. "In this day and age when it *is* so very tough to play, my playing all these games in a row shows tremendous desire and a will to go out every day. I've played with injuries and pain, and you get respect from your peers for doing that."

Tom Lasorda, the Dodgers' wombat-shaped manager whose job is in jeopardy following the Dodgers' disappointing 79-83 record in 1979, is effusive in his praise of Garvey. "He's a durable-type player who plays every day and doesn't care anything about how he feels. The most important thing is that he's reliable—a tremendous attribute to have. He's what's called in the game of baseball a real bulldog."

Nonetheless, not even Garvey's indestructibleness endears him to all his teammates. A few years back, for example, the slugger and pitching ace Don Sutton tangled in a notorious clubhouse brawl. Many of today's ballplayers are far more

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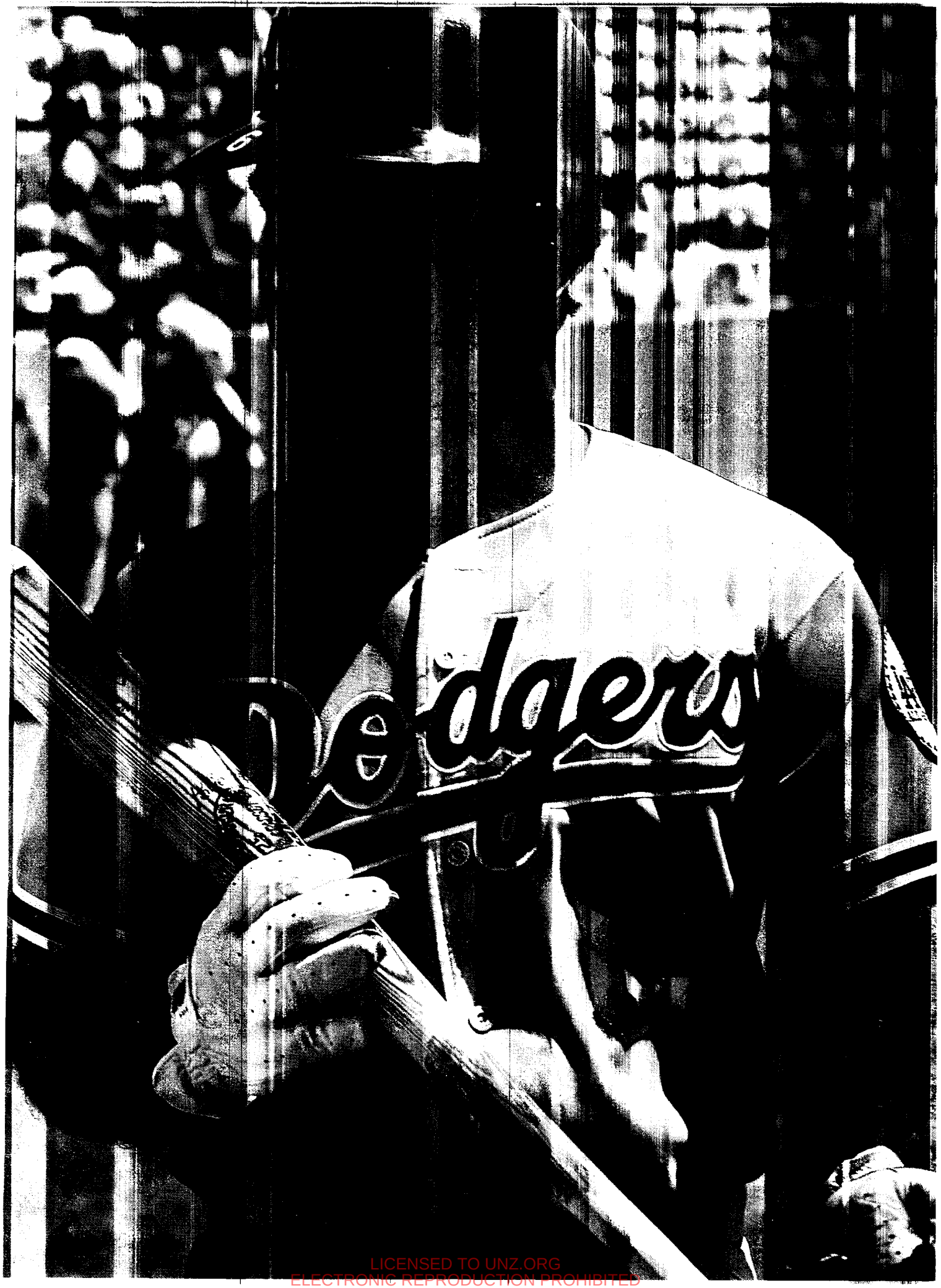

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sophisticated than their tobacco-chawin' brethren of lower-salaried eras. The superstar athletes of the '80s have stupendous bank accounts and often egos to match. Pursued by other celebrities, rapacious women and predators of every ilk, not every man in blue appreciates Steve Garvey's espousal of home, religion and devotion to the flag. In print and in barroom conversations, the stocky first baseman is labeled "the All-American Boy" in tones not always complimentary. Such criticisms rankle not only the ballplayer, but also his father.

Joe Garvey, a stocky man who retains the handsome countenance he's passed on to his son, is quick to take the offensive. "It irritates me," he says, "because that's the way Steve really is. He's always been that way since he was small. It's not a put-on. He really *enjoys* making people happy. If he thinks a smile or handshake will make someone feel good, then it makes Steve feel good, too. He'll stand outside all day and sign autographs or give tips to youngsters."

Speaking from a stool in the Dodger locker room, Joe Garvey looks as much a part of the Dodger organization as do retired immortals Sandy Koufax and Don Newcombe, who are chatting elsewhere in the room. Suddenly a ballplayer passes by and slaps his head in mock amazement. "Now they're interviewing the bus drivers!" he screams.

The elder Garvey chuckles, obviously relishing the well-intended barb. The remark, moreover, is true. Since 1955, Joe Garvey has served as a chauffeur for the organization during the team's travels to Florida, where the New York-raised former semipro ballplayer had transplanted his family. Soon, the team bus driver began bringing along son Steve on road trips, and when an opening occurred for a batboy, seven-year-old Garvey took the position.

Those years during the late '50s and early '60s were the glory years for the Brooklyn Dodgers. "Dem Bums" were the storied "Boys of Summer," who featured a team with such immortals as Jackie Robinson, Carl Furillo, PeeWee Reese, Duke Snider and Gil Hodges. The late Hodges became Steve Garvey's personal hero—a baseball father figure whose example would live on to the present day.

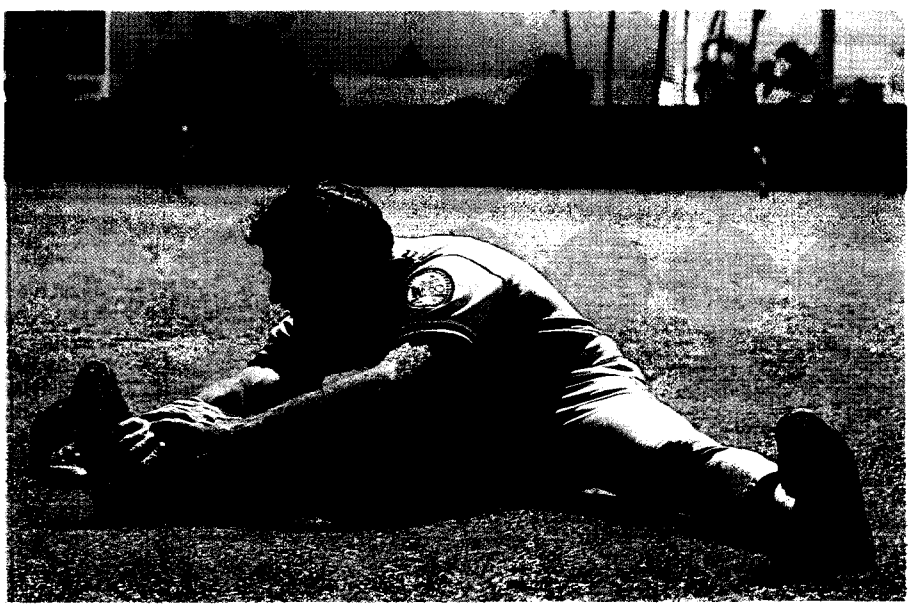
"I guess it was Gil Hodges' personality that appealed to me, because he and my father were very similar," says Garvey, "and your father is the one person you tend to relate others to. My dad's a very sincere man who's soft-spoken—a big, strong man—and Gil Hodges was the same way. He had nothing put on—just a real natural ease about him. And 20 years later, when I was to play his position on the Dodgers, it was a dream come true."

Garvey's dream, of course, did not come true without the proper measure of hard work. He swung a heavy leaded bat dozens of times every day to build up arms like a village blacksmith and went on to star in football and basketball both in high school and at Michigan State University. Garvey left college at 19 to sign with his beloved Dodgers, finishing credits needed for an education degree during the off-season.

From 1969 to 1973, Garvey struggled to make the Dodgers as a third baseman, but he was judged too scatterarmed to guard the hot corner position. Instead, the L.A. management pushed him over to first base despite his 5-foot, 10-inch stature, diminutive by major league standards, though Garvey compensates with above average reflexes and leaping ability. The slugging right-hander's first year as an everyday player came in 1974, when he popped 21 homers and batted .312 and 156 games.

Perhaps one reason for Garvey's success is that he's never found baseball to be a source of stress. Where another man might quake in his spikes facing a Kent Tekulve or Bruce Sutter with men on base and the score tied in the ninth, Garvey strides to the plate feeling minimum pressure. "Because I'm so busy as a rule," he confides, "I relax during a game. Before the game is usually hectic. I have one newspaper interview a night, then try handling fan mail or maybe a TV remote interview for the Dodgers. When the game starts, I just go out to play for fun."

When not at the ball park, Garvey takes conscientious pains to make sure his brain doesn't turn to bran flakes. "As a professional athlete, programmed where you're going to be from March 1st until the end of the season every day," says Garvey, "you have to be very careful not to let stagnation set in. You can go from a game to a hotel to a dinner with everything done for you without thinking. The



He has earned four consecutive Gold Glove awards as the National League's outstanding defensive first baseman and hit safely 200 or more times in each of three seasons, but Steve Garvey still gets in all the batting practice he can and stays ready to stretch those hits into extra bases.

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planes, the games, the buses are there, and so you have to extend yourself to keep up with the world around you."

Consequently, while other players confine their literature to *Sports Illustrated*, Garvey makes a point of buying informative publications outside the realm of baseball. "I read at least two or three daily newspapers each day, as well as a couple monthly periodicals. I try to read a cross section like *Atlantic, Forbes* and *Fortune*. Otherwise, it would be very easy to become almost catatonic and think only when you're playing baseball. When I'm done playing, I turn off that life to get into the real world."

The most important people in the ballplayer's other world are his wife, Cyndy, and daughters Krisha Lee, five, and Whitney Alyse, three. Cyndy Garvey is a Southern California celebrity in her own right. The attractive blonde co-hosts the "AM: Los Angeles" show, which enables her to meet and interview Tinsel Town's great and the near-great. Steve Garvey is an occasional guest, but the ballplayer's interviewer is always co-host Regis Philbin. The explanation is given by Joe Garvey. "Steve doesn't want the show to be called the Steve and Cyndy Show."

Cyndy's success, first as a model and now as an entertainer, distinguishes her from most baseball wives, whose identities and successes depend upon their husbands' status with a club at a given time. "Too many baseball wives turn stale," says the first baseman. "Not many of them at all have careers. They're just Mrs. This or Mrs. That and that's all. Cyndy's show is the highest-rated daytime show in Los Angeles," he adds proudly. "My only problem with her career is that I can't sleep past 9 a.m. anymore when I'm home."

Moreover, says Garvey, "Cyndy's always had a true understanding of the baseball life per se. It's much more demanding and complicated than the average fan could imagine. You're gone 90 days in spring and summer, and even when you *are* home you have to leave at 4:00 in the afternoon for a game and won't get home till midnight. That's why we have to work extra hard to make our time together quality time."

Cyndy Garvey's independent nature is demonstrated immediately during a brief interview with the vivacious talk-show host. "I understand the demands on his time," says Cyndy, "but even quality time is difficult to find. When we're together we do try to spend time in the best way, which is to try to have fun, because too often you get bogged down in the everyday business sense of living. A lot of our time in summer revolves around family activities such as swimming, going to the movies, taking the girls to the park, playing with the dog—simple things!"

Cyndy Garvey is quite candid when it comes to expressing her feelings on America's National Pastime. It may be Steve's bread and butter, but it just ain't her cup of tea, says Cyndy, who met her husband back in school at Michigan State.

"I don't mean to sound flippant toward baseball, but you've got to consider that I've been married eight years to the game. It's not an easy thing to experience. I'm *not* a baseball fan, to be honest with you. I am not the best goer to the games. It's very fortunate that Steve is such a terrific athlete, because I really am not there all that much. If he really needed to rely on me for his ego and to void the pressures of playing every day it would be bad, because I'm really not that involved. I like the sport, but I've never been a fan nor claimed to be. I enjoy the fact that he likes doing what he does and that he's very good at it, but for me to lie and say I really love baseball—well, I just can't get it out!"

The most difficult times for the Garveys, says Cyndy, "were when we first got married and I had to give up so much time following him around. When you're a minor league player, they send you all over the country in summer and the world in winter to play."

On the other hand, Cyndy maintains that her job is completely appreciated by her husband. "He's glad to see me working," she says. "I'm better toward him when I am."

Moreover, the show's morning time slot allows Cyndy maximum time to earn a respectable income on her own and to be a mother to her children as well. "My afternoons are free to be with the children, which is good since Steve is gone so much and I am the primary raiser of the children."

Cyndy is aware, however, that her familial responsibilities may shift over to her husband before long. Steve, born in 1948, can reasonably expect to play five addi-

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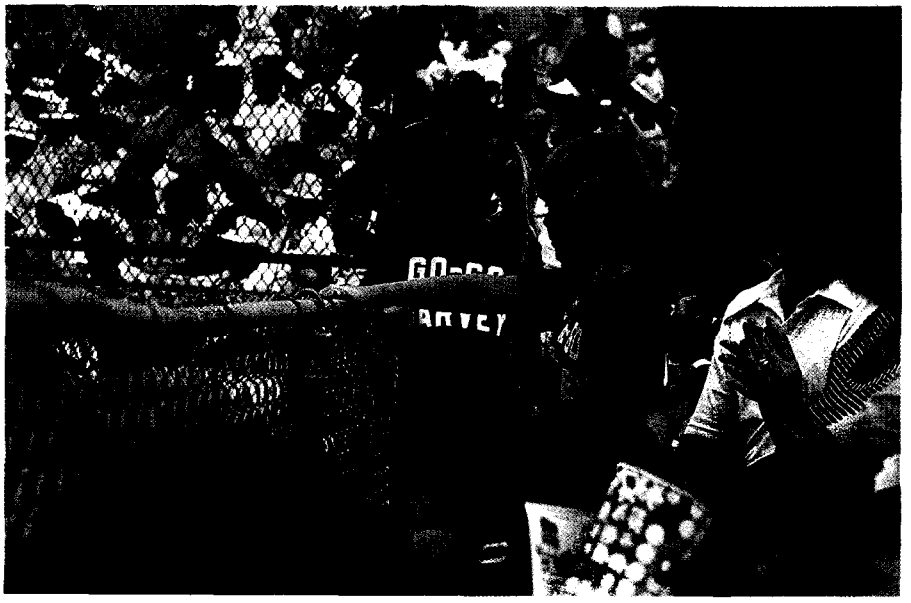

One of Steve Garvey's primary concerns is the impression he makes on the young fans who trail after him for an autograph. Among his most prized awards is a medal from a 10-year-old cancer patient inscribed: "To Steve Garvey, who gave me the will to live, to walk and to play ball again."

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COPING WITH BORDER GUILT

Let the psych experts take stock of the giant traumas such as sex and religion—it's everyday, guilt-edged insecurities that compound our psychological bonds.

by Joan Kufrin

Illustrated by Jared Lee

With all the emphasis on the psychology of human behavior, you'd think some expert would make a study of the minor, everyday guilts that pervade people's lives all the time. These cause nothing as severe as mental illness; they merely annoy and diminish the enjoyment of pleasure. We mention a few of these guilts in the hope that some expert will explain them.

Border Guilt. This occurs when I approach the border of another country, usually by car. For some peculiar reason known only to the psyche, guilt floods my brain. I feel an overwhelming urge to yell out the word "smuggle" or "marijuana" as I approach the border control. Heaven knows I am not a smuggler of marijuana. A real smuggler would never flirt with danger by singing out these buzz words. But someone like me, a victim of border guilt, might say anything.

Like the time my husband and I were driving to Canada. As the border official asked where we were born, I sat still, staring straight ahead, hoping he wouldn't notice me. When George answered Chicago, I assumed he was speaking for both of us, but the border official waited for my answer. George, who also suffers from border guilt, finally screamed at me, "Tell the man where you were born!"

"Cigarettes," I shouted.

Needless to say, the car was searched.

Customs Guilt is another form of border guilt which usually occurs when traveling by air. I pride myself on the great care with which I fill out the customs declaration. I conscientiously report everything we've purchased and have receipts at the ready. Nevertheless, as soon as I step into the customs line, customs guilt sets in. I begin to perspire, appear distraught and often forget my destination. I also can't remember if my surname is my first or last name. Then I begin to talk too much to the customs official. All of this is done as I nervously finger my wrist watch, which draws attention to it. I've paid duty on the watch four times.

I-Left-The-Gas-On Guilt. It never fails. You'll spend a month getting a group of friends together, planning a day to accommodate everyone's jet-set schedule, only to have somebody (usually me) shriek as we're past the point of no return, "I think I left the gas on!"

It's always "I think," not "I know for certain." Never, as far as I can tell in more than 40 years of hearing news reports, has the cause of a fire ever been cited as "someone left the gas on." It's the same with floods. Have you ever heard the cause of damage to a house reported as "she left the bathtub running?"

Yet millions of pleasure hours are ruined each year because of I-left-the-gas-on guilt. (Or the iron, or the bathtub.)

Police Guilt afflicts anyone who has ever driven a car or even those who haven't. You spot a police car in the rear-view mirror, and the first words you yell to yourself or to your passenger are, "What did I do? I didn't do anything."

Ninety-nine percent of the time you *didn't* do anything. Besides, we all know that if you *did* do something, a police car could follow you with his light on for five blocks before you realized it's *you* he's after. Police know and love to use police guilt. They enjoy slowing down miles of traffic on interstate highways by going one mile an hour less than the speed limit. They know no one will ever pass a police car. It is from seeing ribbons of automobiles strung slowly out from behind them that policemen get one of the few kicks out of their profession.

Mailbox Guilt is a small guilt, but one which wastes an incredible amount of time each year. How many times have you put a letter in the mailbox, and then guiltily, nervously opened the mailbox once more to see if the letter has actually gone down?

A friend of mine has mastered not looking into the mailbox a second time, but she mentions it every time she mails a letter, which, to me, is as bad as looking the second time. She was with me one day as I asked my small daughter to mail a letter. Children never look twice. You have to train them to do this. When I told my daughter to check and see if the envelope went down, my friend was aghast.

"You're inhibiting your daughter," she cried. "You're building up needless guilts in an otherwise carefree child."

Now I feel guilt not only about checking the mailbox twice, but about making my daughter do the same thing.

My friend asks sarcastically if I've ever found a letter stuck in the mailbox from the previous mailer. Her point is that mail *always* goes down. My point is somebody ahead of me checked twice to be sure that it did. This is something we'll never agree on.

Credit Card Guilt originates the moment a virgin credit card arrives in the mail. In my heart, I know that some months I'm not going to make the minimum monthly payment. I know it, but I charge anyway. (Companies know it, too.) This guilt travels with me whenever I use the credit card. Merely presenting it is an occasion for a massive attack of guilt, because a snippet of a girl one-third my age checks it on a master list. It is rare that abusers of credit cards are ever arrested at a check-out coun-

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ter, yet credit card guilt clouds all my transactions and takes all the fun out of buying *anything*. Those of us who remember money also remember how much fun it was to spend, if we were lucky enough to have any in hand. Thanks to credit card guilt, spending has lost its joy.

Check-cashing Guilt occurs when I try to cash a check in a strange town or my own bank. I have a cascading portfolio of credit cards and a driver's license with photo to back up my claim that I am me, but check-cashing guilt is inevitable as my signature is compared under ultraviolet rays and my thumbprints are taken. What isn't clear to me is why no bank teller ever asks me who I am when I deposit money, only when I try to take it out.

Leftovers Guilt is peculiar to that tortured generation who remembers World War II, when throwing out food was tantamount to treason. It is impossible for me to throw away as much as a leftover tablespoon of creamed spinach, a teaspoon of mashed potatoes or a single maraschino cherry without feeling paralyzing guilt. Only when a leftover has served time in the refrigerator, only until it has a conscience-salving growth of green mold upon it, may I throw it out with a clear conscience. *And not before!*

Sleeping-late and/or Nap Guilt. Why is it that during the week, sleeping late pulsates in the mind like a shimmering mirage in the desert, a luxurious reward for a week of labor? On Saturday, though, it becomes, in the mind of the guilty, extreme sloth. I lie in bed on Saturday, trying desperately to go back to sleep, only to think about all the "things" that must be done, and I rise at last in guilt and anger to attend to them.

Nap guilt is similar to sleeping-late guilt but seems to occur only if

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JAMES BLACKWOOD: "MAKING A JOYFUL NOISE"

The musical ministry of the Blackwood Brothers has known its highs and lows for more than 45 years. But it is based on harmony and is right on key for the 1980s.

by Holly Miller

Every four or five years, James Blackwood faces the typical American chore of choosing new "wheels" for his ever-expanding family of Blackwoods. But in his case, the common coupe, mundane mid-size or stock station wagon just won't do. Something bigger, please, he decided years ago. . .something roomy and with lots of extras—like six Pullman compartments, a small kitchen stocked with fresh okra and turnip greens, ample bookcases, televisions, an intercom system and plenty of oversized closets.

Of course these "wheels" should be dependable, too: able to endure the heat of Georgia one week, the rains of Chicago the next and the snows of New England in between.

Only "survivor" of the original quartet and a member of the Gospel Hall of Fame, James Blackwood accepted President Carter's invitation to join the gospel sing at the White House.

As ranking patriarch in gospel quartet circles, Blackwood, 60, travels in style. His home away from home is a sleek Silver Eagle bus which he bought stripped down and then filled with all the creature comforts that make the 100,000 miles logged annually a pleasure cruise rather than an endurance test. Most fans agree that after more than 45 years in the business, he deserves it.

"We're usually on the road no less than Thursday through Sunday," explains Blackwood, pouring a rich stream of heavy cream into another cup of restaurant coffee. The single wrinkle of life on the road is food on the road, he says, and he's seldom tempted to overindulge. Fresh vegetables are his preference, particularly those grown on his Memphis, Tennessee, farm and served by wife, "Mim." The diet suits him well, and his appearance today is as trim and boyish as it was in 1934 when he and his two brothers and a nephew decided to launch the Blackwood Brothers Quartet from their rural Mississippi homes. What began as a local ministry has grown into a world-wide effort.

"We try to be in Memphis on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, but then there are the longer trips—two or three tours on the West Coast and an annual series of concerts overseas. This year we're going to South America for the first time; year before last we went to Hong Kong, Taiwan, South Korea and Japan."

Along the way the group has acquired an enviable assortment of accolades. Seven Dove Awards, modestly displayed at the family farm, cite James as the top male singer in the gospel music industry. The quartet has been nominated for a Grammy every year in the history of the coveted gold trophies and has been included in the winners' circle five different times. Add to this two first-place finishes on the old Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts show plus two "command performances" at the Carter White House and the result is success . . .almost a half century's worth. But the road hasn't always been smooth. There have been tragedies, such as the private plane crash that claimed two members of the group, and the near-tragedies, such as the time the quartet almost caused an international incident at the Finnish-Russian border.

"You hear so many things about Russia," says Blackwood. "We wanted to go and see for ourselves what the people are like, if there are Christians in the Soviet Union and how they are allowed to worship. The World Baptist Alliance in Washington, D.C., gave us a list of Leningrad and Moscow pastors, so during our regular concert tour of Holland, Sweden and Finland we sent cables and wires to the Russians, telling them we were on our way. Weeks went by without a re-

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ply. We sent more telegrams asking if we could attend their churches, sing for them and visit with them after the services. Still no reply. Finally, not knowing what we were getting into, we boarded a rickety old train at Helsinki and headed for Leningrad."

As soon as it crossed the border into Russia, the train was halted by a platoon of Soviet soldiers. Marching from one compartment to the next, the soldiers first demanded that passengers turn over any Bibles they might have, and then they searched the luggage at random. The quartet fretted nervously as the Russians worked their way closer to the Blackwood compartment. Before embarking on the trip, James' nephew Cecil had collected an enormous cache of Bibles, all printed in Russian, for the purpose of giving them to members of the Soviet churches. He had filled several pieces of luggage with the books and now faced the possibility of being discovered and probably jailed.

"We could hear the soldiers ask the occupants of the next compartment, 'Do you have any Bibles or other Christian literature?' " recalls James. "Then they searched suitcases and even pulled the mattresses off the beds. But for some reason, after they pounded on Cecil's door, they asked only, 'Do you have any literature?' without specifying what *kind* of literature they wanted. Cecil had been reading a book on how to lose weight, so he handed it to them. The soldier flipped through the pages, threw it down on the bunk and marched out."

James Blackwood has been in gospel music for more than 50 years, but not until 1954 did the quartet attain national prominence, winning in CBS-TV's Talent Scout Show.

Needless to say, the Blackwood Brothers—probably in four-part harmony—breathed an enormous sigh of relief.

In spite of the government's attempt to thwart the tour by intercepting telegrams, limiting travel and assigning an adhesive "guide," the Blackwoods' visit to Russia proved to be a resounding success. The message in their music permeated the language barrier and the Bibles brought great outpourings of gratitude. The quartet left only after promising to return in a year and send tapes of their songs in the meantime.

Just who chooses these songs that have such universal appeal? They claim the selection of material is a group decision. "Our arranger is our piano player, Tommy Fairchild," Cecil says. "We leave it up to him mostly to pick new songs. But James will find some songs and take them to Tommy, or I'll buy some songs. We'll say we want to sing them, and Tommy arranges them for us—writes them out, words and music."

"We are not a contemporary group by any means," explains Blackwood. "We choose songs with a spiritual impact that we think minister to the needs of people.

"I'd never criticize the newer sounds in gospel music, but I object to some of the beats, and I don't think a lot of the songs come out and say what should be said. Too many of them beat around the bush. The lyrics say there's Somebody out there somewhere Who might do something for you. I think that's too vague. But still, if those kinds of songs can reach someone for God

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Singing at Elvis Presley's funeral had a special meaning for one member of the Blackwood Brothers, Cecil Blackwood, who had worked with the King in a group called The Song Fellows. The Blackwoods themselves boast some 117 albums, more than 17 million in record sales and a host of gospel music awards. Pictured from the left are John Cox, Jimmy Blackwood, Ed Shea of the Gospel Music Association, Ken Turner, James and Cecil Blackwood and Tommy Fairchild.

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PHIL DONAHUE AND THE WORKAHOLICS

The 8-to-5 worker says, "Thank God it's Friday." The workaholic says, "Thank God it's Monday." Phil Donahue explores this phenomenon with his usual wit and irreverence.

by Maynard G. Stoddard

What was it that kept such colorful and exciting people as painter Chagall, pianist Artur Rubinstein, industrialist Willard F. Rockwell, illustrator Norman Rockwell, Margaret Meade, Maurice Chevalier, Arthur Fiedler and Grandma Moses working productively in their 80s and 90s, long after their peers had turned in their work shoes for loafers and changed their work habits to leisure? The clue can be found in that one little, often dreaded, word—WORK.

Workaholic. Coined by *The Wall St. Journal*, we first heard it bandied about in 1971. But what is a workaholic, and what makes him tick?

Dr. Marilyn Machlowitz, a staff psychologist for New York Life Insurance Company, has written what could be the first formal study of the concept: *Workaholics: Living with Them, Working with Them.* By her definition, workaholics constantly work long hours, they work weekends, they bring work along on "vacation"—if they bother to take vacations. In short, workaholics can't stop working. They are, says Dr. Machlowitz, addicted to work per se, not to their jobs, the addiction being a characteristic of their personalities.

Contrary to the usual negative image conjured by the word "addiction," however, workaholics are surprisingly happy. Equally surprising, rather than the universal picture of these energetic doers "working themselves to death," just the opposite is true.

MOFFETT STUDIO

Special guests lending credence to the Phil Donahue Show on workaholics were Dr. Marilyn Machlowitz (to Donahue's left), author of **Workaholics,** *and the workaholic SerVaas family of Indianapolis: attorneys Eric and Joan, doctors Beurt and Cory, and engineer Paul.*

For the skeptics, we reproduce some dialogue from a recent *Phil Donahue Show* featuring the *Workaholics* author, Dr. Marilyn Machlowitz, and the workaholic family of Drs. Beurt and Cory SerVaas, with three of their five children, Eric, Joan and Paul.

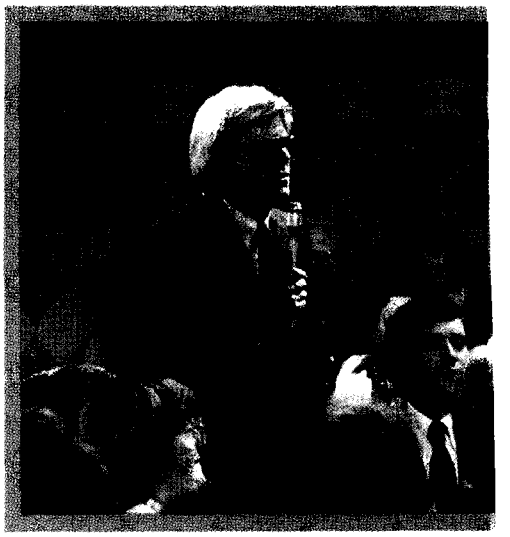
Phil Donahue: A workaholic is a person in a fishing boat who keeps looking at his watch. A workaholic is a person who comes home late and doesn't seem to be happy unless he's at work. Dr. Machlowitz, you don't come down very hard on the workaholic, the man who has no time for his kids, comes home late, completely shot from the peaks and valleys of the day's work. The child says "Daddy, my rubber duck is broken," and he has no time for that rubber duck. It's not challenging, there's no money in it and he's tired.

Marilyn Machlowitz: While getting my Ph.D. at Yale I looked around me and saw professors, employees, people around me who were workaholics. They had that drive and that energy and yet they weren't unhappy, as they were supposed to be. So I said why not look at this and see what makes work a pleasure for these people and extract from that what could make work better for the majority of people—the majority of people who say "Thank God it's Friday," whereas the workaholic says, "Thank God it's Monday."

Phil Donahue: It's the attitude toward his work rather than—?

Dr. Machlowitz: Absolutely. Hours alone are not an appropriate measure, although they may measure the person who is inefficient.

Donahue: I'm going to, just for a



STEVE CE

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After the show, Phil Donahue shakes hands with every departing ***member of*** *the audience. "Without them," he says,* ***"we wouldn't work."*** *Many wait as long as two years* ***for tickets to see his show. He's a*** *women's partisan, and* ***they know it—a secretarial organization*** *recently voted him the man they would most like to* ***have be*** *their boss.*

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moment, be an amateur analyst. A workaholic is a very insecure person. A workaholic is a person who is desperately afraid of *failure*.

Marilyn Machlowitz: Failure is fearful to *everyone*.

Phil Donahue: A workaholic is a frustrated person, going to the grave worrying about who is going to take care of tomorrow's business now that I'm here at Forest Lawn.

Marilyn Machlowitz: But wait... they might live longer than you think. There are a lot of studies coming out of the American Cancer Society and the American Heart Association linking job satisfaction to longevity.

Phil Donahue: Really? You are saying that workaholics are job satisfied?

Marilyn Machlowitz: I think they have a high degree of job satisfaction.

Phil Donahue: I'm really impressed with the positive review you're giving it. And I'm not quarreling with it, it's just that it's at variance——

Marilyn Machlowitz: I maintain that both sides exist. I also maintain that what's surprising is that workaholics don't have some of the problems that the people who live with them and work with them have—and then pay the price.

Phil Donahue: It must be awful to live with a workaholic.

Marilyn Machlowitz: Well, you *can* feel that you're coming in second.

Phil Donahue: Let's find out. Cory SerVaas, M.D., you are a physician. Your husband is a doctor of medical science and chairman of the board of SerVaas, Inc., a company which has a whole bunch of properties. Tell us about the scope of your properties.

Beurt SerVaas: We manufacture auto parts, chemicals, truck bodies and rubber products.

Phil Donahue: And you serve on the boards of several companies? You have a telephone in your car? And one of the companies under your umbrella is *The Saturday Evening Post*. Is it true that you acquired *The Saturday Evening Post* so that your wife would have something to do?

Beurt SerVaas: Well, that's what some people might say, but Cory is a graduate journalist as well as a physician, and she helped recreate *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Phil Donahue: You are an M.D. and you are editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* as well, one of America's long-time, long-honored magazines?

Cory SerVaas: That's right.

STEVE CECIL

Phil Donahue serves as both moderator and buffer as the audience "picks the brains" of workaholics Drs. Cory and Beurt SerVaas and Dr. Marilyn Machlowitz, author of* Workaholics. *"Workaholics will be particularly appealing to fellow workaholics because they have similar needs," concludes Dr. Machlowitz. She finds that there are fewer problems when both partners are workaholics—there is a good homeostasis there.

Phil Donahue: What time do you get home at night?

Cory SerVaas: I get home when he gets home. I stay until he leaves. I'm perfectly happy. If I'm home, I'm working anyway. It's just a matter of carrying my brief case to the house. My real zeal is to do medical research and write medical columns. I write medical columns for the *Post*, *The Country Gentleman*, *Child Life* and *Jack and Jill*.

Phil Donahue: You really are a workaholic, aren't you?

Cory SerVaas: I am.

Phil Donahue: And you look fine. I mean it's not getting to you. It's better for you than booze, huh? Do you have a phone in your car?

Cory SerVaas: I do. I talk to him on the car phone. It saves a lot of time.

Beurt SerVaas: When I leave to go home she says, "Please turn your telephone on so I can talk to you."

Phil Donahue: So each of you are so busy that the only time you have to talk to each other is while in transit. Dr. Machlowitz, do workaholics run in families?

Marilyn Machlowitz: Kids turn out typically in one of two ways—carbon copies or beach bums.

Guest: I'm glad to hear workaholics are not being put down, because I'm very proud of what my husband does. However, there's another side of the coin. I'm worried about the lack of time he has to spend with the children.

Phil Donahue to next guest: Are *you* in the same situation?

Guest: We are both working. I work until 11:00, my husband to 11:30. From 6 o'clock on.

Phil Donahue: So you are a workaholic as well. What do you do?

Guest: I have a program for high school dropouts.

Phil Donahue: Do you enjoy that?

Guest: Oh, yes. I'd rather be doing that than sitting doing nothing. I don't like to watch TV.

Phil Donahue: Do you have children?

Guest: One son and an older daughter. The son is seven.

Phil Donahue: Do you think he is penalized because of this?

Guest: Oh, no. Because both my husband and I realize where he's

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Quiz: Are You A Workaholic?

by Marilyn M. Machlowitz

Who are work addicts and what makes them tick? What's wrong with being a workaholic, and more importantly, what's right about it? Despite disparate circumstances, most workaholics share common characteristics. In order to identify workaholics, I've developed a quiz based on these characteristics. If you wonder whether you're a workaholic—or if you think you might be working or living with one—take this test and see.

yes *no*

☐ ☐ **1.** *Do you get up early, no matter how late you go to bed?*
As one management consultant confessed, "I'd get home and work until [about] 2 A.M. and then get up at 5 A.M. and think, 'Gee, aren't I terrific!' "

☐ ☐ **2.** *If you are eating lunch alone, do you read or work while you eat?*
Robert Moses, New York's long-time Parks Commissioner, reportedly considered lunches a bore and a bother because he couldn't bear to interrupt work. He used a large table as a desk so lunch could be served right there.

☐ ☐ **3.** *Do you make daily lists of things to do?*
Ever-present appointment books and cluttered calendars are a hallmark of workaholics. Indeed, their main way of wasting time, admits Dr. Elizabeth Whelan, a Harvard University epidemiologist, may be looking for lost lists!

☐ ☐ **4.** *Do you find it difficult to "do nothing?"*
It was claimed that David Mahoney, the handsome, hard-working chairman of Norton Simon, Inc., abandoned transcendental meditation because he found it impossible to sit still for 20 minutes.

☐ ☐ **5.** *Are you energetic and competitive?*
President Johnson once asked Doris Kearns, then a White House Fellow, if she were energetic. Kearns replied, "I hear you need only five hours of sleep, but I need only four so it stands to reason that I've got even more energy than you."

☐ ☐ **6.** *Do you work on weekends and holidays?*
In *Working,* author Studs Terkel related that the president of a Chicago radio station confessed that he regularly works in his home on weekends. But, he added, "when I do this on holidays, like Christmas, New Year's and Thanksgiving, I have to sneak a bit so the family doesn't know what I'm doing."

☐ ☐ **7.** *Can you work anytime and anywhere?*
Two associates at Cravath, Swaine and Moore, one of Manhattan's most prestigious law firms, were said to have bet about who could bill the most hours in a day. One worked around the clock, billed 24 and felt assured of victory. His competitor, however, having flown to California in the course of the day, worked on the plane and billed 27.

☐ ☐ **8.** *Do you find vacations "hard to take"?*
George Lois, the art director who heads Lois Pitts Gershon, an advertising agency, had to think a while when I asked him when he had taken his last vacation. Finally, he recalled when it was: 1964—almost 14 years before!

☐ ☐ **9.** *Do you dread retirement?*
After retiring from the ad agency where she had created such classic slogans as Clairol's "Does she. . .or doesn't she?" Shirley Polykoff started her own advertising agency. As president of Shirley Polykoff Advertising in New York, she still—some six years later—has no plans to slow up or step down. She says, "I'm doing more now than I've ever done. I don't know how you retire if you're still healthy and exuberant about living. They'll have to carry me out in a box!"

☐ ☐ **10.** *Do you really enjoy your work?*
As Joyce Carol Oates, the Canadian novelist, once told *The New York Times,* "I am not conscious of working especially hard, or of 'working' at all. . . .Writing and teaching have always been, for me, so richly rewarding that I do not think of them as work in the usual sense of the word."

If you answered "Yes" to eight or more questions, you, too, may be a workaholic.

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WORKAHOLISM: WHAT IS IT?

"Don't stop until you drop" is the workaholic's motto. Surprisingly, the author finds the workaholic is hale, hearty and happy, doing what he loves to do—work.

by Marilyn Machlowitz

All around us, signs, symptoms and signals seem to suggest that the almighty, all-American work ethic is eroding. Factory workers opt for time off instead of overtime. Students seem to favor self-worth over net worth; they aim, they say, for fun, family life and $30,000 a year. They won't slave away for $60,000 as dear old dad may have done. Upwardly mobile executives are refusing to move when their companies ask them to relocate. And social scientists persistently portray a modern American work force that suffers from the white collar woes as well as the blue collar blues. Employers have adjusted. Mandantory transfers have been removed from many career paths.

Author Marilyn Machlowitz and a couple of her most ardent fans, workaholics Beurt and Cory SerVaas, who joined her on an author's tour. Her book receives lively public acclaim as well as criticism from many workaholics and their happy or long-suffering families.

Menial jobs have been enriched and enlarged almost beyond recognition. Experiments with time—from four-day workweeks to "flextime"—have rearranged and, in some cases, reduced the total time spent working. Even President Carter, in an impassioned speech to his staff soon after taking office, expressed opposition to the overwork characteristic of earlier administrations. He said, in part, "All of you will be more valuable to me and the country with rest and a stable home life."

In spite of President Carter's well-publicized wishes to the contrary, his aides and associates still work well into the night. One White House cleaning woman apparently complained that David Rubenstein, a deputy to presidential advisor Stuart Eizenstat, doesn't leave his office long enough for her to dust it. Former H.E.W. secretary Joseph Califano's appetite for work cost taxpayers plenty: He reportedly had to hire a second shift of secretaries and installed a separate air-conditioning system for those times when the main unit was shut off. And the president himself isn't practicing what he once preached: His 18-hour day led one wag to christen him "The Bionic Grind."

Elsewhere in Washington the story is the same. In *The Powers That Be,* David Halberstam described Robert Woodward, *The Washington Post* reporter of Watergate fame, as:

". . .a totally compulsive person, a classic workaholic, wildly ambitious, utterly obsessed by his work and his career. . . .His work habits were terrifying. Even before Watergate the regular work hours of the *Post* were not enough for him. He had once come in very late at night on his own, bored with his life, and had gone out, in lieu of anything else to do, to interview construction workers building the new subway system in Washington, the only available interviewees at that hour."

When Robert Redford was preparing to portray Robert Woodward in the movie, *All the President's Men,* he told *Rolling Stone* just how hard Washingtonians work. "Washington," he concluded, "is a receptacle for workaholics."

He may be right. Dr. John Meeks of The Psychiatric Institute of Washington finds that in our nation's capital, workaholism "is accepted as normal. If you look at people in government by any rational standards, they're all workaholics. It's routine to work 60- to 70-hour weeks. . . .It seems to be as American as apple pie."

Attorney Harvey L. Pitt, for instance, went from law school to the Securities and Exchange Commission and then to the prestigious law firm of Fried, Frank, Harris, Shriver & Kampelmen, where he routinely works 12 to 15 hours a day during the week. He cuts down to only 9 or 10 hours a day on weekends. Such work habits are so well entrenched in our country's capital that *Business Week* advised Washington-bound executives to remember "that the busiest officials often work on Saturday and sometimes even on Sunday, [so] a weekend appoint-

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ment is something to suggest."

Lest one suspect that these workers are isolated, dedicated individuals who are merely responding to the demands of duty, ample evidence exists to suggest that such work patterns are self-imposed. A former "Nader's Raider" continued to work 12 hours a day, 7 days a week, long after leaving consumer advocate Ralph Nader's staff. She told a reporter that it wasn't just the job that warranted working that hard. She was the one who required that kind of work load.

Although Washington seems to attract an unusually large number of workaholics, New York City also fosters them. *New York Times* music critic Harold C. Schonberg feels that "New York really is faster than the rest of the world. If you live in New York and expect to get anywhere, you have to hop to it. You move faster, talk faster, work faster."

Even New York City's 1977 blackout couldn't keep workaholics at home. Several hundreds of people went to work despite the knowledge that buildings would be locked and businesses closed. I found them pacing impatiently outside their offices, demanding to be allowed to enter, even if reaching their desks would require climbing 30 flights of stairs. Others went about their business on the street. One vice president of Booz, Allen & Hamilton, a leading management consulting firm, sat on the steps outside 245 Park Avenue working with a hand-held calculator. His only concern was that the calculator's batteries might require recharging before electricity was restored. Quite a few others conducted impromptu conferences while perched on their briefcases all along the sidewalks or, as a concession to the day's 100 degrees F. heat, inside air-conditioned cars. One such conferring pair, seated at a Park Avenue plaza, concluded, "We probably got more done out here." When I asked a senior Pan Am executive why he bothered commuting at all or why he didn't just go home, he told me, "I have too much to do to stay home."

Workaholism isn't just peculiar to the East Coast. At the other side of the country, even seemingly laid-back Californians may be closet workaholics. As a West Coast woman reported, "In California we try to act casual, as if we've been playing tennis all day, but, in reality, I work as hard here as I did in New York—but pretend not to."

Who are all of these people and why are they working so hard? They're work junkies—workaholics—and they are addicted to their jobs. They love their work. They *live* their work. And most of them find it very difficult to ever leave their work, even in extreme circumstances. One elderly attorney toiled away while his office building burned down around him. He ignored the warnings, sirens and screams until he was finally forcibly ejected by firefighters. A pregnant publicist I know was enjoying the rare luxury of a leisurely lunch when she felt her first labor pains. She rushed from the restaurant to her obstetrician's office. When he assured her that delivery was still hours away, she went back to work.

So, despite my earlier dire warnings, the work ethic is not only alive and well, but in certain circles it is flourishing. As psychologist Robert L. Kahn suggests, "There's no viable alternative to work, no other activity that uses energy, demands attention, provides regular social interaction around some visible outcome and does so in a socially approved way."

As retirees rapidly come to realize, a job provides a lot more than just a paycheck. Jobs structure people's time. They permit regular interpersonal interaction and provide a sense of identity, self-esteem and self-respect. But

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"Machines wear out, people don't. Physical and mental exercises seem to keep the human mechanism functioning longer and better." Norman Rockwell and Grandma Moses are but two examples of doers who lived to work and kept active at labors they loved. "He would have painted on Christmas morning if we had let him," confided Molly Rockwell with a smile.

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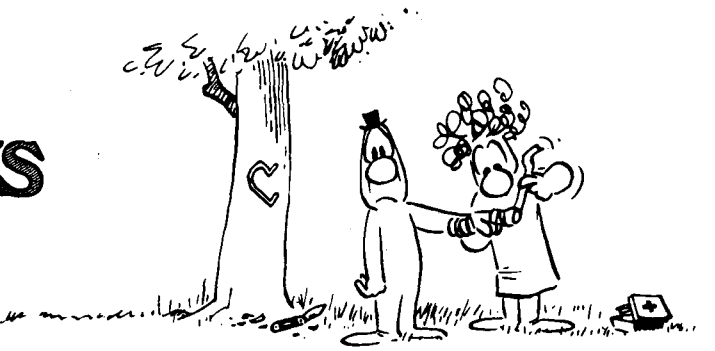
POST SCRIPTS



Unwritten Rule

A Ph.D. in our city was frantically trying to assemble a wheeled toy to be presented to his son as a birthday gift the following morning. With parts strewn all over the driveway, he muttered and frowned as he tried first one combination and then another.

A yardman next door became an interested spectator, leaving his lawnmower to stand, hands in pockets, watching the man's struggles. "Would you like me to help you?" he asked finally.

"Well, somebody's got to help," replied the exasperated father, "if I'm to get this thing fixed by tomorrow."

The yardman squatted down, fingered a few pieces, studied a bit with head to one side and slowly began to assemble a recognizable toy. After some time he proudly presented the finished product.

"That's great!" marveled the father, "and you didn't even read the directions!"

"Well, sir," said the yardman modestly, "when you can't read, you have to learn to think."

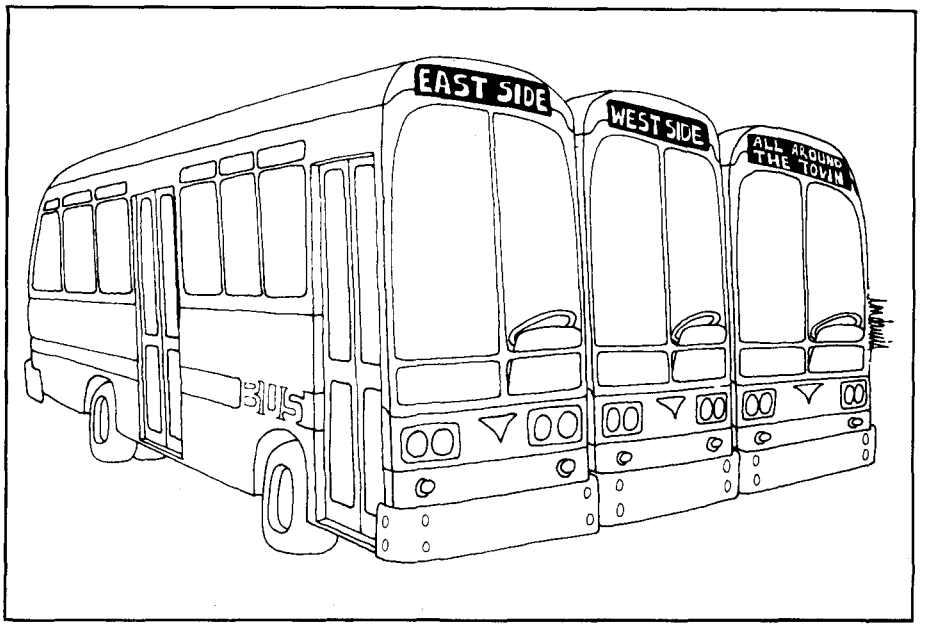
—Fletcher Croom

Grave Error

As a gesture of good will, a bank sent flowers to another bank congratulating the management on the opening of their new facility. Unfortunately, the card accompanying the flowers read, "Deepest sympathy."

Later, the florist who had made the mistake called the bank to apologize. That blunder was bad enough. What really worried him was that the other bouquet, intended for the bank but delivered to a funeral, bore the message, "Congratulations on your new location."

—Fred Ebel



Phrased Out

What bullfighters show—cape ability.

What draft dodgers are—wouldn't soldiers.

When all the women leave the country—stag nation.

A hotel in disrepute—vile inn.

A tennis player's favorite drink—mixed doubles.

A test in geography—exam in nations.

Bids for silence—quiet pleas.

-E. Mary Clark

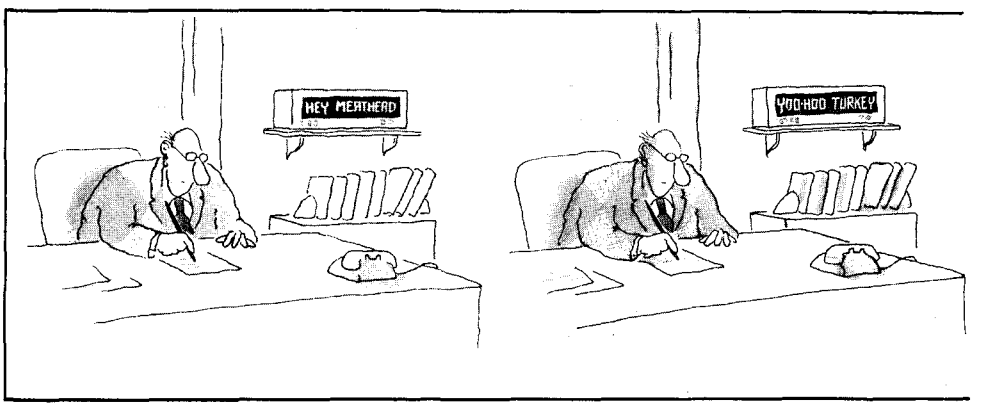
A Close Following

Driving in a dense fog, a motorist followed the taillight ahead for a full hour, free from worry. Suddenly, the red beacon ahead stopped and the two cars collided sharply.

"Hey, why don't you put out your hand when you're going to stop?" yelled the man behind.

Came the casual reply, "Why should I put out my hand? I'm in my own garage!"

—Helene Levin



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Shoe Sign, Mister?

Sign on a Michigan shoe repair shop: "We doctor shoes, heel them, attend to their dyeing needs and save their soles."

—Dorothea Kent

Low-Level Crisis

The airport control tower speaker came alive with an urgent message. "This is WXA-7, control," the voice said. "I have three gallons of fuel. Request instructions. Over."

The officer in charge of control grabbed the mike and yelled, "Control to WXA-7. Keep calm! Don't get flustered! Tell me what landmarks you see below. Over."

After an extended silence, WXA-7 spoke again. "Sir, I'm parked on the east runway," he said. "I just want to know the location of the fuel truck."

—Lane Olinghouse

Giving Dad His Due

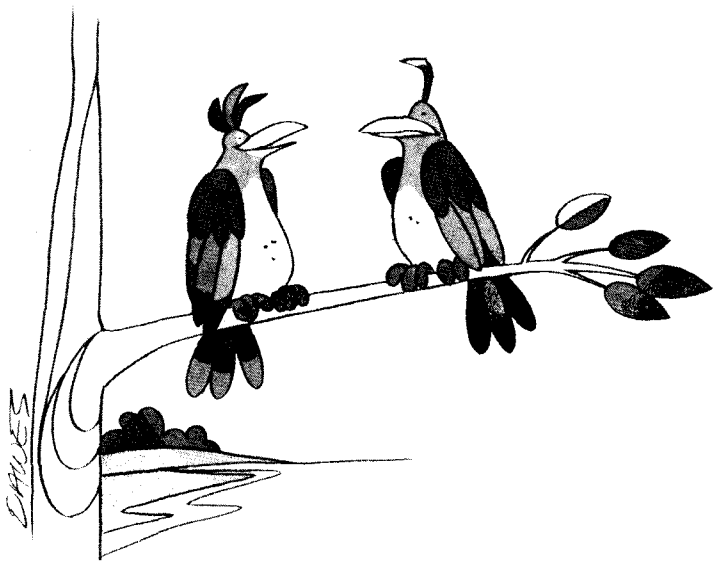
On Father's Day we shower him
With loving, kind attention,
And costly gifts all gaily wrapped,
Too numerous to mention.
He's lord and master for a while,
And such a happy guy;
The bill from Master Charge
won't come
Until at least July.

—Mary Margaret De Angelis

A Biting Reply

Regular zoo visitors soon noticed a new cage labeled: "Coexistance." Inside, to their surprise, they saw lions and lambs together. When asked for an explanation as to how these animals got along, the keeper replied: "Simple. All we do is add a few lambs from time to time."

—James E. Knowles



"Child care's a snap. Whenever one of 'em opens its mouth, I stuff a worm in it."

Summer Stock

"Let's hope you did well in the ratings," the TV star remarked to his son when the boy handed him his report card.

"I sure did, Dad. They want to sign me up to do another 13 weeks this summer."

—Henry H. Dunagan

Truck Shuck

The Maine farmer described his 80-acre spread in humble terms, explaining that his crops were primarily potatoes and apples.

"Well," said the Texas rancher, "I can crawl into my pickup truck at one edge of my property and drive all day before I get to the other edge."

The Maine farmer grew thoughtful before he spoke. Then he said, "I used to have a pickup like that."

—Emery A. Cook

Out of the Blue

A planeload of tourists was flying the Atlantic, bound for Europe. Suddenly a voice came over the intercom: "Attention, please! We are now flying at 35,000 feet. If you look out the right window, you will observe that two engines on that side are on fire.

"If you look out the left window, you will see that one of the two engines on that side has stopped.

"If you look directly below, you will see a yellow life raft. You will see six small dots on the raft. The dots are the pilot, co-pilot, flight engineer, navigator and two flight attendants. This is a recording. . ."

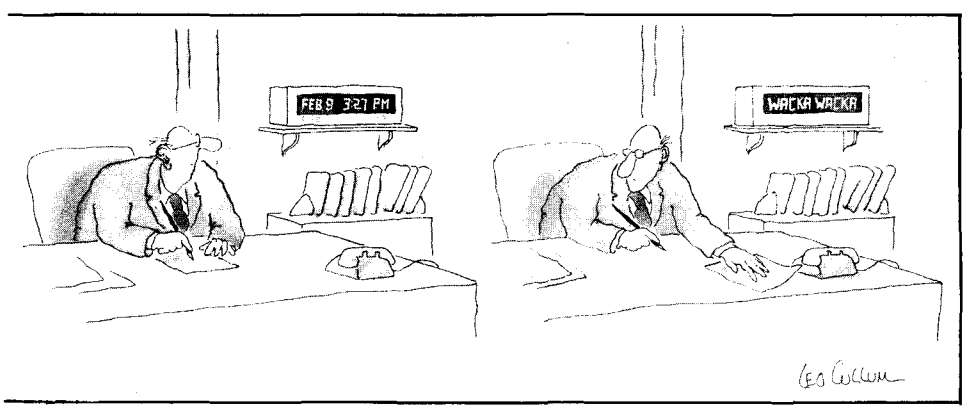
—Herm Albright

Something Fishy

The following specials were advertised recently in the window of Pier Group Seafood Market:

Oh my cod
My brother's kipper
Future shark
Trick or trout
O sole mio
What the hake
Just for the halibut
Porgy and bass
Unexpected fluke
Excedrin haddock
Down the pike
Our pickerel's a dilly
True bluefish
A lofty perch

—Rosemarie Williamson



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Phil Donahue

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coming from, we try to be very good parents to him.

Phil Donahue: *Your* husband is a workaholic too?

Next guest: I think we both are. I love to work. But I have the best of both worlds. I have the kind of husband every woman dreams of. My husband, when I want to sleep in on Sunday morning, wakes me up because he has washed every other window in the house and the only one left is the bedroom window. He's also the kind who mops the floor, cleans out the closets and does the yard work. My problem is, we can't take a vacation. We just can't. If we could find a nice hotel that needed yard work done——

Phil Donahue: Or dirty windows!

Guest: Yes. My husband loves to do that kind of thing.

Phil Donahue: Children?

Guest: Oh, yes—five.

Phil Donahue: And you are not working outside the home?

Guest: Oh, yes, full time. I'm in vocational rehabilitation.

Phil Donahue: But how do you do all that and raise five kids?

Guest: I think they are workaholics, too. They're busy all the time. Even when watching television they're hooking a rug or playing school. And we're just happy that way. There were times in the beginning that were frustrating to me, because my husband worked *such* long hours. And I spent a little time adjusting and whining. Then I realized that what attracted me to him in the first place were his working spirit and his energy.

Phil Donahue: But does he have time for you?

Guest: Oh, yes. Sure he does.

Phil Donahue: That is not necessarily typical. That's the point.

Marilyn Machlowitz: That's an important point—being attracted to it at first and then expecting it to change and being surprised when it doesn't.

Phil Donahue to Marilyn Machlowitz: Have you found that many women are attracted to this type of hyperkinetic person?

Marilyn Machlowitz: Absolutely. They want the status, they want the salary and they think, oh, he'll settle down when we have children.

Phil Donahue: I'm sorry to key on the negative, but Dr. SerVaas, do you ever watch minnows in the stream?

Cory SerVaas: Well, not since I was ten (thinking, once you've sat over a microscope watching the excitement of human sperm darting around like millions of long-tailed tadpoles doing a frenetic dance, minnows in a stream seem less interesting).

Phil Donahue: Don't workaholics have all their life's eggs in one basket? It's the job and not much else?

Cory SerVaas: A workaholic can do a lot of *different* jobs. It doesn't mean that you can't play tennis and enjoy the game. I defend workaholics. I think you're not a workaholic unless you love what you are doing. Workaholics should always try to find things to do that are of benefit to mankind, because you won't be tolerated by your friends or fellow employees if you work this hard strictly for monetary reasons. Like our friend in the audience who works at a drop-out program, or maybe someone who is looking for the cause of cancer. If you are going to work that hard, it should be for something worthwhile.

"Miss Watkins, is this me or is it Memorex?"

Telephone caller: What do you do when you have a husband who's a workaholic and comes home every night to fall asleep on the couch?

Phil Donahue: He falls asleep after supper?

Caller: Oh, give him an hour.

Phil Donahue: And there's no dialogue?

Caller: Yeah, but it's always about what he did during the day. You see, he has a job where he has to predict the market. And he's always asking me my opinion—what are the women going to buy today, are they going to shop today? tomorrow? where?

Cory SerVaas: I have some advice for this caller. I'm married to a workaholic, whether he admits it or not, and my advice to her is, if he's asking her opinion about the stocks and things, take a brokerage course and become a stock broker, or something that relates to what he is doing, and get involved with him. My husband did autopsies on Sunday afternoons when he was going through medical school. We do things together and our interests parallel. Anything he does, or becomes interested in, I do.

Phil Donahue: But does he become interested in the things that *you* are interested in?

Cory SerVaas: Yes, medicine. He went through medical school after we had five children, as I did.

Next guest: I'm bothered by the explanation you both have given, and I don't mean to be negative, but it seems that everybody should adapt to the workaholic. And you are not making any concessions for the workaholic's kids. I think that has to be awfully tough on the kids.

Phil Donahue: All right, we'll ask the kids. I shouldn't say kids—young adults. Eric, you are an attorney and a workaholic?

Eric SerVaas: Sort of, although I can't claim to be a workaholic to the extent my parents are. But I did take all my law school classes at night while holding a full-time job during the day to support a family.

Phil Donahue: Paul, you are the engineer, and you work hard as well, I'm sure.

Paul SerVaas: I'm presently in graduate school, trying to do two years work in one year. So—

Phil Donahue: And Joan, only daughter, you are——

Joan SerVaas: I have two sisters, but I am not a workaholic. I'm a *sports*-aholic. I like to *play*.

Phil Donahue: You're also an attorney, specializing in——?

Joan SerVaas: Estates, waiting for them to "work themselves to death." No, seriously, I do corporate law, estate work and real estate, and

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sometimes I help my parents.

Phil Donahue: You have our admiration. As we used to say, you all turned out real good.

Joan SerVaas: I think that we turned out well, what with all the stresses all kids are under when they are growing up. I am proud of my parents. I brag about them. I say, my dad's a doctor, my mom's a doctor. I have a picture in my office where I'm standing with my dad in *his* graduation outfit. People come in and say, "Wait a minute, isn't that backwards!" He graduated from Indiana Medical School the same year I finished law. I think that if you know you are a workaholic and know you are going to have five kids—first of all, I think it's better to have more than one child, because if there's only one, it is sort of lonely. With five kids they're going to be together and play, and it works out well—but you've got to make sure they're covered.

Phil Donahue: Are you single?

Joan SerVaas: Yes.

Phil Donahue: Could you marry a B-type person? Would you be comfortable?

Joan SerVaas: No, I'd have to be around someone aggressive.

Phil Donahue: I can just see it now, "I will take you Charles, but there is one thing—you have to have a telephone in your car."

Next caller: My husband works two jobs, 8:30 to 1:30. I can't plan meals, we can't go fishing on Sundays, we haven't had a vacation in ten years. It isn't the money he's working for.

Marilyn Machlowitz: There has to be discussion. And perhaps an outside source, if that doesn't go far enough. Also the possibility exists for the wife in such a situation to pursue independent interests. A woman can go fishing by herself or with other people.

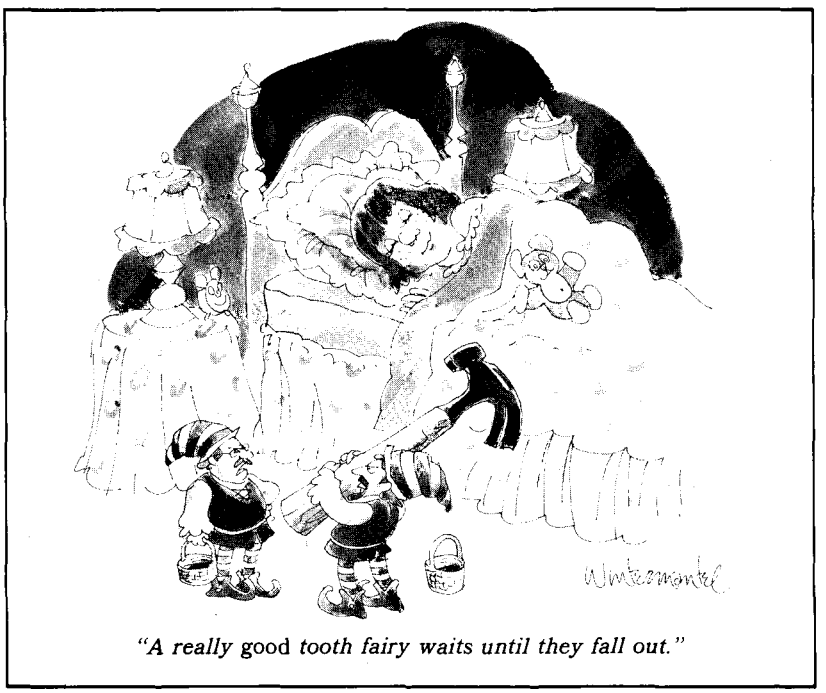
Cory SerVaas: I was as frustrated as any wife could be. We had two small children. And he would come home for dinner at 8:30, 9:00, 10:00, and I couldn't keep the children awake and he wouldn't see them. I knew this wasn't going to work. My advice to these people is to get a business, a neighborhood newspaper or a suburban something-or-other, but to get involved together in something.

Phil Donahue: Your advice is to start a suburban newspaper?

Cory SerVaas: Just do any kind of activity in which you can get your kids involved. When I went to work, too, and got the children involved with children's magazines, then we all worked or studied together and none of us quit until bedtime. And then it was happy.

Marilyn Machlowitz: That's important. Sometimes children don't know what Mommy and Daddy are doing and they resent it because they don't understand. With better understanding they will have better success themselves in deciding what they want to do with their lives.

Beurt SerVaas: I have a question. Marilyn says in her book that all workaholics work hard, but not all people who work hard are workaholics. Now, I have some self-doubts as a result of that. And I wonder if I am a workaholic, because sometimes I find myself doing nothing.



"A really good *tooth fairy waits until they fall out."*

Phil Donahue: And that worries you.

Beurt SerVaas: Yes. I wonder if that is an aberration or if I'm just one of those people who work hard. How do you distinguish between a person who works hard and a workaholic?

Marilyn Machlowitz: Why don't you tell me about your day—how does it start, when does it start?

Beurt SerVaas: Well, it starts about three o'clock in the morning, when I wake up and get a really good idea and find some paper to write it down. The first thing I do when I wake up in the morning is find out what I wrote down earlier. That starts my day.

Phil Donahue: And you awaken at about what time?

Beurt SerVaas: Oh, six, seven. But sometimes my best thoughts seem to come to me in the early mornings when all of the distractions of the daily life aren't filtering them out.

Phil Donahue: Do you work after supper?

Beurt SerVaas: Oh, yes.

Phil Donahue: You do. Every night?

Beurt SerVaas: Yes.

Phil Donahue: And you enjoy that?

Beurt SerVaas: Yes. I feel creative then.

Phil Donahue: Workaholics are energized by work rather than fatigued by it. Workaholics typically turn their work into play, also turn their play into work. They regard rest and relaxation with disdain and dread, so any time off tends to be spent in frenetic activity. Inactivity is intolerable, and pressure is preferable.

Marilyn Machlowitz: In case of work, everyone wants to put his own values on someone else's work life, and some people are happy only when they are really working hard.

Next guest: I'm a child of a workaholic and I resent it bitterly. I've been made to feel responsible for my father's working. He has stressed to me and my sister time and time again that what he does is strictly for the children. And he's going to drop dead any day now. He's in his 60s and he works phenomenally long hours.

Phil Donahue: And he says he's doing it for you.

Guest: Right.

Cory SerVaas: You can feel much better knowing that working doesn't kill anyone; it really keeps them alive longer. Workaholics live longer than non-workaholics.

Next guest: Everyone talks against the workaholics. I've been married to a workaholic for 42 years and I wouldn't give him up for all the money in the world.

Phil Donahue: We thank you for the testimony. Thanks also to Marilyn Machlowitz who wrote the book on workaholism. To the SerVaas family, we say much good luck to you, happiness. . .listen, we'd be proud if you were *our* kids. You sure done somethin' right, as they say. The book is called *Workaholics*, and I'm pleased to call it to your attention. Thanks, all of you, for being here. You have a nice day. Good-by, everybody. ✖

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Workaholics

continued from page 79

for all these positive effects attributed to working, alienated workers have received far more of scholars' attention than have their highly absorbed counterparts, the workaholics.

The popular press has paid some attention to work addicts. It's an unusual business magazine that doesn't mention the word at least once per issue.

But there is scant scientific research on workaholics. My own master's thesis and doctoral dissertation were the first systematic studies of the phenomenon. My best estimate suggests that workaholics comprise no more than five percent of the adult population. They probably make up a slightly higher percentage of the work force, since workaholics are the least likely to be unemployed. Somehow, it seems, workaholics have overcome or averted the difficulties and dissatisfactions that plague today's workers. Perhaps, once workaholism is better understood, it will be possible to use the experience of the work addict to enrich and enhance the working lives of others. But first we need to dispel some of the negative attitudes we have about workaholics.

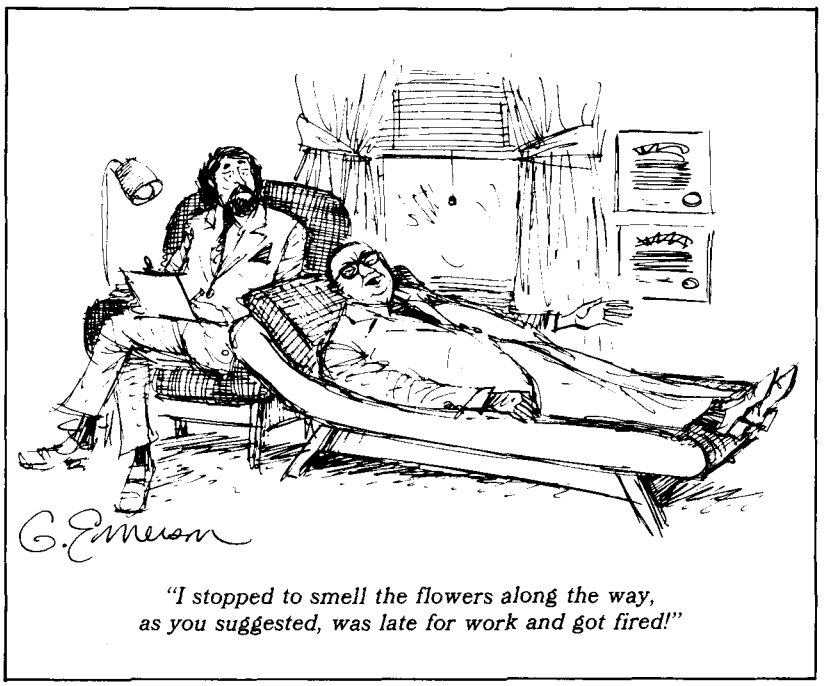
Most descriptions of the phenomenon do not define workaholism as much as they denigrate and deride workaholics. Lotte Bailyn of M.I.T. described the workaholic as the "victim of a newly recognized social disease presumably responsible for the disintegration of the family, [and] for severe distortion of full personal development." Likewise, a respected *New York Times* writer, Charlotte Curtis, portrayed the workaholic as someone who was "anxious, guilt-ridden, insecure or self-righteous about. . .his work. . . .a slave to a set schedule, merciless in his demands upon himself for peak performance. . .compulsively overcommitted."

The word "workaholism" owes its origin, as well as its negative overtones, to "alcoholism." What distinguishes workaholism from other addictions is that workaholism is sometimes considered a virtue, while others, such as alcoholism or drug addiction, are invariably considered vices.

Yet workaholics are usually portrayed as a miserable lot. This bias stems from the ways we learn about them. The clergy hears their confessions; physicians and therapists, their complaints; and judges, their divorces. The few articles about workaholics that have appeared in scientific journals typically emphasize the psychosocial problems of specific patients. The workaholics that I interviewed had few such problems.

Another major bias against workaholics is the beliefs of nonworkaholics. People who work to live cannot understand those who live to work and love it. They watch in amazement and wonder about those who delight in what they do. Workaholics' unorthodox attitude—that their work is so much fun they'd probably do it for free—causes nonworkaholics to question their own situation. The latter group begins to worry, "What's wrong with my job?" or worse, "What's wrong with me?" To resolve these feelings, nonworkaholics resort to denouncing workaholics rather than running down themselves. They say, "Sure, workaholics are successful at work, but aren't they really ruining the rest of their lives?" This logic is akin to that of "lucky in cards, unlucky in love" and equally untrue. Satisfaction with work and with life are more apt to be intertwined than mutually exclusive.

Workaholism is almost exclusively American, but it is also un-American. You are *supposed* to lead lives that are well-rounded, balanced and more "normal" than those of workaholics. Sure, you should go to work weekdays, but you'd better not spend evenings and weekends at work, as well. Those times should be spent with the family or playing ball or seeing friends or gardening. Have you ever heard of a beauty pageant contestant who couldn't list at least half a dozen hobbies, from basket weaving to opera singing? In contrast, when faced with an employment application, a workaholic might have to leave that item blank. Workaholics are willing to settle for excellence in one endeavor and to admit that they are inept and uninterested in anything else. As playwright Neil Simon said (italics mine), "I wish I *could* do other things well besides write. . .play an instrument, learn other languages, cook, ski. My greatest sense of accomplishment is that I didn't waste time *trying* to learn those things."



"I stopped to smell the flowers along the way, as you suggested, was late for work and got fired!"

Nor is it American to like your job that much, and those who do are suspect. To look forward to Monday instead of Friday is regarded as strange and even abnormal. Production workers attach posters to their machines that say, "Hang in there; Friday's coming." In the executive suites such signs are understandably absent, but sentiments like "Thank God it's Friday" are frequently heard.

As a result, workaholics are often openly maligned. A top health insurance organization placed a full-page magazine ad warning of the alleged health hazards and related costs of working too hard. The photo featured an angry-looking man with a cigarette dangling from his lips and butts spilling out of an overflowing ashtray; his tie was loosened, his collar undone, his shirt straining at his paunch, a disposable coffee cup was in one hand and several others were strewn about an incredibly cluttered desk. The headline read, "He's working 12 hours a day to increase the cost of health care." The copy continued, "In the Horatio Alger story, the hero works day and night to get ahead and everybody looks up to him with admiration. Now, millions of Americans are following this example. . . .we're not asking you to stop working. Just

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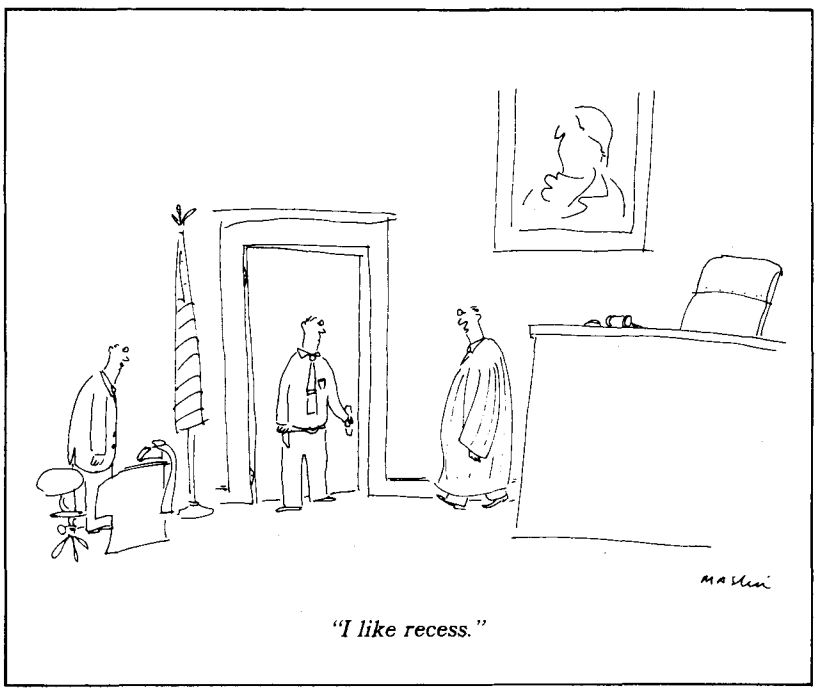
try not to overdo it. And when you see someone who thinks he's Horatio Alger, don't think of him as a hero. Think of him as a villain."

Not everyone, however, dismisses workaholics as dismal or dangerous. When a young mathematician heard I was writing a book about workaholics, he eagerly asked me, "Does your book tell how to become one?" And, indeed, in certain government, professional and academic circles, workaholism has managed to develop considerable cachet. In, say, Washington, D.C., New York City or Cambridge, Massachusetts, you can hear quite a few people claim to be workaholics. I, for one, doubt that too many of them really are, simply because they brag about it. Real workaholics will doubt, demur or deny outright that that's what they are.

Then, too, workaholics do not necessarily recognize or realize just how hard they do work. But they don't mind working hard. While the masses may moan and grumble about having to work hard, workaholics enjoy and exult in it. In fact, Dr. John Rhoads, a psychiatrist on the faculty of Duke University, maintains that it is almost axiomatic that those who complain of being overworked are not. For example, Dick Vermeil, head coach of Philadelphia's pro-football team, the Eagles, and a man who is invariably called a workaholic, told me, "I don't actually know what the word means, but I am tired of its being used in describing my personality. I do what I'm doing because I enjoy it very much and really don't consider it hard work."

While workaholics do work hard, not all hard workers are workaholics. I use the word workaholic to describe those whose desire to work long and hard is intrinsic and whose work habits almost always exceed the prescriptions of the job they do and the expectations of the people with whom or for whom they work. But the first characteristic is the real determinant. What truly distinguishes workaholics from other hard workers is that the others work only to please a boss, earn a promotion or meet a deadline. Moonlighters, for example, may work 16 hours a day merely to make ends meet, but most of them stop working multiple shifts as soon as their financial circumstances permit. Accountants, too, may sometimes seem to work nonstop, but most slow down markedly after April 15th. For workaholics, on the other hand, the workload seldom lightens, for they don't *want* to work less. As Senator William Proxmire has found, "The less I work, the less I enjoy it."

Time spent working would be an appealing index of workaholism, but it would also be a misleading measure. Although workaholics may work from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m. instead of the more usual 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., the hours they work are not the *sine qua non* of workaholism. It is, in fact, preferable to view workaholism as an approach or an attitude toward working than as an amount of time at work. Workaholics will continue to think about work when they're not working—even at moments that are, well, inappropriate. One energy specialist recalls dreaming about Con Ed and seeing barrels of oil in her sleep. One research and development director mentally designs new studies while making love to his wife.



"I like recess."

But numbers and totals do count: Workaholics are given to counting their work hours and especially their achievements. Dr. Denton Cooley, the founder and chief surgeon of the Texas Heart Institute of Houston, enclosed a six-page vitae and a two-page biography with his finished questionnaire, which was handwritten in the illegible scrawl for which physicians are famous. The vitae listed a string of international honors; the biography, his achievements: By 1978, Cooley had performed more than 30,000 open heart operations, more than any other surgeon in the world. He and his staff perform 25 to 30 such operations a day. An aide explains:

" I don't think you'll talk to anyone who likes to operate more than Cooley. People like him don't go into medicine for mankind. They do it because they like it. I mean, he could relax. He doesn't need the money. His dad was a successful dentist who invested very wisely in Houston real estate. And Denton's surgical fees are more than $1 million a year. But he just wouldn't be happy if he couldn't operate every day. Hell, I've seen him call in from a morning meeting in New York to set up an afternoon surgery schedule. The guy is hooked."

Dr. Cooley defended his dedication far more simply. He works as he does, he said, "because I enjoy it."

Workaholism is not restricted to hospital corridors, Congressional offices or elegant executive suites. While we sneer at it in corporate executives, workaholism is something we've come to accept—and even admire—in artists, and it is what we expect of our personal physicians. It is also part and parcel of our image of most scientists, such as Edison and Einstein. As Wilfred J. Corrigan, former chairman of Fairchild Camera and Instrument Corporation, told *Business Week*, "A lot of people in this industry are totally involved with their work. Everyone sees this as appropriate for an artist painting the Sistine chapel or an author writing a novel. But in science and technology, there are times when you just don't want to go home."

Although I interviewed far more white collar than blue collar workers, I found that workaholics exist in every occupation—from managers and doctors to secretaries and assembly line workers. One man had a combined M.D.-Ph.D.; another had only a high school diploma. A friend once described her apartment building's janitor as a workaholic. "I feel very fortunate," she said, "to have a super who's a compulsive worker. He won't even stop and talk. Occasionally, he'll have a conversation with someone while he's sweeping the sidewalk."

Nor is workaholism restricted to just one sex. While women have been

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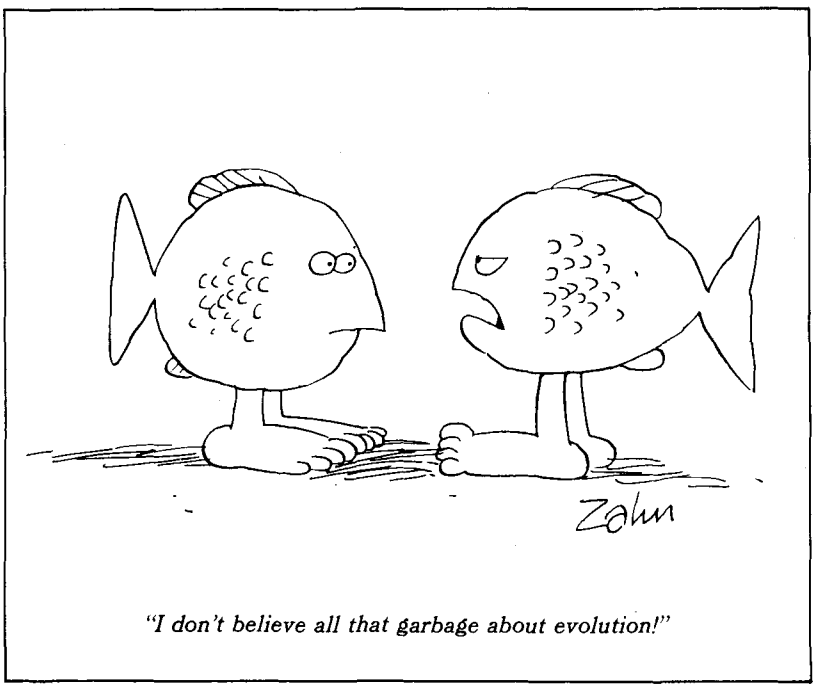
almost completely overlooked in the little that has been written about workaholism, there have always been women workaholics. If housework, for instance, were rightfully regarded as work, generations of compulsive cleaners could be considered workaholics. And so would the tireless organizers of charity events. Today, women's workaholism is merely more apparent, since more and more women work outside their homes.

Dr. Helen De Rosis, associate clinical professor of psychiatry at New York University School of Medicine and the author of several books about women, cautions against confusing women workaholics with the so-called Superwomen. A Superwoman tries to be Supermom and Superwife as well as Superworker. Superwoman, according to syndicated columnist Ellen Goodman, is not only a Wonder Woman at work but an elegant dresser and an excellent cook as well. Her kids do not subsist on cold cereal: Superwoman gets up at the crack of dawn to make them a hot, nutritious and nitrite-free breakfast. Her husband has a delicious dinner every night: She not only has time to get the groceries but to whip up gourmet delights, courtesy of Julia Child and Cuisinart. Her relationship with her children is characterized, of course, by the *quality*—not by the quantity—of the time she spends with them. Similarly, her marriage can only be called a meaningful relationship. She and her husband are not only each other's best friend but also ecstatic lovers, because Superwoman is never too tired at night. Instead, she is, in the words of Ellen Goodman, "multiorgasmic until midnight."

According to Dr. De Rosis, whose books include *Women and Anxiety*, Superwomen and workaholics share a basic similarity: Both use their work as a defense against anxiety. While workaholics enjoy their work, Dr. De Rosis explains that their enjoyment is distinct from that of women who shift their priorities for different occasions. "The workaholic can't say, 'Today I'll stay home because my child is sick.' "

Nor should women workaholics be mistaken for women who must do double time to make up for sex-related obstacles in their careers. When Monica Bauer joined Xerox in 1966, she found that she "really did have to put in more time than my male associates just to get the information." Back then, Bauer was excluded from the "old boy network" and other informal channels of communication and had no "new girl network" to turn to. The times have changed, but Bauer's drive shows no decline. She continues to put in long days at Xerox, where she is now manager of low volume products and pricing, and recently completed an M.B.A. at the University of Rochester while working full time.

So, despite the fact that workaholics come from all classes, sexes and occupations, they all share one overriding passion: work. After interviewing more than 100 work addicts over several years, I have some good news and some bad news. The good news is that, as a group, workaholics are surprisingly happy. They are doing exactly what they love—work—and they can't seem to get enough of it. If the circumstances are right—that is, if their jobs fit and their families are accommodating—then workaholics can be astonishingly productive. But here's the bad news: The people who work with and live with workaholics often suffer. Adjusting to the frenetic schedule of a workaholic is not easy and only rarely rewarding. At work, these addicts are often demanding and sometimes not very effective. At home, well, you'll seldom find a workaholic at home. The tensions implicit in this rather unbalanced life style cause very real dilemmas for those involved.



"I don't believe all that garbage about evolution!"

Gilmore

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is what got me through the death of my wife."

"For three months I got psychiatric counseling," Jim readily tells us. "And this I would recommend to anyone in my situation. But all the time there was a belief in God building in me. I can't explain it. I just knew that religion was the way to go. And I'm sure I wouldn't have made it without this belief that God was helping me. I wouldn't do it publicly, to be a showman, neither would I be ashamed of it. I have always been an optimist, but today I feel stronger than I ever have. I really have my life sorted out. What the future holds, of course, I don't know."

We move back along the photo-lined corridor and enter his office. Or is it an office? The mementoes of days and triumphs past make the corridor walls blank by comparison. Except for the mounted blue marlin commandeering the area immediately above the desk, we could have been in the winner's circle at one of the race tracks. A jubilant pit crew waves to us here, a group of celebrants toasts a victory there, a flag, a cup, an emblem—and everywhere a smiling A. J. Foyt beside a knee-high racing machine.

"I give A. J. a lot of the credit for getting me through my bad time," Jim is saying. "I have so much respect for that man I can't describe it. He came up here and really talked to me—told me I had to snap out of it. And he had done so much for Di. When we get out to the house you'll see what I mean."

From the giant letter "G"—perhaps a surrealist creation of shiny exhaust pipes from retired racing cars—which adorns a section of the sprawling roof of the Gilmore house and the shiny 1980 diesel Cadillac adorning the 3-car garage, we somehow got the feeling this wouldn't be your average four-room cottage on Elm Street.

The six Norwich terriers set up a crescendo from their runway off the side door as we brush reverently past the gleaming Caddy and step into—what? A monument to the racing in-

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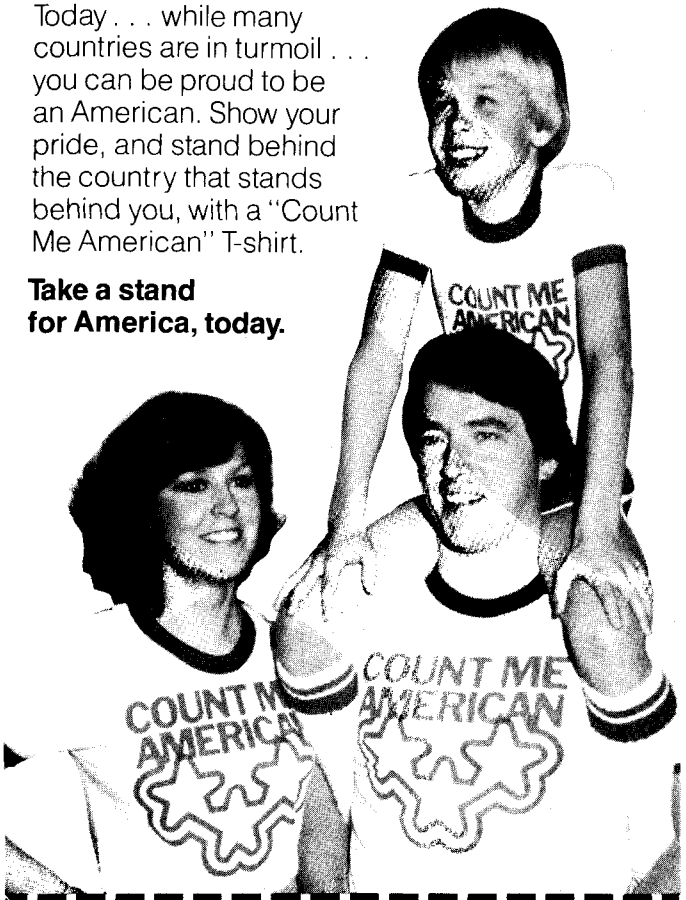

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dustry? A memorial to Diana Gilmore? A mnemonic tribute to the happy memories of a 29-year marriage? The gallery of memorabilia extends to the farthest reaches of the farthest room, and that, we would find, is an incredible reach.

"You can see how close my wife and I were." Jim has led us into the breakfast nook overlooking the backyard, the pool and a squirrel brunching on an ear of corn. "Some people would take the pictures down, but I don't want to do that. They bring back memories, sure, but that's all right. Di took most of these, the others were given to us by friends." More drivers, cars, awards, honors, trophy presentations, presidents with the Gilmores, the Gilmores in their Florida houseboat ("Di bought it for $1,000 after it was blown across the highway in a hurricane. Truman once stayed in it.") and the ubiquitous A. J. Foyt with his winning smile.

We move on past the hand-painted Egyptian decals decorating the cupboard doors in the kitchen ("we took a trip to Egypt"), step gingerly across a chain of colorful rugs running the length of the dining room floor ("that picture is the Episcopal Cathedral—I was chairman of the fund drive") and finally walk into the vastness of the family room, the one room the Gilmores added to the house.

Beyond the covered pool table a race car hangs mutely from a ceiling beam. "That was Gordie's, Gordon Johncock's, car. I may auction it off for the cancer drive." Beneath it sits one of A.J.'s early machines. Overhead, mounted giant hammerhead sharks touch noses, a tarpon arches gracefully on its polished walnut base ("Di caught that on a 20-pound line"). Giant elephant tusks stand beneath a zebra head sporting a crazily tilted hat. ("We saved the money and took all five kids on an African safari. A photo safari—we couldn't shoot anything.") The illuminated concrete mantle slanting to the ceiling from the huge fireplace glints with its artistically placed array of seashore artifacts. ("Di put them in while the cement was still soft.")

One final room. Locked. Jim selects the key. "I haven't shown this to many people, but I want you to see it." The other two cars had been discussed with obvious pride, but the tone of his voice as he opens the door tells us that the dazzling red No. 14 which seems to fill the room is more than just another polished and chrome-trimmed racing machine.

"This car was in more races than any other A.J. ever drove," Jim explains. "It won at Indy and set the world speed record at Talladega. Each member of the racing team had a hand in rebuilding and finishing it. They presented it to Di on December fourth. She died on the ninth. I had told her about it and she smiled, but she never saw it. By then she was too much out of it."

Jim stands with us looking down into the form-sculptured cockpit. "My admiration for A.J. goes almost beyond words. To get into a race car, whether to practice, to qualify or to race—can you imagine the pressure a person must be under? How he has to psych himself up? I don't like to mention the word death, but how can anyone get into one of these cars and not think about it? One little mistake and that's it. So when I hear someone say or I read that A.J. is temperamental or abusive to the press, it's usually because he's had a mike stuck in his face just before getting into a car." He chuckles. "That's one of my big jobs as sponsor during race month, keeping the press away. They are actually discourteous. The younger people, mostly. After the race is over, there is no more thoughtful guy around than A.J. He even came up here to open our Wings Hockey Stadium. Or go out to Houston. You'll never find a better businessman."

A plaque near the door commanded special attention on our way out. Jim waited while we read it. Then, "I wanted something to honor my wife. All these years, and USAC never had an award for women in racing. I suggested creating the Diana Fell Gilmore Award, to be given to one or maybe two women each year. They may not have anything to

Continued on page 99

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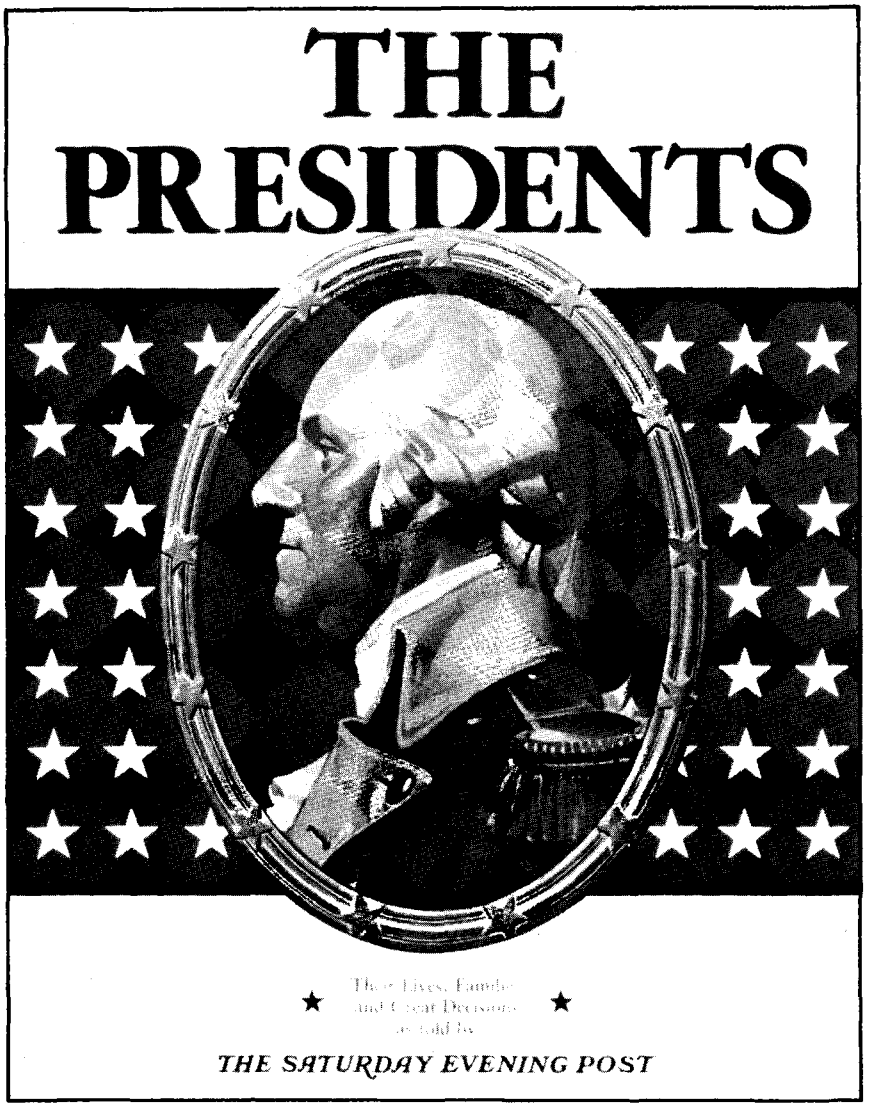

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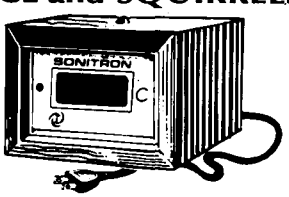

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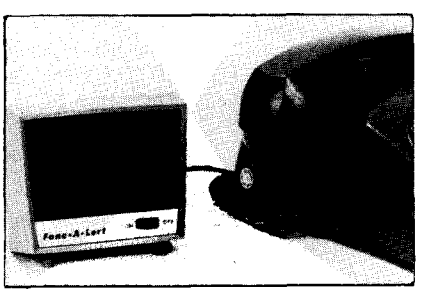

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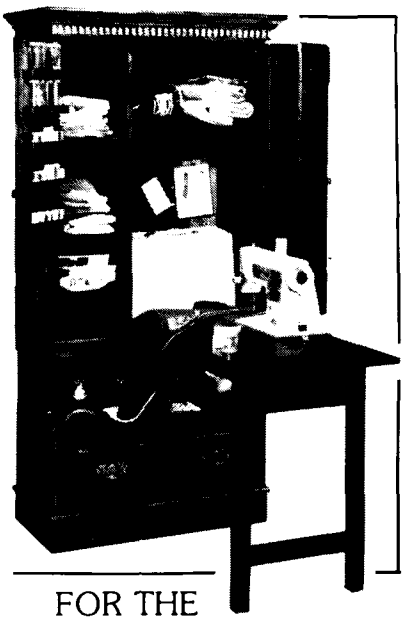

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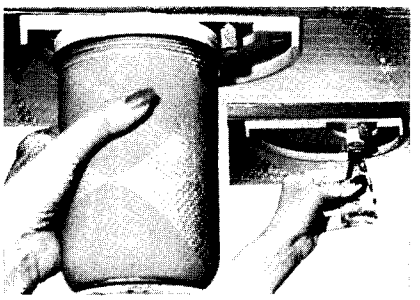

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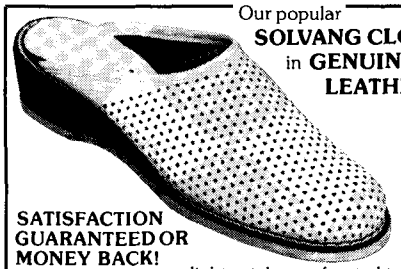

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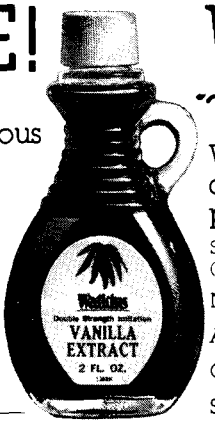

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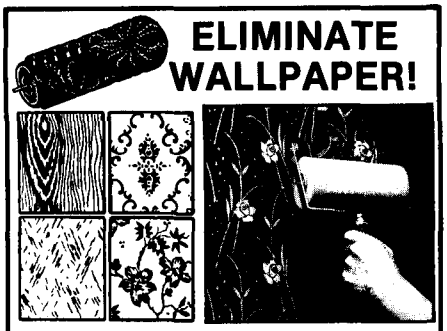

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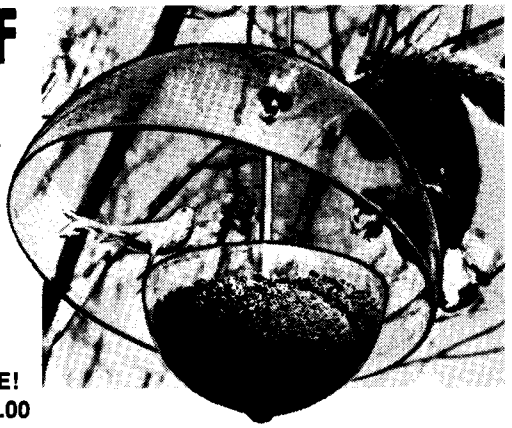

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Gilmore

continued from page 88

do with a car, just something special in racing. Maybe going out of their way to show kindness, or a wife holding a family together after a tragedy. This is the first and only award given to women in racing. Di's picture, by the way, was in the 500 program this year."

Walking back along the memento-lined hallway, out past the '80 diesel Cadillac, Jim Gilmore feels compelled to restate, over the renewed ruckus of the six Norwich terriers, the philosophy that will direct his destiny from this point on: "I really want to dedicate the rest of my life to giving. I feel a responsibility to give more than I have received. That is one reason I am a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress from Michigan's 3rd District.

"It's something Di wanted me to do," Jim quickly explains. "I believe I have something to offer. I'm certainly not looking for anything more. I just want to give to others. That's why I get involved in all the fund drives. This is another way I can contribute."

"Congress can use people with your dedication," we suggest.

Jim squirms uncomfortably at the compliment. "I won't be a conformist, that's for sure. I like to believe there's still a chance for independent thinking. I'm equally sure I won't just get to Washington and begin running for office again."

And what will happen to the Jim Gilmore Enterprises with Jim Gilmore in Washington? "I believe strongly that I have people working for me who are a lot more efficient than I am," is his answer. "Really I do. I have always tried to work with people better than I am. Why, I couldn't begin to do some of their jobs. Gosh, no."

On our drive to the airport we kept ruminating on the possibility of a qualified candidate actually losing votes because of possessing more material things than some of the voters. For if Jim Gilmore's physical assets, his accomplishments and his standing in the community were divided by his dedication, his determination, his drive and his good old pioneering quality of hard work, what he has would pretty well even out with the average man driving the '74 Chevy and making payments on the living room carpet.

In fact, if every one of the Jim Gilmore Enterprises were to be auctioned off for the cancer drive, with his new-found faith in God, a religion that works ("it really does") and a future bright with the promise of doing unto others, Jim Gilmore would still be a wealthy man.

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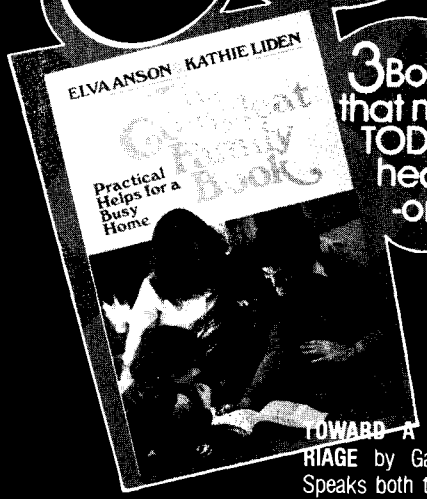

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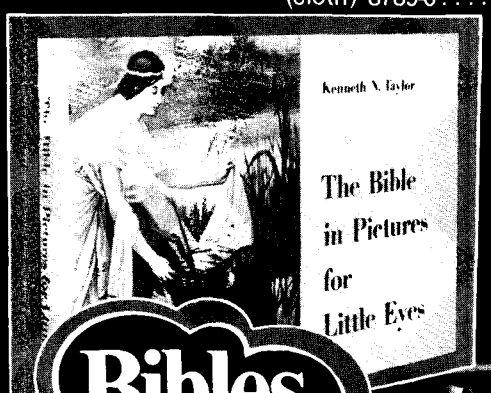

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Prayer

continued from page 45

America is great because America is good—and if America ever ceases to be good—America will cease to be great.' "

The miracle of America is based on prayer, for prayer begins where all miracles must begin, with the individual. Prayer can miraculously transform human life and we all need it. Some more, and some less, but we all need it. How often do we resolve to be a better congressman, judge, executive, husband or wife or person. And God only knows how soon we slide back into our old routine ways. "For all," says the old catechism, "have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Through prayer our concern goes beyond ourselves to the other person and, oh, how much the world needs that now. As split as it may be, psychiatry is united on one principle, and that is that every person who ever lived, every person within the sound of my voice this morning, has a heart that hungers and craves notice, recognition, appreciation, admiration and, above all, love. Prayer enables us to look at the other person through God's eyes, the eyes of love, and discover that in him which is important and worthy.

When Willie Davis, that great hulk of a football player, heard that his beloved coach, Vince Lombardi, lay dying here in Washington, he hopped on a plane in Los Angeles, came here and went straight to Lombardi's bedside for just a few minutes and then right back down the stairs of Doctors' Hospital into the waiting cab, back to National and the very next plane for L.A. When he landed, the press was waiting and asked him, "Willie, you crazy guy. Why did you do that? You've just flown all the way across America twice just to stand for a couple of minutes in the presence of a man who probably didn't even know you were there." And Willie answered, "I just had to. Because," he explained, "whenever I was with that man, he always made *me* feel like *I* was important."

That gift enables the other person to say of you what the poet said:

I love you
Not only for what you are,
But for what I am
When I am with you.

I love you
For putting your hand
Into my heaped-up heart
And passing over
All the foolish, weak things
That you can't help
Dimly seeing there,
And for drawing out
Into the light
All the beautiful belongings
That no one else had looked
*Quite far enough to find.**

The impact of a person committed to Christ upon another person is never-ending and there's no limit to what it can do. Nineteen congressmen learned this a few years ago as we were flying from Brussels to Strasbourg. We had left too early on that Sunday for church and we were going to arrive too late for church. I confess to you that I didn't think that was the biggest tragedy that had ever happened to me in my life, but for one of our members it was. L.H. had a perfect attendance record of 57 years. He scurried up and down the aisle of that plane, pleading with us to have an impromptu makeshift church service when we landed. We agreed and we called the director-general of the European Community and said the U.S. delegation was going to be unavoidably detained for about 45 minutes. We assembled in the control room on the second floor of the Strasbourg Hotel and we had our service. Lester, a Jew, read the Old Testament lesson; Henry, an erudite Episcopalian, the New; John gave a Bible-thumpin' sermon; and yet, he was so sincere that Gus, a Greek Orthodox, and Tony, a Roman Catholic, seemed right at home with his message of sin and salvation.

When it was over, L.H. stood up and he thanked us. And he said, "Now I would like to tell you why it was so important to me." He said, "When I was born, our family couldn't afford a baby-sitter and mother didn't want to miss church and Sunday school, so when I was just a few weeks old, she used to take me with her in her arms to church. And we never missed. And when I was about ten, she became ill and it got harder and harder for her to go to church. And then one Sunday morning she called me to her and she said, 'Son, I don't think I'm going to be able to make it this morning. But I hope you go ahead anyway.' She said, 'You know, we've had our perfect attend-

Continued on page 111

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Doctor Reports New "Miracle" Diet Cures Arthritis

in most cases . . . ends pain, heat and swelling in joints in three to ten days . . . restores normal bone structure in three to six months.

Hundreds of arthritis victims who were resigned to a life of agonizing pain are now enjoying pain-free motion once again —thanks to a new "miracle" diet, says its discoverer, Dr. Giraud W. Campbell.

Dr. Campbell reports from his tests that in case after case, this totally safe and natural diet . . .

- Eases heat and swelling in affected joints within three to ten days.
- Relieves pain—and in most cases eliminates pain entirely—in two weeks or less.
- Allows more normal movement of affected parts in three weeks or less.
- Restores damaged bone structure in most cases in three to six months.

"It has not mattered whether these patients were old or young," Dr. Campbell says. "It has not mattered in what part of the body they had arthritis . . . It has not mattered whether the doctor who referred them to me said it was caused by an infection, or what type of arthritis they had . . . It has not mattered whether they were still getting around or whether they were bedridden . . . It has not mattered whether they had arthritis for six months, six years, or longer. . . . Their arthritis was in most cases cured and yours may be, too.

"Despite all you may have been told," Dr. Campbell explains, "bones and joints are not always *permanently* damaged even when ravished by a decade or more of crippling arthritis and even when you are in the so-called golden years.

"Arthritis *can* be cured. Legs do strengthen. Hips recover. Knees return to normal. Fingers improve. Backs straighten. My files are full of case histories that read like miracles."

X-rays show case after case of proven bone restoration

"I showed a medical colleague of mine X-rays to prove my diet can improve the bone structure in arthritis," Dr. Campbell continues. "He examined them with genuine amazement. He was looking at proof that kneecaps were un-fusing themselves, compressed vertebrae were regenerating, bony overgrowth was being reduced and its proliferation checked and absorbed."

How Dr. Campbell's arthritis cure works

"Nature wants you to function perfectly," says Dr. Campbell. "Nature renews tissues, heals wounds, repairs organs. And nature restores bones and joints . . . if you let her."

But how do you "let her?"

Dr. Campbell states flatly that *diet* is the key.

He has developed a diet that, he states, eliminates arthritis-causing chemicals from the body.

"Many foods," he says "contain powerful medicines which may cause or aggravate your arthritis. For instance, chicken or beef may have had medicines injected in the creature for faster growth and for greater resistance to microbes.

"You think you are enjoying finger-licking good chicken or tender roast beef, but what you are really enjoying may be an indirect dose of stilbestrol, arsenic, or aureomycin."

The "price" of an arthritis cure

To rid themselves of these and other arthritis-causing poisons, Dr. Campbell's patients must follow a strict regimen. They must give up certain foods that they may have been eating all their lives—and replace them with "arthritis-curing" foods they may not have eaten before. In addition, Dr. Campbell's patients must devote a few minutes a day to simple exercises aimed at accelerating neuromuscular and joint restoration.

But those people who are willing to pay the price of cure and follow the diet may in most cases "expect a miracle," Dr. Campbell promises.

"Expect your pain to start diminishing from the start of the diet," he says. "Expect no need for aspirin or other pain relievers in a week or ten days . . . expect continuing improvement in your joint mobility . . . expect a gradual restoration of damaged bone . . . expect your return to normal life without arthritic pain."

There is only one exception. "I confess right here and now," Dr. Campbell states, "that I cannot help those who have had extensive gold treatments and who have undergone blood changes because of extended drug or chemical treatment."

However, while no one can guarantee relief or cure in all cases, Dr. Campbell says his files are filled with case histories of people who have obtained welcome relief even after drug therapy.

Indeed, a number of letters written by former arthritis sufferers who have tried various treatments reveal compelling evidence in support of Dr. Campbell's diet.

"It was like a miracle."

Mrs. H. G. was virtually incapacitated with arthritis. She writes: "I had been in an auto accident which affected my spine and caused chronic arthritis. I couldn't raise my arms without severe pain; combing my hair was almost impossible. Doctors gave me up to 24 aspirins per day, traction, hydrotherapy, sonic ray therapy and physiotherapy. It was at this time that I began treatment with Dr. Campbell . . . After treatment started, I felt a tremendous improvement in seven days. Within two weeks the brace was off and I felt better. I was able to raise my arms upward. It was like a miracle."

Spine healed

Mr. F. S., an army veteran from Roslyn, N.Y., tells this story: "I was discharged from the Army in 1945. Shortly thereafter, I began to experience pains in my lower back and the disease became steadily worse. I became more crippled. My spine, at this time, had practically fused solid. Pain . . . was continuous, day and night, with no relief. At this point I heard of Dr. Giraud Campbell. To my amazement within two weeks, the pain decreased at least 50%. I was able to walk better. I only wish I had come under Dr. Campbell's care . . . when the disease first started."

Pain gone in three weeks

Mr. J. K. of Rockaway Beach, N.Y. writes this thankful letter: "Three years ago, maybe four, I started to get pains in my arms and fingers. As time went on 12 aspirins a day didn't make any impression. Other medications were tried with no effect, so finally I decided to enter a hospital. They told me nothing could be done. I just had to live with it. All these symptoms were completely cleared up in a very short time after I started getting treatments from Dr. Campbell. It was fantastic! Within three weeks, the pain had left my shoulders, arm, and hands."

Inflammation vanishes in three days

And Mrs. H. M. of Summit, N.J., a 10-year sufferer of the disease, writes: "I first felt less free motion of my spine that gradually aggravated. On and off I had inflammation in my spine, and finally . . . I began to notice some deformity in my spine. The lower back pain came more often. All these years I had been seeing specialists who couldn't help me a bit. I learned about Dr. Campbell . . . After three days my inflammation of the spine was gone completely . . . I can now establish motion in most of my joints in the spine."

How to find out more about Dr. Campbell's anti-arthritis diet

Details of Dr. Campbell's anti-arthritis diet are now available for the first time in a book. It's called A DOCTOR'S PROVEN NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS. *In it Dr. Campbell tells* you in simple, easy-to-understand language how you too may be cured of this previously incurable disease at home, right "in your own kitchen and on your own dining room table at no expense."

The book gives you complete details on Dr. Campbell's "Seven-Day Program to End Arthritic Pain and Regain Normal Use of Joints." You'll discover how this special 7-day diet works to alleviate the pain, heat and swelling in arthritic joints almost immediately. And you'll be delighted to learn why this diet will not harm any pre-existing conditions you might have such as a gall bladder ailment, ulcer, or colitis—and in fact, will actually help them to correct themselves too.

The book tells you what foods to eat —there are 160 favorites — and what foods to avoid in order to keep yourself free of arthritis. It even gives you complete daily menus for breakfast, lunch and supper for the first 7 days of the diet, plus 50 more easy-to-prepare, mouth-watering recipes. It also tells you about 3 important food supplements that can help speed your recovery.

The book also gives you Dr. Campbell's "10 commandments" for arthritis-free dining . . . it shows you 4 ways to take the load off rejuvenating bones and joints . . . it gives you complete directions on how to spend ten fun-filled minutes a day to regain the lost movements of your body . . . and more.

Examine a copy of A DOCTOR'S PROVEN NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS for 30 days—at no risk

A DOCTOR'S *PROVEN* NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS may be of tremendous importance to you or a loved one. It can show you how the blessings of a cure from arthritis—freedom from pain, heat, swelling and deformity—can be yours once again, no matter your age and no matter how long you have suffered from arthritis.

A DOCTOR'S *PROVEN* NEW HOME CURE FROM ARTHRITIS is now available on a 30-day, no-risk trial basis. You may send for your copy by returning the coupon. If you are not convinced that this is the most important book on arthritis you have ever read—a book that may show you or a loved one how to enjoy absolutely pain-free living and an arthritis-free life—return it at once and the publisher will promptly issue a complete refund, no questions asked.

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ASTOUNDING CASE HISTORIES

In Dr. Campbell's book, A DOCTOR'S **PROVEN** NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS, you'll find remarkable case histories and before-and-after X-rays that will convince you of the effectiveness of this diet.

You'll read how a mother, bedridden for months because of her arthritis, can do housework again . . . an engineer, on crutches for a year, tosses them aside after three weeks . . . a grandmother, previously cripped, discards her wheelchair. Here are some more examples . . .

- A 13-year sufferer of Marie Strumpell's Disease (osteoarthritis) walks erect again (page 24).
- A 60-year-old housewife helps out in her husband's business again after only one month of treatment, amazing the doctor who told her she would eventually end up in a wheelchair (page 171).
- A 40-year-old businesswoman finds relief from constant arthritic pain in only 10 days of treatment—after having spent more than 9 years of almost totally useless drug treatments (page 181).
- A great-grandmother, once totally bedridden with severe pain from rheumatoid arthritis, can once again walk up and down stairs, dine out, visit friends, and go shopping (page 22).
- And much more.

X-RAYS PROVE BONE RESTORATION POSSIBLE IN ARTHRITIS

This dramatic set of X-rays shows amazing progress in the restoration of the bone structure in a knee damaged by arthritis. X-ray Number 1, on left, taken at the start of Dr. Campbell's treatment, shows lack of joint space due to bony overgrowth, making normal pain-free motion impossible. X-ray Number 2, on right, taken after treatment, reveals that bony overgrowth has disappeared and there is greater joint space. Normal motion is now possible.

DR. GIRAUD W. CAMPBELL

Dr. Giraud W. Campbell is a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine, Class of 1931. He has practiced for over 40 years in New York State. He was one of the founders of the Long Island Osteopathic Society, and he is a member of several leading professional groups. He has been involved with nutritional and laboratory research in arthritis for over 30 years.

Medical doctor Benjamin S. Frank, speaking of Dr. Campbell's work, writes in the Foreword to A DOCTOR'S **PROVEN** NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS, "Dr. Campbell's advice and therapy in the treatment of arthritis with an essentially natural method is welcome indeed. His success with this method has been truly remarkable."

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FOOD

A WHOLE TOWN GOES PRITIKIN

Nathan Pritikin has people cooking for their lives in the little Louisiana town of Natchitoches. The salt is gone, but the spice is right.

by Ted Kreiter

If you're a stranger to Louisiana, no matter how you pronounce Natchitoches, you're going to be wrong. But Dr. C.B. Ellis of the state university here will gladly spare you further embarrassment. "We say 'Nakatish,'" he says with a firm southern attack on the first syllable. Natchitoches is a place of slow drawls and good cooks—very good cooks. Tasty soups and sauces have simmered here daily since 1714, when the French settled Natchitoches a full four years before New Orleans became a city.

Like most of the 20,000 residents of this Red River Valley community, Dr. Ellis has for years taken the native culinary delights for granted. He has also taken them in large helpings and with great gusto; but that was before the visit here of an important stranger, Nathan Pritikin, author of *The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise*. Unlike other outsiders, Pritikin came not to savor native Louisiana dishes, but to change them.

The South bears great responsibility for turning Americans' taste buds on to all that is fatty, sweet and rich—from fricassees to deep-fried foods to shrimp jambalayas and chess pie—and only now are the unhealthy effects pouring forth like invaders from the Trojan horse. A long delayed revenge for those stinging Civil War defeats? Perhaps, but Southerners are suffering as well. The villains are fats, high cholesterol foods, salt and sugar, the makings of the pervasive all-American diet—a diet which Nathan Pritikin believes has turned the knife, fork and spoon into lethal weapons.

At his Longevity Center in California, Pritikin has been demonstrating that not only is the all-American diet responsible for such diseases as atherosclerosis, hypertension, arthritis, hardening of the arteries, diabetes and obesity, but that a proper diet, low on fats and proteins but high on complex carbohydrates, can actually prevent—and in some cases reverse the course of—these diseases.

Pritikin's "optimal diet" reflects the eating habits of "more primitive" societies, such as the natives of New Guinea and the Bantus in Africa, where most of the above diseases which plague Western society are almost nonexistant—a diet of only about 10 percent fat, 10 percent protein and 80 percent complex carbohydrates that is skimpy on meats and heavy on corn, brown rice, beans, vegetables and fruits.

Thus, when former Louisiana governor Edwin Edwards began looking for a diet and exercise program that might eventually take the burden off Louisiana's expensive state hospital system, he invited Nathan Pritikin to come and show his wares. The result is a year-long study (January to December 1980) designed to alter Natchitochean diet and exercise habits toward the Pritikin ideal.

The task of convincing Natchitoches citizens to change their deep-rooted eating habits falls to Dr. "Lum" Ellis, a sociologist at Northwestern State University. He's found some pretty good selling points. Although Natchitoches, like its cuisine, is racially rich—a dash of Spanish, a sprinkling of French, a pinch of Italian, Negro and Jew—it is financially a town of many poor people, and the Pritikin diet can save them from $1,500 to $2,000 a year on groceries. "You don't eat nearly as much rich, expensive food," says Dr. Ellis.

Nobody is asked to change all at once. Rather, there is a point system. Eliminate egg dishes at breakfast and other meals, and you get 9 points. Stop using butter or

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margarine and you get 4 points. Toss out cream, whole milk and other fatty dairy products and collect 3 points. Amass 90 to 100 points, and you are a graduate!

A barrage of radio and television reports and newspaper articles, plus lectures in schools, churches and senior citizens groups, coupled with 40 free cooking classes, have brought thousands of people into the program, which is already simmering with results. "Blood pressures are going down," says Dr. Ellis. "Speaking for myself, I've lost 22 pounds. I don't know what my cholesterol was before, but it is down to 170 mg percent now and I know by the way I ate before, it had to be 250 mg percent at least." Pritikin recommends a maximum safe level of 140 mg percent. Higher levels may initiate atherosclerotic damage.

The year-long pitch-in now has the support of a number of local restaurants, which are offering their own Pritikin dishes. Grocery stores are stocking Pritikin alternative foods such as sapsago cheese, a hard cheese from Switzerland which is low in fat. A local bakery is turning out Pritikin bread (without oil or salt) from its ovens. Citizens are learning how to squeeze the fats, salt and sugar from their diets and still maintain some highly edible concoctions that retain that Southern flavor.

"We've found that the recipes from California or from Chicago do not go over as well with our people as our own recipes," says Dr. Ellis. Thus, Natchitocheans are developing a modified Southern-style cooking a la Pritikin.

Since his diet rejects such perennial favorites as shellfish, egg yolks, simple carbohydrates such as sugar, honey and molasses and most nuts and cheeses, some traditional dishes just cannot be teased into the Pritikin mold. For example, the famous Natchitoches meat pie, a tart-like entrée with a meat filling, folded over like a half-moon and fried in deep fat, is sadly unsalvageable. That great Louisiana staple, gumbo, however, has a brighter future.

"We can make a good gumbo without shellfish (often higher in cholesterol than red meat) and without salt and oil by using a lot of other seasonings," says Dr. Ellis. "It's delicious." (See Natchitoches recipes, page 104.)

Natchitoches is like the Iowa caucuses in Nathan Pritikin's campaign to change the nation's diet. Good results here will help tip the scales to his side, and it is hoped that ounces of prevention will bring pounds of cure. In recent years, the Natchitoches death rate has hovered ominously above the Louisiana state average. Researchers will be looking for an improvement, especially in comparison with an anonymous Louisiana town that has the dubious honor of being the control group.

Hard facts needed to convince the nation's medical community may come from a sample of 100 citizens, all of whom were identified by doctors as victims of either obesity, high blood pressure, high cholesterol or high triglycerides. Their reactions to the diet will be studied and data sent to scholarly journals.

"I'm told this is the largest intervention study that has ever been undertaken," says Dr. Ellis. "That is, to intervene in the lives of 'healthy' people whose physical conditions run the gamut."

A society doesn't change its cultural habits, such as its dining tastes, until there's good reason to, Dr. Ellis says. "I think that 20 million Americans jogging indicates a health awareness that we've never experienced before. The American health establishment believes that Americans are too ignorant to understand what's happening to their diet, but we can demonstrate differently. People can be motivated to change their diets, to reduce cholesterol and fat consumption, lower salt and sugar, eat more whole grains, fruits and vege-

Chili is a hot affair just about everywhere, but especially in Natchitoches, where cayenne pepper and hot sauce flow freely. Despite it's lack of salt, this banana pepper corn bread has more zest than most other batters.

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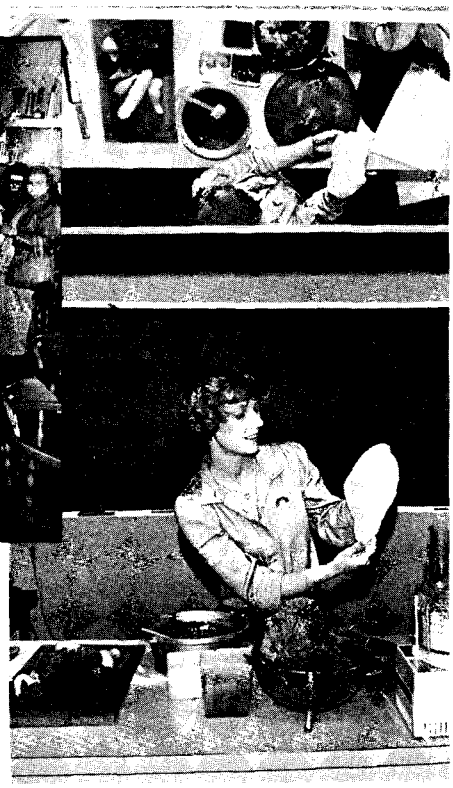
Behind every rainbow in Natchitoches stands a healthier person. Project co-director Dr. Donna Ellis pins a rainbow to a citizen who's a quarter of the way to the goal.

Keeping an eye on the pulse of the town, Nathan Pritikin, standing right, consultant Christine Newport and director Lum Ellis check the blood pressures of participants.



(Above) Treated to a sampling of dishes prepared by senior citizens, Nathan Pritikin, left, finds that in Louisiana, some like it hot! (right) So everyone can see there's no magic to preparing healthy, whole-grain pasta sans grease, it's done with mirrors.

tables. They'll not only save money, but they'll feel better, too."

Once Natchitocheans come over to the Pritikin table, it's not as hard to stay as one might think, even though they are surrounded by "the enemy." Pritikin people carry food bags with fruit and vegetables. If there are certain things they can't eat, they can make up for it by eating any time they want. They can go to most cafeterias and pick out vegetables with little oil and salt or they can get steamed vegetables at an oriental restaurant. "You'd be surprised at the places you can get Pritikin-approved food. Even on an airline, if you order in advance, you can get food prepared," says Dr. Ellis.

Pritikin's diet ideas may leave a bad taste in the mouths of many vested-interest groups, from soft drink manufacturers to meat producers, "but that's tough," Dr. Ellis says. "They'll eventually have to make the changes necessary. Health is more important than folks making money."

At any rate, nutrition-minded people elsewhere will be glad to note there's something cooking in the Red River Valley, and it's likely that for the people of Natchitoches, at least, the year Nathan Pritikin came to dinner will be memorable in the annals of southern hospitality.

Editor's note: Dr. Donna Ellis, co-director for Project L.I.F.E. in Natchitoches, and the wife of project director Dr. C.B. "Lum" Ellis, has submitted some of her favorite Pritikin-adapted recipes and the following advice on making the most of the Pritikin diet, Southern style:

Every meal is a "main" meal beginning with our breakfast, which can be as varied as anybody's. We start the day with grapefruit and then have a cooked cereal (rice, oats, rolled rye, cracked wheat) or a dry cereal (Grape-Nuts or Shredded Wheat) and a hot carob drink. The oats I cook with raisins and serve with canned skim milk and cinnamon. The other whole grains I cook with dates. The cold cereal we always serve topped with fresh fruit and fresh skim milk. If we want a sweeter flavor, we can add frozen apple juice concentrate, but we do not miss the sugar anymore. If we are terribly hungry, we pour some defatted, cracked-ham-bone stock into our Teflon skillet, add some boiled potatoes (sliced), some onions, green pepper, chili powder and 3 to 4 egg whites and scramble all this and serve with Tabasco sauce.

We usually take a sandwich and fruit for lunch (2 to 3 pieces). Each sandwich is made with Pritikin-approved sourdough bread (no fat, no salt) or whole wheat bread, lettuce and tomatoes, dill pickle slice, creole mustard and about 1/8 ounce of white chicken meat or grated roast beef (defatted) made into a paste with creole mustard and horseradish, etc. If we want something sweet later on during the day, we make a fruit milk shake, with any fresh fruit, 1 cup of dry, nonfat milk, 6 to 8 ice cubes, a dash of frozen concentrated apple juice, and a dash of vanilla, all blended in the blender.

Gumbo A La Maniere du Pritikin
(8 to 12 Servings)

1½ pounds of non-fatty fish, such as catfish
1 28-ounce can of tomatoes (torn into shreds)
2 cups defatted chicken stock
2 cups cabbage, shredded too fine to identify (food processor

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is needed)
4 carrots, shredded too fine to identify (food processor is needed)
2 to 3 large onions
3 to 6 cloves garlic (minced)
2 to 3 tablespoons of filet gumbo (sassafras leaves)
1 tablespoon thyme
2 tablespoons soy sauce (low salt)
2 tablespoons Tabasco sauce
½ lemon with skin, diced very fine
2 to 3 pounds fresh okra
2 bell peppers
1 package frozen corn
2 bay leaves
1 to 2 teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon sweet basil

Roux

2 cups defatted chicken stock
1 cup whole wheat flour

Cut fish into shrimp-sized pieces; stir-fry all vegetables in stoneware wok. Add spices. Transfer vegetables to crock pot. Add all other ingredients, the roux last.

For the roux: Brown half of the flour at a time in a well-tempered iron skillet until it is about the color of chestnuts; add half of the stock and then transfer to crock pot. Repeat this procedure as often as you need to in order to get gumbo the color you wish.

Serve in soup bowls topped with brown rice cooked in defatted chicken stock, parsley, thyme—any spice desired. Place lemon wedges, Tabasco sauce and filet gumbo on the table.

Life Eggplant Casserole
(6 to 8 servings)

1 eggplant (sliced, peeled and cubed)
2 bell peppers, diced
2 cups diced celery
4 to 6 green onions, diced
2 to 4 garlic cloves, minced
1 cup defatted chicken stock
1 to 2 cups Pritikin-approved whole wheat bread crumbs
5 to 6 large mushrooms, fresh and quartered (add last)
2 egg whites, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons parsley
1 tablespoon oregano
1 tablespoon thyme
1 tablespoon sweet basil
1 tablespoon soy sauce
1 tablespoon Tabasco sauce
¼ cup sapsago cheese (grated)

Cover the vegetables just barely with water and simmer until the water disappears. Remove from stove and add fresh mushrooms and all other ingredients except the cheese. Transfer all the ingredients to a baking dish and top with cheese. Bake for about 30 minutes at 300 degrees F.

Life Chili
(4 to 6 servings)

2 to 3 cups defatted chicken stock
2 to 3 large onions
1 to 3 tablespoons Tabasco sauce
¼ cup chili powder
1 medium can tomatoes (torn into shreds)
masa, if desired (to thicken)
1 bell pepper
3 to 6 garlic cloves
1 teaspoon oregano
1 tablespoon cayenne pepper
1 package dried, precooked pinto beans with bean stock

Stir-fry vegetables in chicken stock. Add spices, tomatoes and as many beans and bean stock as desired. Simmer on top of stove for at least one hour, or you may leave in crock pot all day. Serve with corn tortillas (bake 15 minutes at 300 degrees F.) rather than crackers. Serve over brown rice or spaghetti noodles if desired.

Life Three-bean Salad
(12 servings)

1 can French-style green beans
1 can lima beans
1 can kidney beans
1 can mushroom slices
1 small jar pimentoes
½ cup diced green onions
½ cup diced green peppers
½ cup defatted chicken stock
½ cup wine vinegar
½ cup frozen apple juice concentrate
1 tablespoon pepper

Marinate in large bowl for at least 24 hours. This will keep a week. Serve chilled.

Life Corn Bread
(8 to 12 servings)

3 to 4 egg whites, slightly beaten
1½ cup low-fat buttermilk
1½ teaspoon baking soda
2½ cups stone-ground corn meal
½ cup whole wheat flour
1 tablespoon frozen apple juice concentrate
1 small can corn, drained
1 to 2 fresh, semi-hot banana peppers, diced
1 tablespoon pimentoes (for color)

Preheat your oven to 400 degrees F. Combine the eggs, the buttermilk and the corn meal. Sift the flour into mixture after baking soda has been added to flour. Add all other ingredients. Sprinkle corn meal on the bottom of baking pan and pour batter into pan. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 10 minutes, and then at 300 degrees F. for 15 to 20 minutes more. Check your oven frequently for variations in temperature or thermostats.

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Politics

continued from page 18

tives have perceived that it was a Republican, Richard M. Nixon, who negotiated and signed the SALT I treaty, who got it through the Senate and who celebrated his policy of detente—all of which did not help our military posture vis-à-vis the Soviets: Nixon, critics charge, gave the communists the time and opportunity to build their weaponry until it matches or surpasses our own. The Democrats "talk" a great peace, but once in power they make it clear that they will go to war if the communists pursue an expansionist policy that damages the best interests of the U.S. or its friends—consider what happened in Greece, in Persia, in Korea, in Vietnam and now in the Persian Gulf. So if you're a neo-conservative, what do you do? Do you support the Republicans for what they say or the Democrats for what they do?

Most people would give up on both. They'd vote for a fringe party or try to form their own. Because neither approach has worked, neo-conservatives chose another course. They recognized that they were not politicians; they are thinkers, writers, critics, teachers, editors. So instead of plunging into political organization, they took to writing and speaking about the emerging neo-conservative point of view. It was a sound decision. For in time they found that their opinions got greater circulation and respect than if they were merely politicians.

But it was not necessarily a more placid course than open political activity. For the in-fighting among intellectuals is as rancorous and searing as among politicians—often more so. It was lonely as well as bitter. For the neo-conservatives gradually found they were estranging themselves from their long-time friends on the left without ever quite being accepted by their long-time enemies on the right.

Consider the experience of Irving Kristol, an editor, journalist and professor who is considered by many to be the "father" of the neo-conservative movement. Ever since he was in college (in the late 1930s), he took positions that seemed inconsistent to both the Right and the Left: He was a dedicated socialist—a Trotskyite for a time—who hated Soviet communism and spoke out strongly in favor of the total dimension of life in America. Significantly, it was the Left that, over the years, came to make the most abrasive assaults on Kristol while the Right left him, rather triumphantly, undefended—even to the point that the attacks of the Left hurt the Right more than they hurt Kristol.

An example: In 1952, when Senator Joe McCarthy and his bizarre anticommunist tactics were at their apogee—and McCarthy's liberal adversaries were at their most livid—Kristol wrote, despite his leftist past, "There is one thing the American people know about Senator McCarthy; he, like them, is unequivocally anticommunist.

"We were just talking about you."

About the spokesmen for American liberalism, they feel no such thing." That made him as popular in the left-leaning community as cyanide on the rocks. Leaders on the left fell on Kristol with glad little cries and big bared fangs and sought to savage him in a way that would leave him feeling that he'd have to die to get better. The Right did not quite seem to notice. It was a time when many anti-McCarthy people felt that they'd rather—or they'd better—get out of the country and work abroad. Kristol was one of the few *pro*-McCarthy people who decided to leave the country for a while. In 1953, he left the U.S. to take a job as coeditor (with Stephen Spender, the renowned English poet) of *Encounter*, an intellectual journal coming out in London. *Encounter* took a strongly pro-American and anti-Soviet stance and, under Kristol's direction, tried to demonstrate that there was a flourishing body of intellectuals who regarded the United States considerably more warmly than the Soviet Union. That did not sit well with some of his one-time associates on the socialist left; the superiority of the Soviet Union in all its works and all its pomps is an article of faith in some quarters. At the same time, the Right did not do much to help him; indeed, it seemed to some that it did what it could to hurt whenever it wasn't trying strenuously to ignore the whole thing. Some years after Kristol left the magazine, it was revealed that the CIA—through certain devious routes—had helped finance the magazine. Then one ex-CIA agent "helped" things along by asserting that the editor of the magazine—never quite named by him—was really a CIA agent. Naturally, the suspicion fell on Irving Kristol. (There was little likelihood that an English poet of a certain renown would be accused of being a CIA agent.) Kristol denied any knowledge of the CIA's involvement, but he found that the Left was anxious to demonstrate that it had picked up the techniques it deplored in the McCarthy era: guilt by association and the accusation that becomes a fact. A good many leftists would never—but never!—accept the word of a CIA agent on anything so demonstrable as whether the sun was shining. But on this, they took this ex-agent's word in a way that confirmed, to them, the guilt of Irving Kristol. Again the Right raised no voice in defense either of Kristol or the principle of the Right that was under assault from the Left. For the Left was eager to establish that Kristol's "Americanism" had been bought and paid for by the CIA. And to use this as "proof" that *any* expression of "Americanism" was bought and paid for.

The utter virulence of the in-fighting and how it influenced the position and personalities of the neo-conservatives is reflected in the development of yet another leader of the movement. He is Norman Podhoretz, a writer, critic, editor and intellectual who emerged from college (Columbia University) in the late 1940s as a confirmed liberal who was increasingly anticommunist and anti-Soviet. This put him out of step with some of his contemporaries in the liberal community but did not damage either his professional or personal relations. Professionally, he won acclaim as a critic and commentator, and even-

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tually he became editor of *Commentary*, turning it into one of the most distinguished journals of opinion in the world. Personally, he won friendships with a number of people who did not altogether agree with him. One such friendship was with Jason Epstein, who came out of Columbia and earned an immense success in book publishing. They became quite close—indeed, the closest of friends—in spite of their differences. "I belonged to a crowd which considered people like him intellectually unworthy, and he belonged to a crowd that considered people like me socially unworthy," Podhoretz was to remember years later. "They were right about us—we *were* socially unworthy."

Their friendship was so intense, and their mutual esteem so high, that Jason Epstein offered Podhoretz—and Podhoretz almost accepted—the editorship of a new journal of opinion that Jason was influential in starting. It was called the *New York Review of Books*, and it became celebrated in its own way—often for what it said about politics more than for what it said about books. If Podhoretz had taken the offer to become editor, his life would have been markedly changed, and so also would have the nature—and the existence—of the neo-conservative movement.

For the riots, the murders, the violence which shook the nation in the 1960s drove a blunt-edged ax blade into the conscience of the liberal community. One splinter—to which Podhoretz belonged—considered violence to be irrational; the people in this group felt that it had to be rejected as a policy because nothing useful, or even reasonable, could be accomplished in an atmosphere of malevolence, violence and anarchy. The members of another group seemed to welcome the turbulence. It satisfied their emotional and intellectual needs. Emotionally: Having long been locked into a feeling that "America is Evil," they wanted, they *needed* to see their nation torn and bleeding, to see it humiliated, to see it brought to its knees. Intellectually: It was a precious tenet of communism that all the free and capitalist nations would eventually be torn apart internally and that the "oppressive, slave-holding tyrants" who govern them would be replaced by a "people's proletariat." Thus a good many pro-Soviet liberals believed, even *wished*, that this was the moment it was happening in America. To some of these people, any issue was deserving to be dramatized with a riot or two. (The riots at the University of California at Berkeley—the granddaddy of all campus riots—started over whether and where people could make speeches just outside the campus grounds without compromising the university or interfering with the intellectual and physical processes of its people.) At the same time, the resolution of some profoundly important issues was blocked by the violence of the times. No president—not Lyndon Johnson, certainly not Richard M. Nixon—could take the vital steps needed to end the Vietnam war for fear of looking as if he'd given in to the rioters at home as well as the communists in Vietnam. Thus the rioters who protested against the war actually helped to prolong the war—and helped take the lives of thousands of young Americans by doing it. Similarly, the progress toward insuring achievement of the legitimate goals of blacks and other minorities was checked as attention shifted over to the urban riots, the fire-bombings and the assassinations; the violence, not the needs of the minorities, became the issue. But there were a number of liberals—now radicalized—who felt that the riots and the violence were somehow more valuable than equal rights for blacks because violence helped advance the cause of chaos. For chaos, they expected, would bring about the destruction of the nation and its society. And it would bring about the rise of a new order. Perhaps led by—if you can believe this without laughing—an Abbie Hoffman or a Jerry Rubin.

"Calmatives, *Mrs. Kennedy, not* downers!"

It was not just those among the poor, the downtrodden, the frustrated who exalted violence and chaos and the "coming revolution." It also included a good many well-to-do people of some accomplishment and sophistication. Social commentator Tom Wolfe went to a party of such sophisticates—a fund raiser for the Black Panthers at the apartment of conductor Leonard Bernstein—and he came away with some devastating insights that he memorialized as the character of the "radical chic." In reality, not many of these people were deeply committed to revolution, and certainly not a revolution which would strip them of their money and their status. They were more likely merely going along with the crowd. They were there because their friends were there. They simply wanted to be accepted as being "in fashion," regardless of what the fashion was. Moreover, there was a sly but insistent suggestion by the radical-liberal group that had a particular appeal to some among the "radical chic." It was that the United States was as evil as Nazi Germany and that the president was Hitler incarnate.

Norman Podhoretz did not go for this line. "Not only did I reject the view that the United States was as evil in its way as Nazi Germany had been, I even objected to the idea that it was evil in any degree," he has observed. He conceded that there were things wrong within our society; no people are perfect. "But *evil*? Beyond redemption? In need of and deserving to be overthrown by force and violence?" No—not at all. He did not even see America's participation in the Vietnam war as an indication of evil. Personally, he was against our getting into so distant and difficult and futile a war—"a piece of arrogant stupidity"—and he was for withdrawing at any time "through a negotiated settlement that would keep the communists from taking over in the south." But he did not consider the war an excess of evil on the part of America. Rather he considered it an excess of idealism—"making good on John Kennedy's famous promise that we would 'pay any price and bear any burden' to hold the line against communist expansion." All this made him "out," if not a "non-person," to the more radical liberals. He could not be physically punished for not conforming, but he could be isolated, he could be excluded, he could

Continued on page 110

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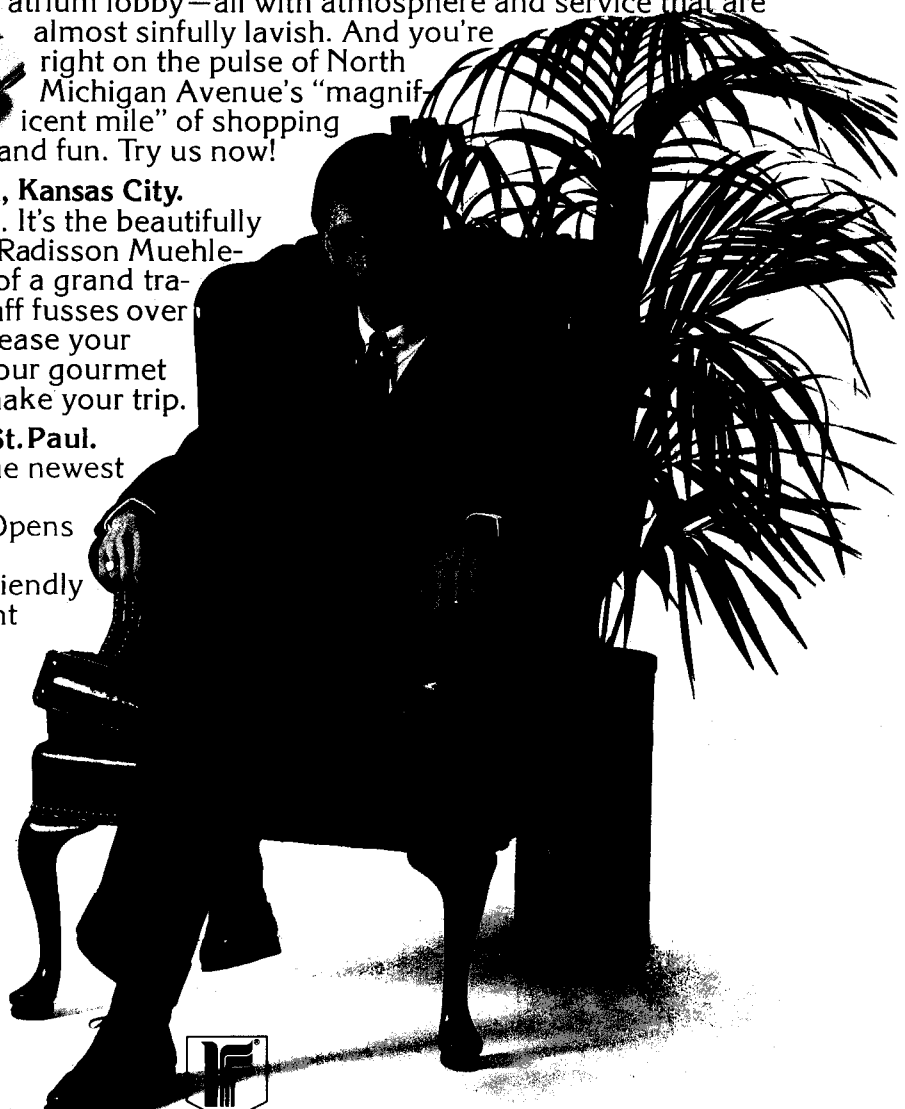

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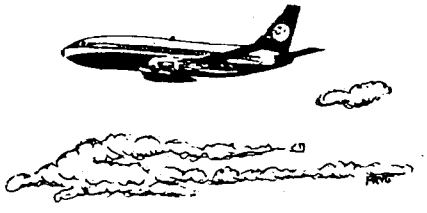

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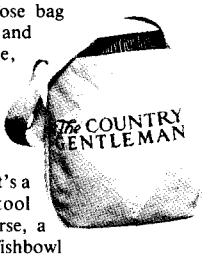

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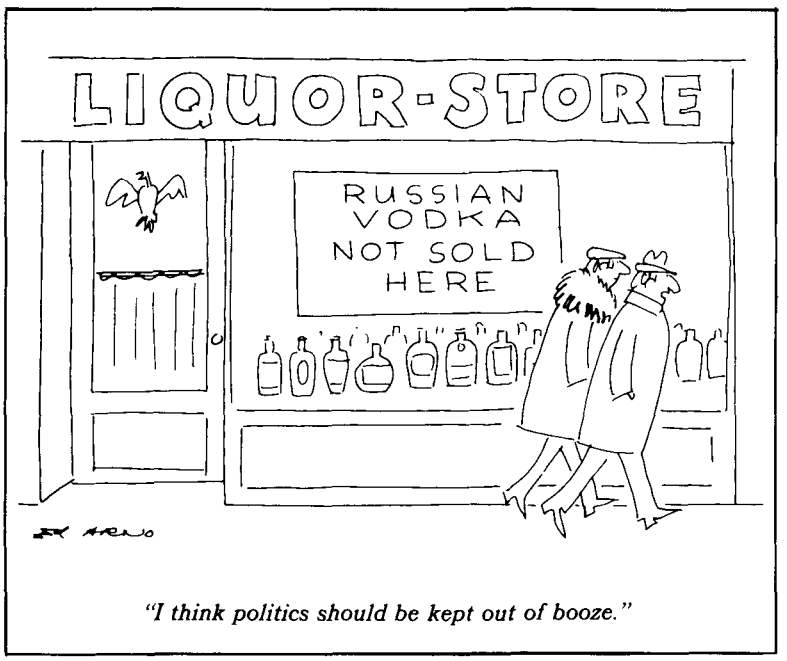
Politics

continued from page 107

be shunned by the "only people that mattered." He could be gossiped about in the most vicious of ways. It was the next best thing to physical assassination; it was character assassination and it was the supreme indulgence of liberals in New York and Washington. Naturally there was an interest in wounding Podhoretz economically, but it was difficult because he was so successful as editor of *Commentary*. What was all the more frustrating to Podhoretz' adversaries is that the magazine reflected his views—that its articles were from a different and refreshing perspective, that they were persuasive and that they were reaching a kind of intellectual who was not available for the personal "discussions" of Podhoretz, his character and his sanity. Naturally Podhoretz had to test them: He wrote a book and that *really* tore it. For a book is an act of the individual, not of an organization or community. Few books of the last 15 years have so invited a demonstration of the temper of the community as Norman Podhoretz' *Making It*. It was a detailed and thorough—some thought swaggering—perspective of his rise to eminence from the Brooklyn slums. His intent was to examine the nature of success in America and the way the lust for success is disguised by those who disdain success while coveting it. It is the lust for success that persuades some to clamor for doctrines that are not rational or reasonable because that assures them of the acceptance or approbation of the "community" that can provide them with success. But Podhoretz feels that a higher sense of success can be achieved by those who do their own thing without the backing of an extortionate community. *That* did it. It is one thing for a conservative to say that the liberals are all wrong—that could be dismissed. It is quite another for a liberal to say that liberals don't matter and that "they" can't hurt him. For that is an open challenge to them at least to give it a good try—which they did.

The first thing he discovered is that his agent wanted no part of making this view public; his book publisher felt the same way. Jason Epstein's firm stepped in to publish the book (though Jason Epstein himself did not take part in the project). When the book came out, the critics on the Left greeted it like sharks tasting fresh meat. Podhoretz and his work were savaged in the newspapers, in the magazines, on the air, in gossip, in conversation on every liberal level.

The *New York Review of Books* turned to support of the radicals and their viewpoint; just after a round of riots had broken out in several ghettos in the country, the publication decided it was serving its readership by printing on its cover a diagram of how to make a fire bomb. Quite naturally, its viewpoint clashed with that of *Commentary*, and gradually the in-fighting between *Commentary* and the *New York Review of Books* became one of the prime entertainments of—and points of antagonism in—the New York intellectual community.



"I think politics should be kept out of booze."

The meaningful thing about all this is that the neo-conservative movement, and its momentum, developed out of a need of its leaders to defend themselves against their friends. It did not really develop—as did so many other third-party movements—out of a thirst for power or a preoccupation with the "pleasures" of politics. For as politicians, the neo-conservatives could not even agree on a party or a candidate, much less get together on organizing a party for a candidate. Take Pat Moynihan, the only professional politician among the neo-conservatives: He found it extremely difficult to stick with the shelter of one party. For years he worked for Democrats and he reached the sub-Cabinet level in the administration of John F. Kennedy. In 1968, he worked readily for Bobby Kennedy, but then—with Kennedy dead and the Republicans coming to power—he switched after the election and joined the Republicans as a White House aide to Richard M. Nixon, who was despised by most Democrats and all Kennedys. Moynihan went on to hold a number of high offices under the Republicans and to win his greatest celebrity in them. But after Watergate, when the trend to the Democrats became clear, Moynihan became a Democrat again and—though he held neo-conservative principles—he won his Senate seat from New York as a Democrat.

But even Moynihan does not have the organizational skills to put together a successful new party. Nor do the other neo-conservatives. That is why the neo-conservatives are a movement of influence and not a party.

But it is also why they are a success: They concentrate on what they do well and skip what they do poorly. The other fringe-party movements are not as acute; they have not come fully to grips with their motives or their skills, much less with their destiny. They might learn much from the neo-conservatives: Where the fringe parties are seeking votes, the neo-conservatives are seeking influence.

The situation is this: The electorate has—or has had—a choice of candidates other than those of the Democratic and Republican parties. But it has no choice of candidates in the political movement which is perhaps the most popular and most influential outside the major party organizations. The neo-conservatives give the nation a philosophical alternative but not a political one. To be a party without politicians is only part of the act of statesmanship; the party must risk taking the next step. For that is the only way it can meet the hopes and ambitions of the voter facing the might and inadequacies of the major political parties: "It is better to vote for what you want and not get it," said Eugene V. Debs, "than to have to vote for what you don't want and get it."

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Prayer

continued from page 100

ance record together for quite a while now, and I guess I won't be able to go on. So you carry on for both of us. And will you do me a favor? Will you keep that perfect attendance record for me, just as long as you possibly can?" And he closed with this simple prayer: "Dear God, Jesus promised that where two or three were gathered together in His name there would He be also. And Jesus kept that promise this morning. We felt His presence and through Him grew closer to You and to one another. Thank You, God. Amen." And L.H. was right. We had, *we had*, drawn closer to one another and to God because of a mother's request and the impact of a person across 50 years and 4,000 miles.

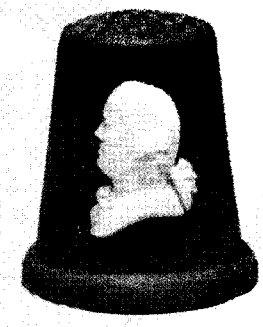
Every one of us here experiences Christ in slightly different ways. But let me share with you how I know. When I finished college, I was convinced that you simply could not philosophically prove the existence of God. And so I plunged into my first year of study at Yale Divinity School in a way of being a scholar that I had never been before, and that I have never been since. Searching for the precise historical Jesus.

About the end of that year I became fascinated that the Apostle Paul didn't bother with all that stuff. In fact, with all of his writings, he never mentions the empty tomb and doesn't dwell on the resurrection. And yet, no man was more positive and confident that Christ was alive. And then I ran across Paul's verse: ". . .I live, yet not I; but Christ liveth in me." So that's where he has to be! Not just in history in far-off Palestine or at the end of a philosophical syllogism, or even at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; but here . . . in my heart!

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee
Thy soul is still forlorn.

Paul didn't see an empty tomb and therefore conclude that Jesus was alive. Paul experienced the living, resurrected Christ and knew that death could not contain Him! And then the book by Albert Schweitzer, *The Quest for the Historical Jesus*, put it all together for me. No one had ever more thoroughly or extensively researched the subject, and on the last page he concluded that you can't really pin down with precision the historical Jesus. But he reached a far profounder conclusion than that. In the last paragraph he wrote, "He comes to us as One unknown, without a name, as of

Continued on page 114



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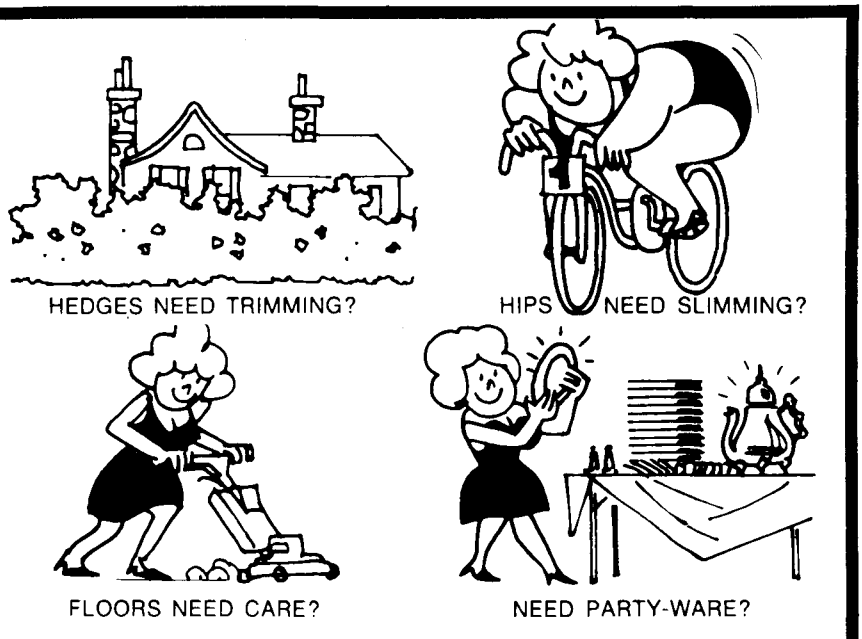

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A CHICKEN IN EVERY POT

This innovative cook found a pot of gold in her own kitchen by proving that low-fat cooking need not be dull.

by Ruth M. Malone

Folklore is filled with wishful stories of poultry laying golden eggs. But it was chicken that proved to be worth more than its weight in gold to Barbara Long of Laramie, Wyoming, the recipient of a $10,000 first-prize check in the 31st National Chicken Cooking Contest held last July in Charleston, South Carolina.

It's no old wives' tale that "we are what we eat"—and, gratifyingly enough, the health trend in cooking is finally catching up with cook-offs. Interviews with contestants and a glance at their recipes showed that these cooks were more nutrition-conscious than those in the previous 30 years of this chicken-cooking competition. The healthy trend away from heavy sauces and overuse of sugar and salt was not overlooked by contest judge Sylvia Schur, one of America's leading food communicators. "Current nutrition interests were reflected in a whole-wheat crumb crust for one chicken recipe, in yogurt-chicken recipes and in the top prize winner, a low-cholesterol dish," she observed.

As for Barbara Long, she knew from the start that this recipe could take home a prize. "My husband's low-fat diet inspired me to invent many chicken dishes," she remarked. "But I knew this recipe for curried chicken rolls was a winner when he ate it without adding ketchup, which he puts on everything."

With a new contest scheduled for mid-August, we wanted to share the current champion recipe with you. It's the "proof of the pudding" that low-fat cooking *can* be savory. Even without ketchup!

Barbara Long's Curried Chicken Rolls

2 whole broiler-fryer chicken breasts, halved, boned and skinned
1/8 teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon margarine
1/2 onion, finely chopped
3/4 cup cooked rice
1/4 cup raisins
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon curry powder
1/2 teaspoon poultry seasoning
1/16 teaspoon garlic powder
1 tablespoon cooking oil
1/2 cup white wine
1 teaspoon granulated chicken bouillon

On a hard surface, pound chicken to 3/8-inch thickness with meat mallet or similar flattening utensil. Sprinkle pepper on chicken. To make stuffing, place margarine in a frying pan and melt over medium heat. Add onion and sauté about 3 minutes or until soft. Add rice, raisins, parsley, curry powder, poultry seasoning and garlic powder. Stir until thoroughly mixed. Divide stuffing into 4 portions. Place one portion on each piece of chicken. Roll, and fasten with wooden picks. Place oil in another frying pan, and heat to medium temperature. Add chicken rolls and cook, turning periodically, about 15 minutes or until brown on all sides. Add wine and bouillon. Cover and simmer about 30 minutes or until fork can be inserted in chicken with ease. Makes 4 servings.

Boneless chicken breasts are so versatile that even beginning cooks can drop out of the "salt, pepper and paprika" school of seasoning and learn instead how easy it is to perk up the flavor of chicken with herbs and spices.

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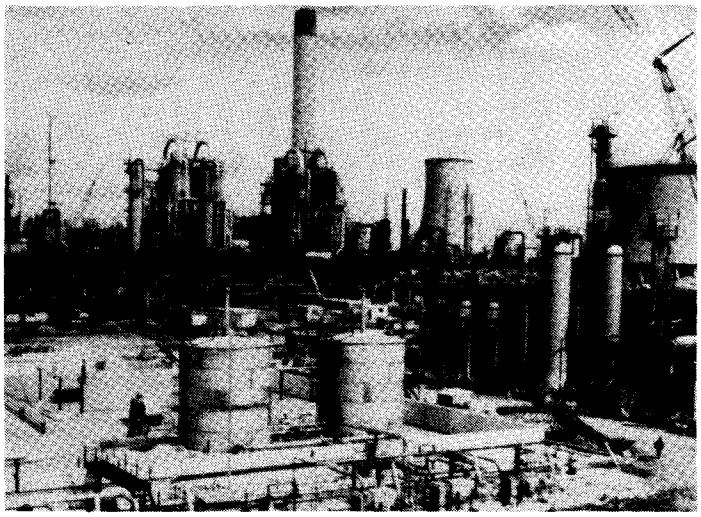
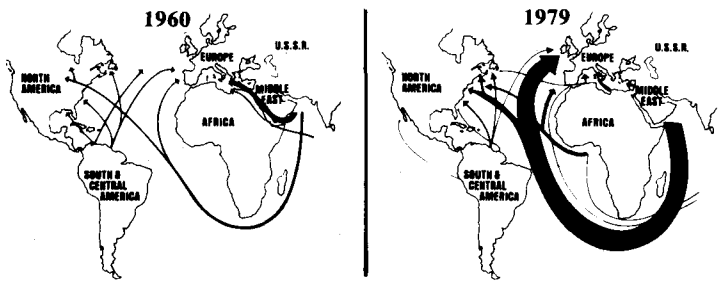
Who needs South Africa anyway?

South Africa is years ahead in the commercial application of SYNFUEL TECHNOLOGY



Commercial oil-from-coal is now being produced at two plants in South Africa. When a third plant is completed in 1983, nearly 50% of the nation's oil reguirements will be produced from domestic coal.

COMPARATIVE OIL TRAFFIC



As the maps illustrate graphically, the import of foreign oil by Western countries has made South Africa's geographic location at the southern tip of Africa a strategic keystone for the Free World. In 1978, it is estimated some 936 million tons of crude oil was transported around the Cape of Good Hope sea route.

South Africa metals and minerals are vital to U.S. and other Western economies. Take Chromium, for instance.

Allen G. Gray, technical director of the American Society of Metals: *"A cut-off of our chromium supply could be even more serious than a cut-off of our oil supply. We do have some oil, but we have almost no chromium."* (TIME, January 21, 1980.)

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Platinum Group	1	89	1	75
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Manganese Ore	1	93	1	78
Gold	1	64	1	51
Fluorspar	1	46	1	35
Aluminum, Silicate, Fire-resistant materials (Andalusite, Cyanite)	1	45	1	34
Diamonds	2	23	2	21
Vermiculite	2	30	2	29
Antimony	2	18	3	5
Uranium	2	18	NA	NA
Asbestos	2	8	4	5
Zinc	4	10	5	8
Lead	4	5	5	4
Nickel	5	8	7	6
Titanium	5	8	6	7
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Prayer

continued from page 111

old, by the lake-side, He came to those men who knew Him not. He speaks to us the same word: 'Follow thou me!' and sets us to the tasks which He has to fulfill for our time. He commands. And to those who obey Him. . .He will reveal Himself in the toils. . .which they shall pass through in His fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience Who He is."

Surely where two or three *thousand* are gathered together in His name, there will He be also. And He says to each of us this morning, as He said to them of old, "Follow thou me!" And to those who follow, they can sing "Halleluia." For they know He is risen and they know that His power can transform their lives, our nation and the world.

*Excerpted from "Love" by Roy Croft from *The Best Loved Poems of the American People*, selected by Hazel Felleman, Doubleday & Company, Inc., © 1936.

tions whenever we can.

I'm convinced you'll do better on the job, in your community organizations and in your houses of worship. One of my biggest thrills was that of becoming a certified lay speaker in the United Methodist Church—just one of the many ways that experience in public speaking can be applied for personal fulfillment and self-realization.

Let me share a thought concerning the value of self-improvement. It goes like this:

God said, "Build a better world."
And I said, "How?
The world is such a cold, dark place and so complicated now;
And I so young and useless, there's nothing I can do."
But God in all his wisdom said, "Just build a better you."

Blackwood

continued from page 73

that we can't reach with our music, then I say more power to them."

Whatever turn gospel music takes—disco, rock, Southern or soul—there will always be an audience for the easy-listening sounds of the Blackwood Brothers. And, it seems, there will always be a Blackwood Brothers Quartet to provide that sound. Although none of the current members of the group are "brothers" and only James remains of the original foursome, their song goes on.

"I don't have any plans to retire, but I'm taking it a little easier," he claims. "My oldest son, Jimmy, sings the lead now—that's the part I sang in our original group—and I've turned over the job of booking and managing to my nephew, Cecil. Not having to sing a whole concert and not having to worry about the business end of a tour has probably added years to my professional life."

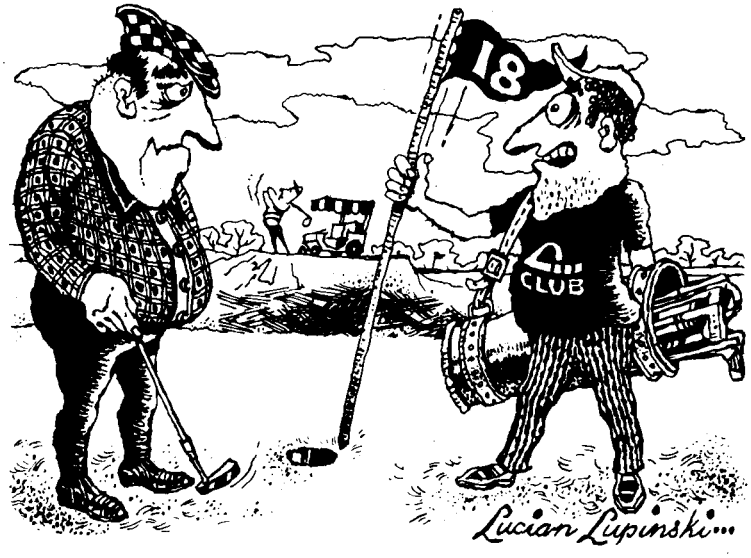
Tenor John Cox and bass Ken Turner round out the modern Blackwood Quartet, leaving James in the comfortable role of what he calls "fifth wheel." Loosely translated, this means he finally has a few extra minutes to stretch out in his private quarters on the bus before a performance, time to steal away for an occasional guest shot on a TV talk show and even the freedom to cut short a road engagement whenever he has a hankering for some farm-grown okra, turnip greens or squash. While Blackwood fans around the world may mourn this fifth-wheel status of the patriarch of gospel quartet music, most agree, after nearly 50 years in the business, he deserves it.

Public Speaking

continued from page 46

throughout our educational and business training on this needed skill of oral communication? I've found that in high school, college, military service, graduate school and in business, any emphasis on oral communication has been conspicuous by its absence. And yet you and I communicate orally more than in any other way when dealing with people.

Some time ago, I attended a conference whose main speaker was a nationally known management expert, and he said that we are not in the oil business, the insurance business, the government service business, the manufacturing business. . .rather, we are in the *people* business! It behooves us to do whatever we can to improve our communications among people in all walks of life in order to improve human rela-



The Perfect Squelch

Mr. Ransbruck, a successful businessman but a poor golfer, normally spent half his time hacking at the ball, the other half blaming his caddie and the course for his inevitable mistakes.

Recently, while playing a strange course, his game hit a new low and his criticism a new high. His bag carrier managed to make it with a smile for the first 17 holes and even offered polite suggestions, which the irritable businessman snorted aside.

Finally, after a series of errors, Ransbruck surprised himself by making the last hole in par. "Well," he roared with sudden delight, "what do you think of my game?"

"It was interesting," the caddie said thoughtfully. "But I still prefer golf."

—David Beattie

Rollerskating

continued from page 59

Cooper has high praise for roller-skating as an exercise. On his point system, for instance, nine holes of golf rate 1½ points, 30 minutes of football rate 3 and 30 minutes of roller-skating rate a 2, the same as 30 minutes of volleyball. So, as you skate, no matter how gently, you're right up there on the exercise

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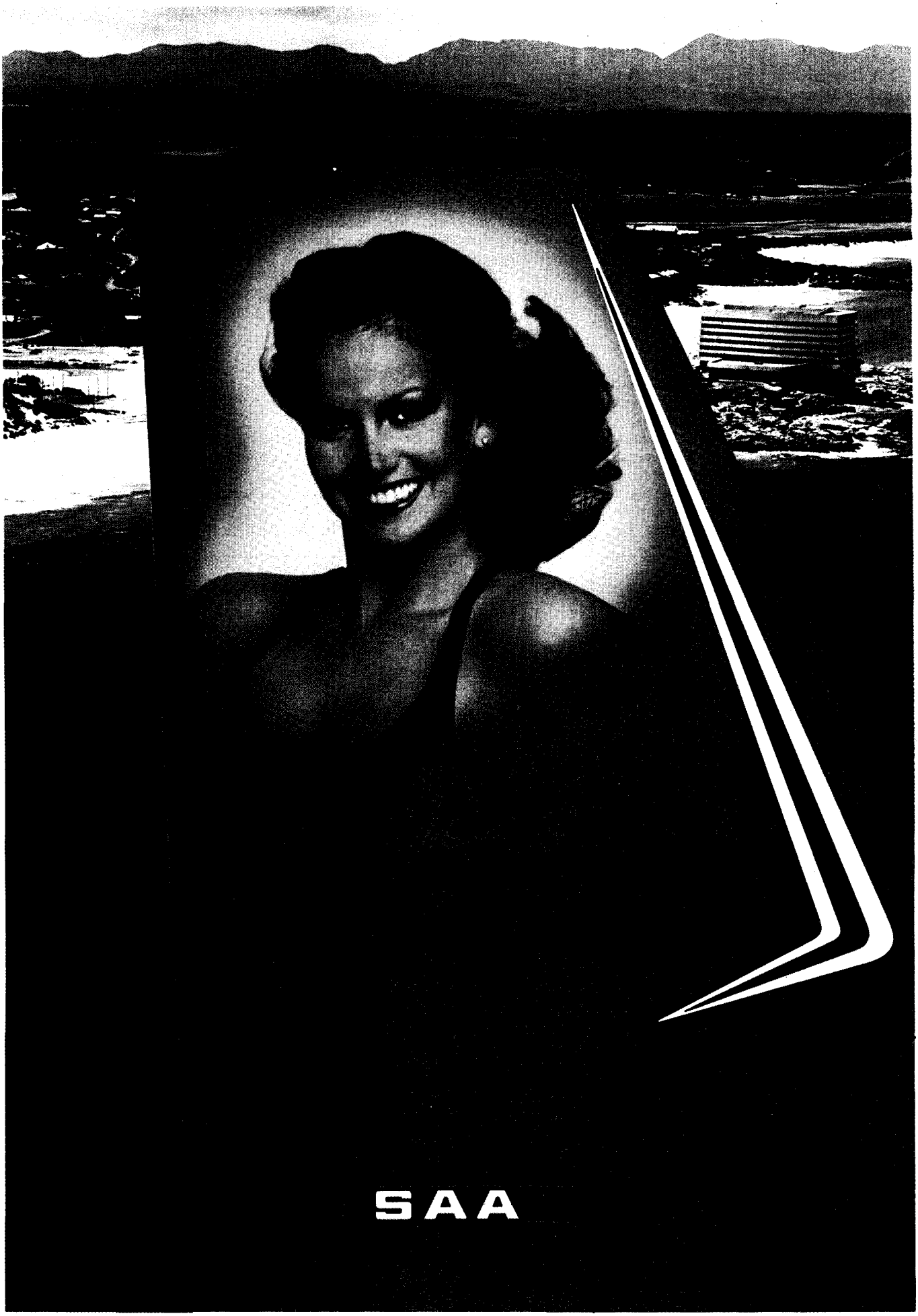

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scale.

It begins to appear that roller-skating is going to stay with us this time and will probably even continue to grow in the immediate future. There are now countless roller-skating rinks in the U.S. The largest of them all is the Fireside Roll-Arena in Hoffman Estates, Illinois, which has a total skating area of 28,789 square feet!

And, tuck this away in your heart for joy and wonder: At Cal Skate, in Milpitas, California, there is a unique six-week program, which is the brainchild of Ernie and Evelyn St. Germain, the operators of the rink, and its skating instructors, Jim and Sally Caylor. It is a special roller-skating class for the blind. Twenty students from the Santa Clara Valley Blind Center enrolled for the first classes.

Some had seeing-eye dogs with them. The dogs barked and howled when their masters left them on the skating floor sidelines. So they had to let them out on the floor to keep them happy. One skater decided against this, because, she explained, her dog is wonderful with commands like "go" and "stop" but is not quite ready for "fast" on wheels.

The St. Germains have inspiring news:

"Some of our blind skaters actually skate better than some of our sighted skaters."

The great wheel of life turns in many ways for us all, but now there are small wheels within wheels, bringing us more together than before, as we move on around.

Jeeves

continued from page 53

Nietzsche, sir. He is fundamentally unsound."

"Get out!"

"Very good, sir."

It's rummy how sleeping on a thing often makes you feel quite different about it. It's happened to me over and over again. Somehow or other, when I woke next morning the old heart didn't feel half so broken as it had done. It was a perfectly topping day, and there was something about the way the sun came in at the window and the row the birds were kicking up in the ivy that made me half wonder whether Jeeves wasn't right. After all, though she had a wonderful profile, was it such a catch being engaged to Florence Craye as the casual observer might imagine? Wasn't there something in what Jeeves had said about her character? I began to realize that my ideal wife was something quite different, something a lot more clinging and drooping and prattling, and so forth.

Besides, in any case, how about marriage? Wasn't it a bit of a mug's game, when you came right down to it? What I mean to say is: Where's the sense in getting married, after all? Take it by and large, a chap is a bit of a chump, going in for that sort of thing.

I had got as far as this in thinking the thing out when that *Types of Ethical Theory* caught my eye. I opened it; and I give you my honest word this was what hit me:

"Of the two antithetic terms in the Greek philosophy, one only was real and self-subsisting; and that one was Ideal Thought as opposed to that which it has to penetrate and mold. The other, corresponding to our Nature, was in itself phenomenal, unreal, without any permanent footing, having no predicates that held true for two moments together; in short, redeemed from negation only by indwelling realities appearing through."

Well—I mean to say—what! And Nietzsche is, from all accounts, a lot worse than that!

"Jeeves," I said, when he came in with my morning tea, "I've been thinking it over. You're engaged again."

"Thank you, sir."

I sucked down a cheering mouthful. A great respect for this Johnnie's judgment began to soak through me.

"Oh, Jeeves," I said, "—about that check suit."

"Yes, sir?"

"Is it really a frost?"

"A trifle too bizarre, sir, in my opinion."

"But lots of fellows have asked me who my tailor is."

"Doubtless in order to avoid him, sir."

"He's supposed to be one of the best men in London."

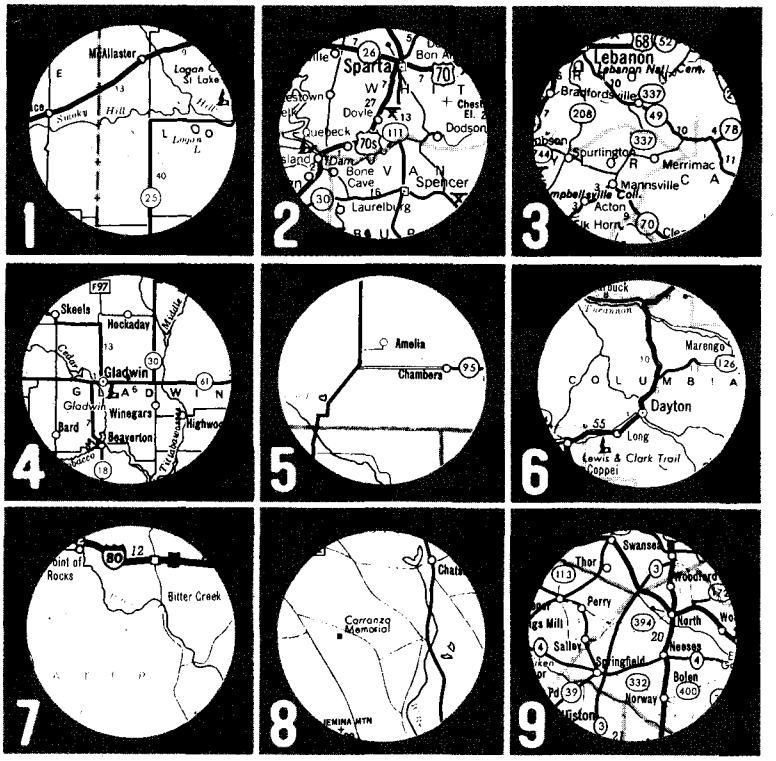
"I am saying nothing against his moral character, sir."

I hesitated a bit. I had a feeling that I was passing into this chappie's clutches, and that if I gave in now I should become just like poor old Aubrey Fothergill, unable to call my soul my own. On the other hand, this was obviously a cove of rare intelligence, and it would be a comfort in a lot of ways to have him doing the thinking for me. I made up my mind.

"All right, Jeeves," I said. "You know! Give the bally thing away to somebody!"

He looked down at me like a father gazing tenderly at the wayward child.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. I gave it to the under gardener the day before yesterday . . . A little more tea, sir?"



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 121)

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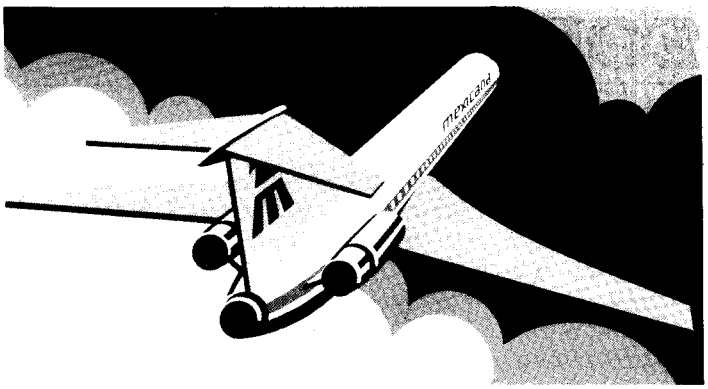

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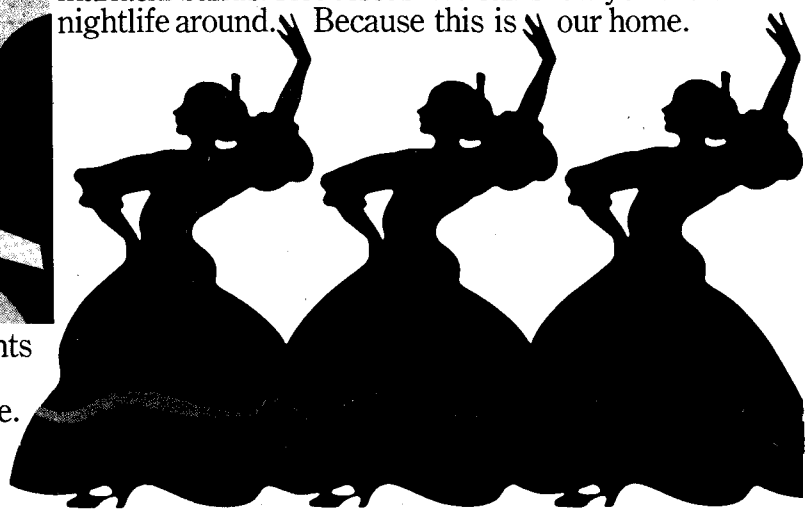

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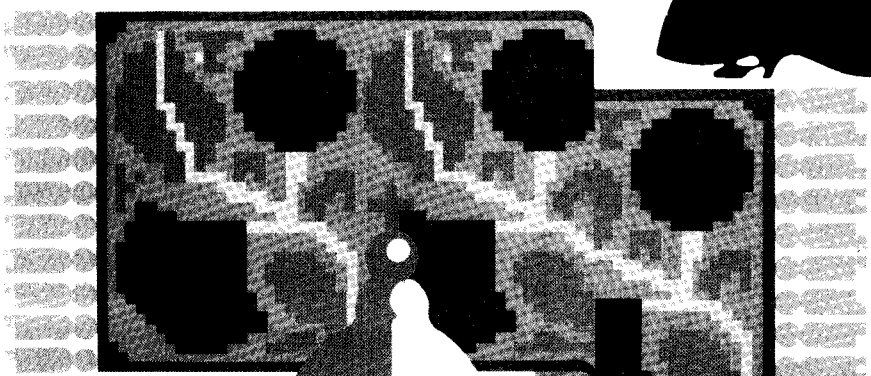

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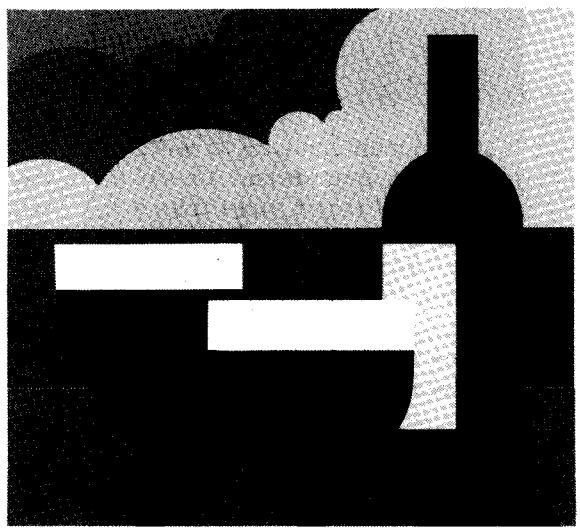

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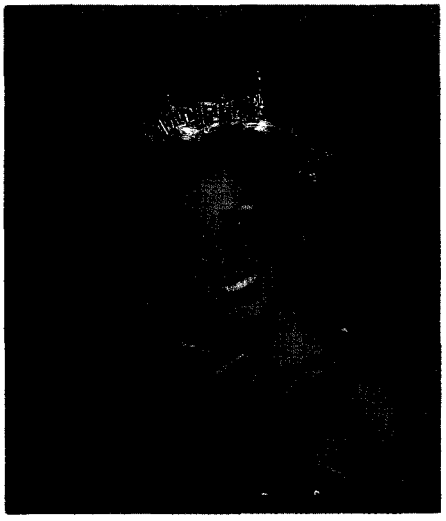
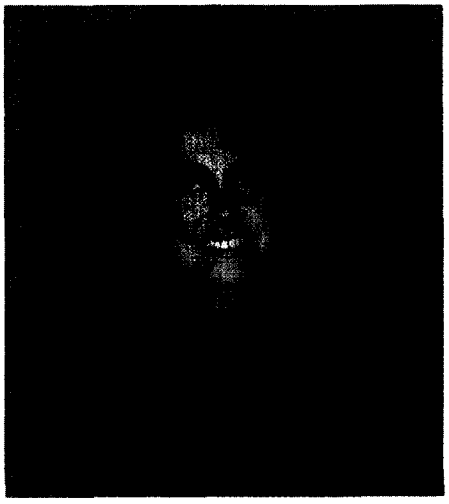
POST PEOPLE

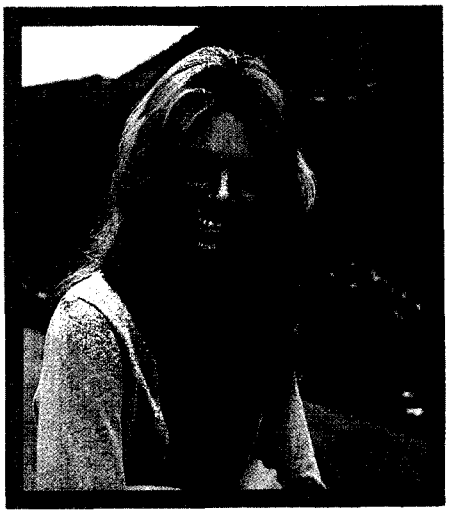


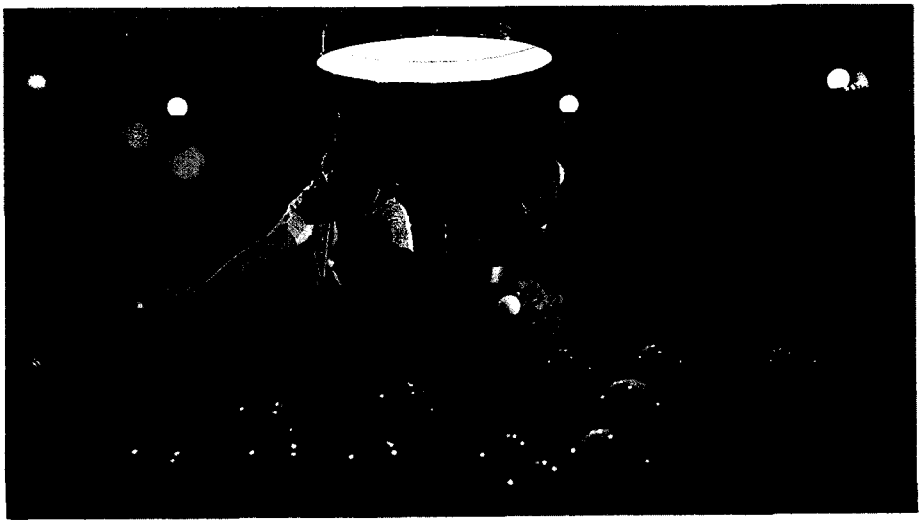
In her commitments to meet people here and abroad, Cheryl Prewitt will travel more than a quarter of a million miles before relinquishing her crown as Miss America 1980. But this 5-foot 7-inch, 110-pound southern beauty doesn't mind the legwork—she had been told she would never walk again after an accident at age 11 left one leg two inches shorter than the other. A music major, she sings gospel songs with her family, often moving church audiences to tears, giving testimony to her faith and the prayers that restored her shattered leg.

Walk into his suite at the Aladdin Hotel in Las Vegas, and Art Carney has the air conditioning turned to about 45 degrees. He likes freezing weather. And only when everyone else in the room is shivering does he warm up to the subject of having—like the co-starring cat in his Oscar-winning film, *Harry and Tonto*—nine lives. One life America well remembers is his Ed Norton character in Jackie Gleason's "The Honeymooners." Other incarnations are in radio, on the stage and in nightclub appearances. The latest is with his Social Security bank-robbing buddies in the movie, *Going in Style*. But the life Art Carney prefers is the one in New England with the wife he remarried after a 10-year divorce and where, he says, "those long, hard winters bring out my best."

Marlo Thomas leaves no doubt that she is for the ERA. "Most of the women I talk to think they are smarter than their husbands but don't dare show it," she says. As a spokeswoman for the women's movement, this 41-year-old actress credits her famous father, Danny, for her self-confidence, but it's her mother, she says, who provided the example of the dynamic woman emerging from the role of housewife to exercise her latent skills and talents. "Some women," Marlo states, "just aren't getting enough out of their lives doing the traditional things." Marlo Thomas isn't one of them.







Lindsay Wagner found that the 70 hours a week she spent being Jaime Sommers with the electronic bicep left her burned out and anemic, with a scarred lip and scalp from an auto crack-up. "I was raised by the Golden Rule," she says, "but no one in the business has heard of it." Today, Lindsey Wagner is basking happily in the afterglow of her success in the three-night miniseries, *Scruples*, and costarring in the Sly Stallone film, *Hawks*. As to rumors of serious romance, Lindsay quickly puts the kibosh to them, claiming she prefers to "just cruise around for a while."

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Garvey

continued from page 69

tional years before his stocky thighs lose their elasticity. Cyndy, on the other hand, conceivably will find her career booming further since her present ratings should soon gain her national exposure. And Cyndy admits she is ambitious. "I want to go on," she says. "I'm very happy with what I do, and it's very good for me."

Should a seven-year-old bus driver's son visit the Dodgertown facilities at Vero Beach, Florida, today, he'd find as many villains as heroes lurking about. As the talent-laden team's third-place finish in 1979 indicates, all is not entirely copacetic within the Dodger organization.

How, indeed, could a wide-eyed youngster idolize shortstop Bill Russell after listening to him obscenely jeer a Dodgertown employee through an open bus window in the presence of several cringing women? Would he watch himself in a mirror to emulate the sullen demeanor of Davey Lopes, the perennial All-Star second baseman who demonstrated his dissatisfaction by resigning the Dodger captaincy last year? Or would he appreciate the sight of sneaker-clad manager Tom Lasorda telling long-winded, egotistical tales aboard the Dodger plane and at the Dodgertown bar, while his passing players openly mock his spreading paunch and gluttonous eating habits? The team's lack of class spreads all the way to the front office, as even publicity department flack Steve Brener proves arrogant and uncommunicative to visiting journalists.

In the presence of such bush-league behavior among the Dodgers' major personnel, the same young visitor fortunately might have solace in knowing that a few players still exhibit the proud attitude of an era gone by.

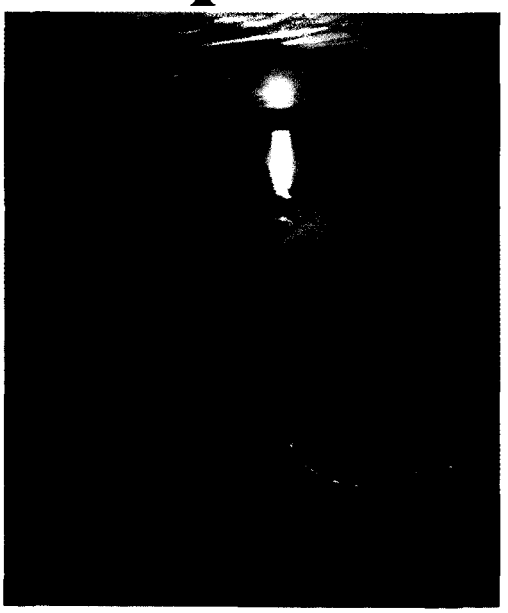
Aboard the Dodger plane, for example, one can see National League Rookie of the Year Rick Sutcliffe skipping a card game opposite him to make acting batboy Jose Mota feel at home. There are veteran slugger Reggie Smith on the Dodger bus taking time to chat with nervous rookies, clutch hitter Ron Cey arriving first on the ball field to grab extra practice and pepperpot rookie Mickey Hatcher interrupting a conversation of his own to sign an autograph for a pesky elderly man.

And then there is Steve Garvey, who gives the noblest example of all.

At a fan appreciation stint which several veterans later boast about missing, it is Steve Garvey who patiently endures the largest crush of admirers. Then there is Garvey hustling

Continued on following page

The Adirondack Experience...



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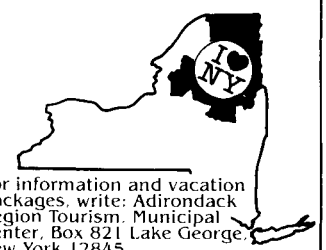

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back from batting practice to hug Tom Lasorda for a photographer, Garvey pausing to chat with two fans who wear his name on their shirts and Garvey pausing to answer a young player who asks for a batting tip.

The future Hall-of-Famer's concern for others is most evident in his obvious love for youngsters. At home and in the off-season, much of the ballplayer's free time is taken up helping kids. Garvey serves as National Sports Chairman for combating multiple sclerosis, and he travels about giving free baseball clinics. Why do it?

"I think children are the real backbone of this country," responds Garvey. "I come into contact with kids in their formative years while they're becoming old enough to get involved with sports and become fans. I try to set an example for them on how to act, how to talk, and to show them that there can be give-and-take between human beings. I think that making a child smile is the key to life."

Moreover, Garvey's work with youth aids him in excelling at a game played by kids. "I'm constantly refreshed by youth," he says. "I may be 31, but I feel like 20." ♜

Guilt

continued from page 71

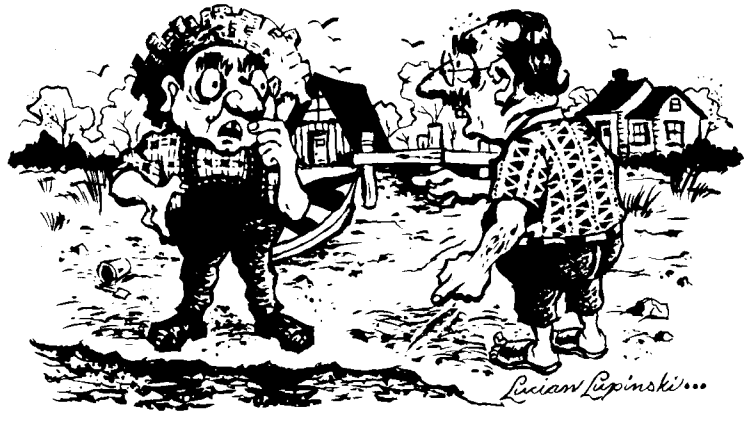
one must explain the nap to someone else. In other words, a nap may be taken and enjoyed if no one else knows about it.

Noshing Guilt. The pleasure of eating a sweet roll or popping a piece of chocolate candy with cream center into my watering mouth is just about dead, thanks to noshing guilt. Knowing what I do about sugar, diabetes and hypertension, I can no longer indulge that sweet tooth I once nurtured so lovingly without rushing to brush and gargle and to eat a carrot chaser.

Doing Nothing Guilt. This is the cruelest of all guilts and the cause of more unhappiness than any other guilt devised by man. This one ordains that a person may not sit still and do nothing without feeling guilty. Such a person, if seen in a position of repose, hands idle, face blank with nonthought, is assumed to have gone insane, to have undergone a lobotomy or to be on drugs. If this person is questioned about his inactivity, as in "What are you doing sitting there like a bump on a log?" he will start up hastily, clip a hedge, straighten a bookcase or whistle, guilt prodding his every action.

Come to think of it, when you consider the range of pleasures—eating, sleeping, traveling, driving a car, spending money or just loafing—that are marred by dosages of misapplied guilt, you wonder about the experts. They've been so busy concentrating on the big, important guilts—sex, parents, children, religion—they neglected all these minor, everyday ones. If the experts concentrated on these, perhaps we could start enjoying the simple pleasures of life once more.

At least we'd keep the mailboxes clear! ♜



You be the Judge

A person owning land that borders a stream or body of water has certain "riparian rights," including reasonable use of the water. If the use is unreasonable, there may be liability to other riparian owners whose rights to the water are infringed.

Plaintiff owned a lake cottage resort and defendant was a farmer who used the lake water to irrigate his apple orchard during an especially dry August. The water level dropped 8 inches and the water line receded 60 feet, making swimming and boating difficult for the cottages.

Plaintiff claimed that his business was harmed by the farmer's irrigation activities and defendant countered that his use was reasonable and caused less than an inch drop in the water level.

The court found that the defendant's use was reasonable and he was within his "riparian rights." The dry condition was the primary cause of the low water level. Although defendant's irrigation was partially to blame for the low level, he was not responsible for incidental harm resulting from reasonable use of the water.

Floundering Fathers

continued from page 65

gym, sauna and pool table with five-inch-thick carpet, the old stations renovated to comply.

I saw air-conditioned saddles with built-in Indian detection systems, 15-minute coffee breaks every hour and mail delivery from St. Joe to Sacramento extended from 10 days to three weeks. Weather permitting.

My nightmare worsened. Defeated members of the Continental Congress insisted on serving their country to the end. With buffalo rifle, secretary and special sleeping and dining cars, many chose to spend their final days in office traversing the Continental Railroad, checking for knotholes in the railway ties.

And when George Washington, in an expansive moment, casually skipped a silver dollar across the Rappahannock, agency heads with money left from the year's appropriation were quick to seize upon the idea. Lugging their surplus cash to the river's edge, they challenged each other on distance, number of skips from a single coin and amount disposed of in a given time, until all the monies had safely disappeared beneath the surface.

Finally, I saw a delegation from OSART (Occupational Safety And Red Tape) board the *Bonhomme Richard* just before John Paul Jones megaphoned over to the captain of the *Serapis*, "We have not yet begun to fight!" While the *Richard* burned and sank, I saw Captain Jones struggling in his quarters to fill out the forms calling for the height of the door openings in the boiler room, the number of bilge pumps per square foot of bilge space, the distance of each bunk from a fire extinguisher, the total weight of the cannonball inventory as per last shot divided by the total weight of the manpower aboard figured from their last meal. . .

I woke up screaming. ♜

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Laziness travels so slowly
that poverty soon overtakes him.
—*Benjamin Franklin*

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Answers from page 116)

1. Kansas
2. Tennessee
3. Kentucky
4. Michigan
5. Nebraska
6. Washington
7. Wyoming
8. New Jersey
9. South Carolina

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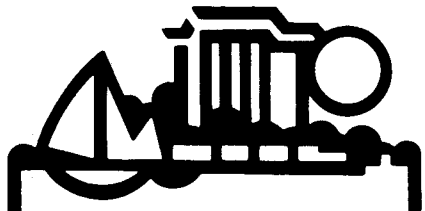

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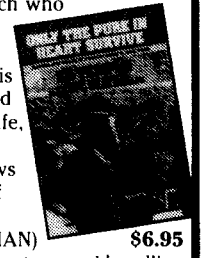

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"What we are is God's gift to us. What we become is our reciprocal gift to God."

—Louis Nizer

A Saline Solution

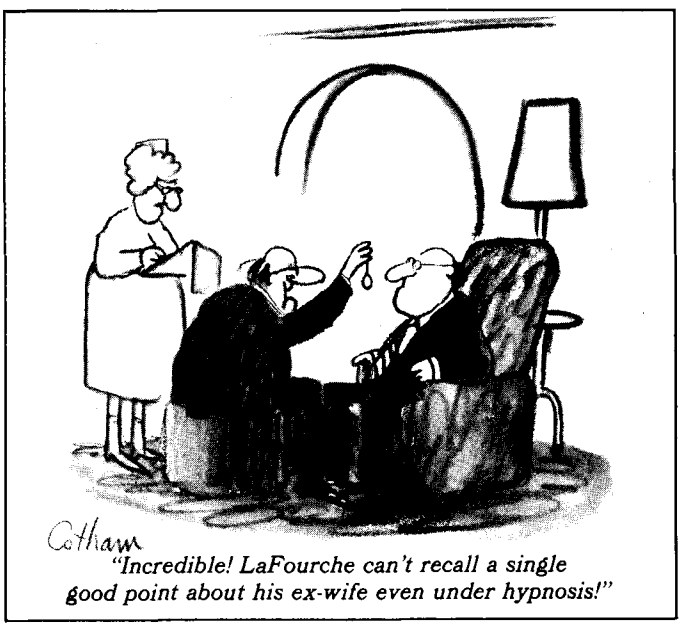
Q My wife has high blood pressure and I had open heart surgery, so the doctor forbids us to use salt. Since you use herbs, spices and vinegars in your home cooking, I would be ever grateful if you could send me the secrets of using herbs in beef vegetable soup, barley, lentils and chicken casseroles and how much to use of what herbs, because I hate salt substitutes. They taste like medicine. Please answer.

Stanley Bomba

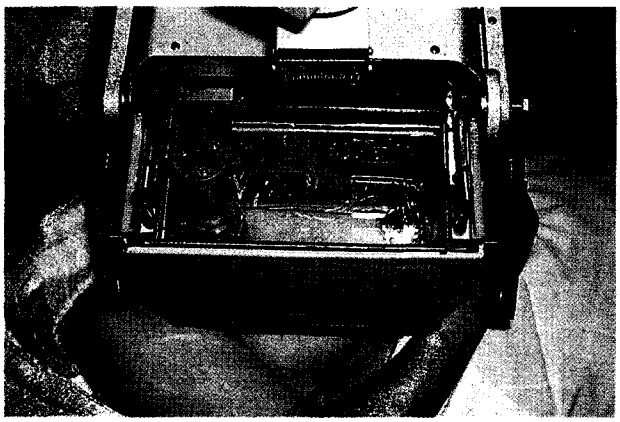
A We agree that most salt substitutes taste medicinal, but our family has found one that doesn't. We use Adolph's dietetic salt and we like it. It substitutes potassium for sodium. It contains less than ½ milligram sodium per teaspoon, which is considered dietetically sodium-free. You may write us for the address if it is not available in your local stores.

We suggest the liberal use of garlic and onion powders (not salts) in soups and stews. Oregano is a good complement to beef dishes, and so is horseradish. On lamb, try some thyme or rosemary. For vegetable dishes, marjoram, summer savory and oregano are good flavoring agents, and potatoes—baked or boiled—are delicious sprinkled with dill or basil and black pepper. Read labels and compare seasoning powders. Some of them contain salt.

McCormick Company puts out a free spice and herb chart and a low-sodium diet pamphlet. For copies, write to McCormick & Company, Inc., 414 Light St., Baltimore, MD 21202.



"Incredible! LaFourche can't recall a single good point about his ex-wife even under hypnosis!"



Hospitals and clinics will soon be using ultrasound scanners such as this one to detect breast tumors far earlier and with greater accuracy than with present X-ray machines.

Push for Breast Scanning

My dear sister-in-law saddened all of us by coming up with breast cancer and many positive lymph nodes.

"I couldn't feel any lump in my breast," she said. "The entire breast felt the same—firm." I palpated her affected breast the night before her surgery at Bethesda Hospital. She was right. Only by comparing it with its counterpart on the opposite side could she have known. In her case, it was a deflected nipple which caught her attention. She is a meticulously conscientious person, not yet 50, who attended to such things as yearly checkups and monthly self-examinations. She is better educated than most, has been richly blessed with a marvelous family of four and a successful husband with whom she has traveled world-wide. She has had far more opportunity to expand her horizons than most of her contemporaries. A voracious reader, she is well-informed on medical subjects. If advanced stage-three breast cancer can happen to her, it can certainly happen to the best of us.

I thought of her selflessness and how she had taken me Christmas shopping in Chevy Chase last winter—and then how she drove me all the way to the Baltimore Airport that Saturday afternoon when I ran out of time to catch the flight home from National Airport. I thought about her life style—always doing things for her family, her church and her friends. But she is a consummate shopper and loves to visit the new malls in the suburbs. I couldn't get her off my mind.

Wouldn't it be great, I thought, if something as important as breast scanning for early cancer detection could be done in the posh shopping malls where the

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crowds are? The films could, of course, be read by the doctors at the medical centers, but if only the technicians could take the pictures in the beauty shops on the malls where the busy women like my sister-in-law are.

A Successful Research Project

For many women, an easily accessible, accurate breast screening test would make the difference between an essentially normal life span due to early discovery of a tumor and a gravely shortened life span because of spread of cancer cells. We hope the day may come soon when neighborhood clinics can scan with a device as harmless as low-intensity, high-frequency sound waves.

Ultrasound research scientists have developed breast scanners which can detect tumors far earlier and with more accuracy than any other method. Unlike X-rays, ultrasound poses no danger from continued and frequent use over a period of many years.

It has been 12 years since Dr. Elizabeth Kelly-Fry, an associate professor at Indiana University School of Medicine and senior research scientist at Indianapolis Center for Advanced Research, began her studies on the use of ultrasound for detection of breast cancer. A little more than two years ago, the research expertise of Dr. Kelly-Fry and the medical expertise of Dr. Patricia Harper, a radiologist at Indiana University School of Medicine, were combined to initiate a clinical program at the Regenstrief Clinic on the Indiana University Medical Campus on the combined use of X-ray mammography and ultrasound mammography for the diagnosis of patients with breast masses. This program has been most successful. The ultrasound examination has been found to be so accurate that in

Continued on following page

"Can you give me something to take for inflation, high gas prices, taxes, energy shortages, nuclear power worries, crime in the street, job security..."

Three-year-old Georgia Rochelle Woods is alive today because Scott Palmer and Scott Craig (above), both 15, of Springfield, Missouri, were able to breathe life back into her cold body by using cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR). On April 1, 1980, at 7:00 p.m., Georgia Rochelle was riding in a car which left the highway and overturned in a river in four feet of water. Her mother ran for help an eighth of a mile to where Scott Palmer and Scott Craig were working on a tractor in Palmer's yard.

"The woman was screaming that her baby was dead," Palmer said. "She mentioned the river, and we started running." Both Craig and Palmer had taken CPR training with their high school health class the year before. As they ran, they shouted to each other, deciding how they would handle the matter. At the river, they saw a man on the bank shaking the child, trying to force water out of her lungs. Hurriedly they ran to her. Craig checked for pulse. He found none. "Her body was cold. She was not breathing," he said. Palmer cleared her throat. Both boys remembered that the cold water could slow the action of the blood, delaying brain damage.

"For a little child like that, I just filled my cheeks with air and gave her two breaths," Craig said. Palmer started cardiopulmonary action on the child's chest. "Within a few seconds we had her breathing," they said. With breath, the child began to scream. Suddenly she stopped breathing. "He [Palmer] started chest massage again, and I went back to the breathing after every five pumps," Craig said. Finally, Georgia Rochelle started breathing again and kept breathing. They had saved her life.

"We thought when we took the training that we probably would never use it," Palmer said, "but this experience shows it can happen to anybody, anytime."

Craig said he "took it kind of religiously afterward. I kept thinking if there wasn't a God, that little kid would be dead. I thought I'd forgotten the whole thing [CPR], but it just came to me when we were there."

"If the mother had found somebody who didn't know CPR," Palmer said, "they'd have thought she [Georgia Rochelle] was dead. We knew we had another hope for her." Both Craig and Palmer said they don't feel like heroes. "Getting recognition is like icing on the cake," Palmer said. "The cake was saving her."

—by Sue McDonald

In recognition for their prompt use of CPR, the two boys were presented with The Benjamin Franklin Award at an honors assembly at their high school May 22.

We thank Hillcrest High School PTA president Sue McDonald for bringing this story to our attention. Readers are invited to nominate candidates for the Benjamin Franklin Award. Write to: 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indpls., IN 46206.

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many cases, and in particular for young subjects, it is now used without an accompanying X-ray mammogram.

Ultrasound scanning is especially important for young women who, up to the present time, have had to rely solely on palpation to locate breast tumors. Physicians are reluctant to expose the breasts of women under 50 to X-rays, since recent data has suggested that repeated X-rays over many years may increase a woman's susceptibility to cancer. Furthermore, even when X-ray mammography is used, it is only about 50 percent accurate in defining tumors in the dense breasts of women who are in their 20s.

At present, more than 90 percent of women who suffer from breast cancer have themselves first detected the mass within their breasts. Unfortunately, detection did not take place until the growths were somewhere in the range of two to five centimeters. Even when performed by a skilled physician, on the average, palpation is not likely to detect lumps smaller than one centimeter in diameter. This is not to say, however, that the palpation method has not saved lives. According to the American Cancer Society, there is an 85 percent five-year survival rate for patients whose cancer was discovered in a localized stage. Some of these cases have been discovered by palpation examination.

Using ultrasound, Dr. Kelly-Fry and Dr. Harper have been able to discern cysts as small as one millimeter in diameter. Using transducers designed by Dr. Kelly-Fry, Dr. Harper has found ultrasound to be 100 percent effective in diagnosing cysts and in differentiating between cysts and solid tumors. If you design your equipment properly, "you can detect and diagnose cysts that are only a few millimeters in size," says Dr. Kelly-Fry.

The ultrasound method involves running a transducer over a water-filled bag placed in contact with the breast. The transducer sends out high-frequency sound waves which are translated to images on a TV-type screen. The transparent bag allows the operator to look through and see exactly where the transducer is located on the breast.

At Regenstrief Clinic, ultrasound scanning has already sharply reduced the number of biopsies for women whose breast lumps have been diagnosed as fibrocystic disease or fibroadenomas, which are nonmalignant. Previously, many of these patients have had to undergo biopsies to discover the true nature of their tumors.

Ultrasound also has a tremendous advantage for "high risk" patients, who can be scanned as often as necessary without harmful effects. About 700 patients have been scanned in Indianapolis since the program began.

At present, the availability of commercial specialized breast ultrasound instruments is quite limited. However, work with ultrasonic breast scanning has begun at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, New York City; Thomas Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia; Swedish Medical Center, Englewood, Colorado; Mt. Sinai Hospital, Miami; St. Vincent's Medical Center, Jacksonville, Florida; Chester County Hospital, Westchester, Pennsylvania; Doctors Hospital, Mobile, Alabama; and Baptist Hospital, Pensacola, Florida. Additionally, some physicians are beginning to apply medical ultrasound instruments which, although they are not designed specifically for breast examination, are capable of providing information which is most valuable in diagnosis.

We hope this safe, new technique will soon be contributing to a decrease in breast cancer deaths, of which the American Cancer Society predicts there will be 36,000 this year.

"Even if we did take a reservation for you and your party, Mr. Rader, you certainly don't expect us to admit to it now."

Spanish?

continued from page 20

isn't it odd in this day and age that people born right here in the United States may not somehow have mastered English?

Who, then, are the translations meant for? Ah, you probably guessed it by now. They're meant for a goodly cross section of Hispanics—average, reasonably healthy and intelligent children and adults.

I regard these translations as a waste of effort and money. To me they constitute a largesse of opportunity totally lacking a logical foundation. And what is the "logic" behind them? The answer I get is that these people are favored so that they may not suffer, because of their handicap, a diminution of their constitutional rights. The thing isn't done out of kindness, but simply out of a sense of fair play.

Fair play? I think not. Unfairness would be to deny these people the opportunity to learn English. But the question is, are they being denied? From where I live I couldn't throw a rock out the window without risking severe injury to a number of English teachers. And at various places nearby—YMCAs, colleges, high schools, grammar schools, convention halls—English courses are available for the foreign-born or anyone else who needs them. That, ladies and gentlemen, is opportunity. It's there, but it won't pull you by the nose.

This country has been, is and, I pray, will continue to be, the land of opportunity. It has never been a place where the lazy came to be coddled. It has never been a haven for those who would not look out for their needs.

What do I think should be done? I think that no Spanish translations should be made of anything. Except for one. Spanish translations should be made, and these distributed widely, detailing the availability of English courses throughout Hispanic communities.

What if people don't bother to attend? Well, it's a free country.

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My Feet Were Killing Me...Until I Discovered the Miracle in Germany!

It was the European trip I had always dreamed about. I had the time and money to go where I wanted—see what I wanted. After a few days of sightseeing my feet were killing me. While everybody else was having a great time, I was in my hotel room.

The whole trip was like that until I got to Hamburg, Germany. There, by accident, I happened to hear about an exciting breakthrough for anyone who suffers from sore, aching feet and legs.

This wonderful invention was a custom-made foot support called Flexible Featherspring. When I got a pair and slipped them into my shoes my pain disappeared almost instantly. The flexible shock absorbing support they gave my feet was like cradling them on a cushion of air. I could walk, stand, even run. The relief was truly a miracle.

Thousands of men and women who once suffered crippling discomfort and pain just like yours have found blessed relief with these revolutionary shock absorbing supports. So can you. Too good to be true? Let Featherspring wearers from across the nation speak for themselves.

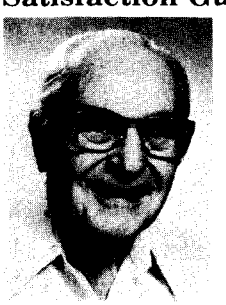
"Featherspring Are a Miracle!"

"I'm a nurse and on my feet all day. I used to go to foot doctors every 6 weeks to have my calluses and corns removed. I have not been to one since wearing Featherspring!"
R.B., Champaign, Ill.

"My daughter from Illinois was in agony when she had to walk a block. Now she can walk a mile and still smile. She sold me on Featherspring. Mine came and, thank goodness, I can go shopping in something besides sneakers." M.B.C. Elmira, N.Y.

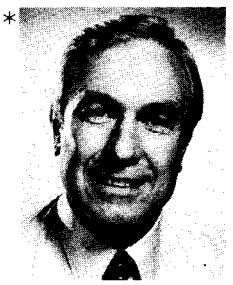
"I can never begin to tell you how much I have enjoyed wearing these supports. I used them in all my shoes, and, believe me, I have a lot as I bought so many trying to find a comfortable pair nothing helped until I received these supports." V.M., Eagle Rock, Va.

Doctor Recommended, Satisfaction Guaranteed



Of course you may be skeptical. Many of our most enthusiastic boosters were too—until they actually try these custom-made supports. S.V.C. of Medford, Ore., writes: "I inquired about your corporation through (a Consumer Protection Agency) and you received an *excellent* report. And B.E. of Whitmore Lake, Mich., says, "The bone doctor said it was the best thing I did to get the foot supports to wear in my shoes. He said as long as I get around the way I do I don't need an operation on my toe joints."

J.C.L. of Sykesville, Md., reports a similar experience. "About 10 years ago a podiatrist had supports specially made for my problem. There was very little relief. I had reservations about ordering yours . . . I just wish I had had this blessed relief much sooner. My orthopedic surgeon and my general surgeon are very impressed with my relief from pain."



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If your feet hurt, we can help you. Write for more detailed information. There is no obligation whatsoever. No salesman will call. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it today. Like Featherspring wearers everywhere, you will find they are everything we say and more. You have nothing to lose but your pain!

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Can you name this photo?

...contest: $100 to the author of the winning caption for this photo. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. $100 will also be awarded to the photographer, amateur or professional, whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. (Black and white photos are preferred. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.) Send entries to Photo Contest, SatEvePost Editorial Offices, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by June 30, 1980.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Mrs. Ed Pospischil of South Beloit, Illinois, for the winning entry in our April photo caption contest.

These two fellows, quite obviously,
Are both crossing hind legs at the knee;
While the little sedan
Goes as fast as it can,
As they desperately search for a tree!

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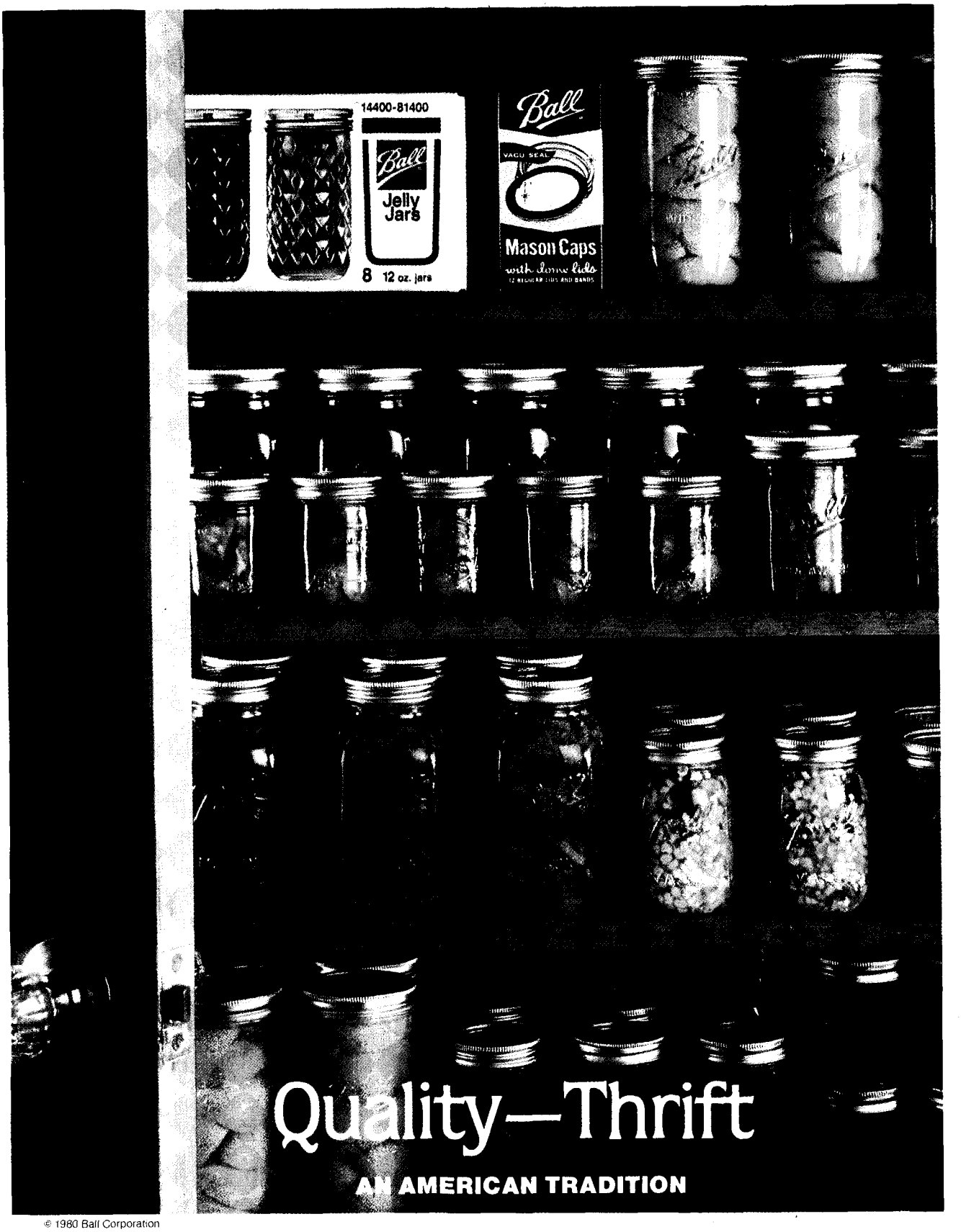

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Gene Kelly

continued from page 57

revocably changed the face of the musical film and infused it with an exuberance it rarely achieves."

The steps achieve a remarkable blend of grace and power, of force and flow.

"All the dances I saw when I was growing up were done by rich people," Gene recalls. "There was a sheen and a gloss to the art, something rich and costly about it. But I never subscribed to that. I belonged to the sweatshirt generation and wanted to make the dance, in costume and movement, akin to the world we were living in. My dancing was based on what I thought was the spirit of the common man—the American proletariat, if you will. I wanted to dance sailors, fighters, steel workers and truck drivers."

Which he did. Kelly's characters are everyday people who find something in their existences worth savoring. They go down, but never out. We see them working, struggling and enduring.

Xanadu is Kelly's first motion picture performance in six years. His absence from the screen came about with the death of his second wife, Jeannie, of leukemia in 1973, leaving Gene with two young children to raise alone as a single parent at the age of 62. (An older daughter, Kerry, by Gene's first wife, Betsy Blair, had already grown up and left home.) And, like the trouper he is, he accepted the role with firm resolve and played it out to its fullest.

"It was a tremendous sense of loss, of emptiness," he remembers softly. "But I think having the children really helped me. We got through it together because we knew that as bad as things were, they *would* get better."

In those years, Kelly's sole criterion for accepting a part was that he had to be home by six p.m.—in time to eat dinner with his kids. There would be no television in the Kelly household until all the homework was done. Gene refused to allow Timmy and Bridget to become aimless tube watchers. He encouraged them to read and be active.

"Bridget and Timmy are growing up. So now I can take on a somewhat more protracted project like *Xanadu*, whereas before I wouldn't involve myself in anything other than a few days of television work. But I still won't go back to Broadway or accept work on a picture anywhere that means the family will have to be broken up."

Kelly was born into a close-knit family himself in Pittsburgh in 1912. His father, a sales executive for the Columbia Gramophone Company, was a physically active man who encouraged all five of his children to take up sports. But Gene, who was the middle child, found himself at a disadvantage because of his size.

"Because I was so small, I felt that I always had to prove myself, and the best way to do this was with my fists," he recalls, smiling, with dukes up. "I wasn't going to be pushed around by anyone. Especially not by the older guys with whom I played football and whose standards I tried to emulate. Looking back now, I realize I must have annoyed them intensely with my insistence that I was just as good as they were. But I had this obsession to prove to them I was."

And Gene's situation was not eased any by the fact that his mother insisted that he take dancing lessons at the age of eight. In a hardnosed section of industrial Pittsburgh, open minds did not abound. So he ultimately convinced his mother to allow him to devote his time fully to sports, only to end up returning to dancing in high school and continuing it through college by his own choice. He learned, to his own surprise (and perhaps chagrin), that he was far better on the stage than he was on the playing field.

After graduation from the University of Pittsburgh in 1933 and an aborted attempt at law school, Gene returned home to further develop the dancing school he had started with his mother and brother two years earlier. It was not long before he gained a reputation as a superb dancer and superior instructor. Gene Kelly's Studio of the Dance was on its way.

And so was Gene—to Broadway in 1938. He started small—bit parts and walk-ons in moderately successful plays. But within three years he had won the much-sought-after starring roles in *The Time of Your Life* and *Pal Joey*.

The rest of the Kelly career is history. He has been star, director, producer, choreographer, writer.

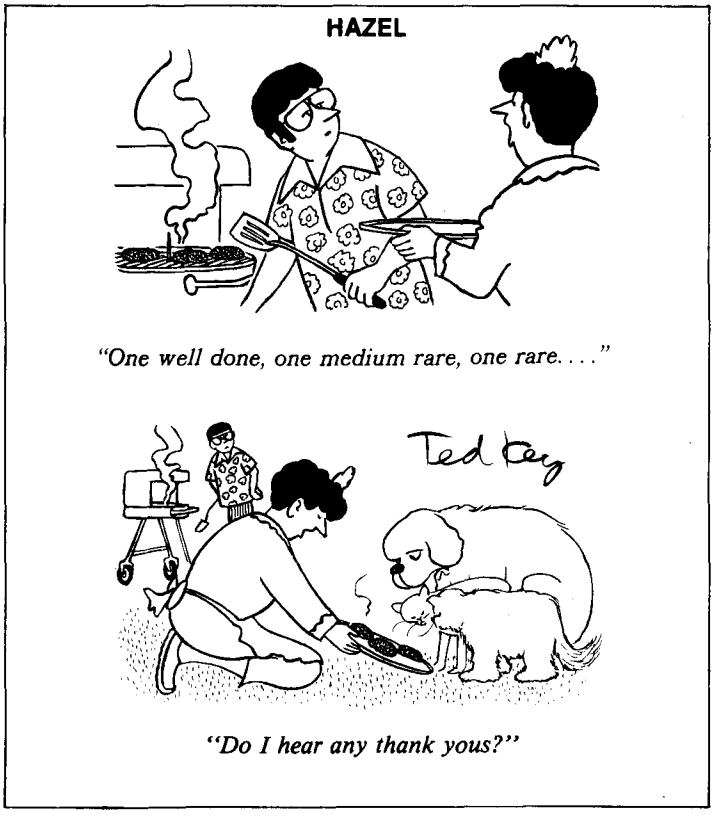
And what does Gene think of the latest dance fads—disco, for example?

"Today's dancing isn't nearly as disciplined as it used to be. But it's good and it's satisfying and it's what the youth want. They're having fun doing it, which is the most important thing. Choreographically, though, the problem is that it all looks a lot the same. I've had a rule since I was a young man that I don't believe I've ever discussed with anyone before. I don't think steps in a dance routine should be the same for both boys and girls. Steps made for a woman should be steps made for a woman and steps made for a man should be steps made for a man. There's something missing from a dance when its moves are interchangeable. I've seen choreographers make that mistake for years. But it's more common today."

He pauses.

"The style of dancing I did originated with me. It's my own. I hadn't seen it before and I haven't seen it since. Now, that doesn't mean that everybody prefers my style of dance, which is wide open bravura, or that it's the best. But no one, at least, can say that it isn't my own creation. Whether it's good or bad is not for me to say. But it's mine. No one can ever take it away from me."

And no one would try. That style, that verve, that originality—they're all part of the Kelly magic.



"One well done, one medium rare, one rare. . . ."

"Do I hear any thank yous?"

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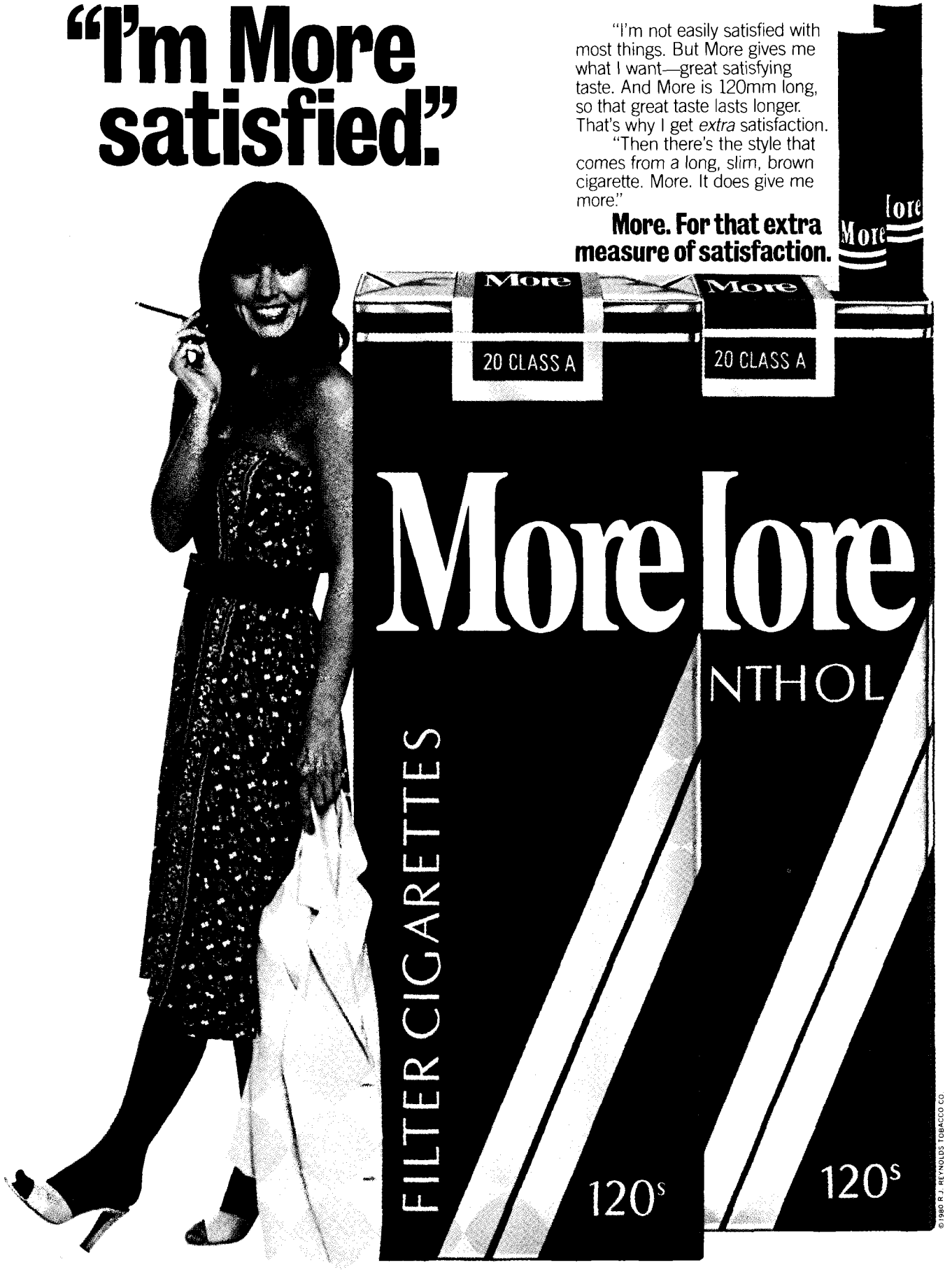

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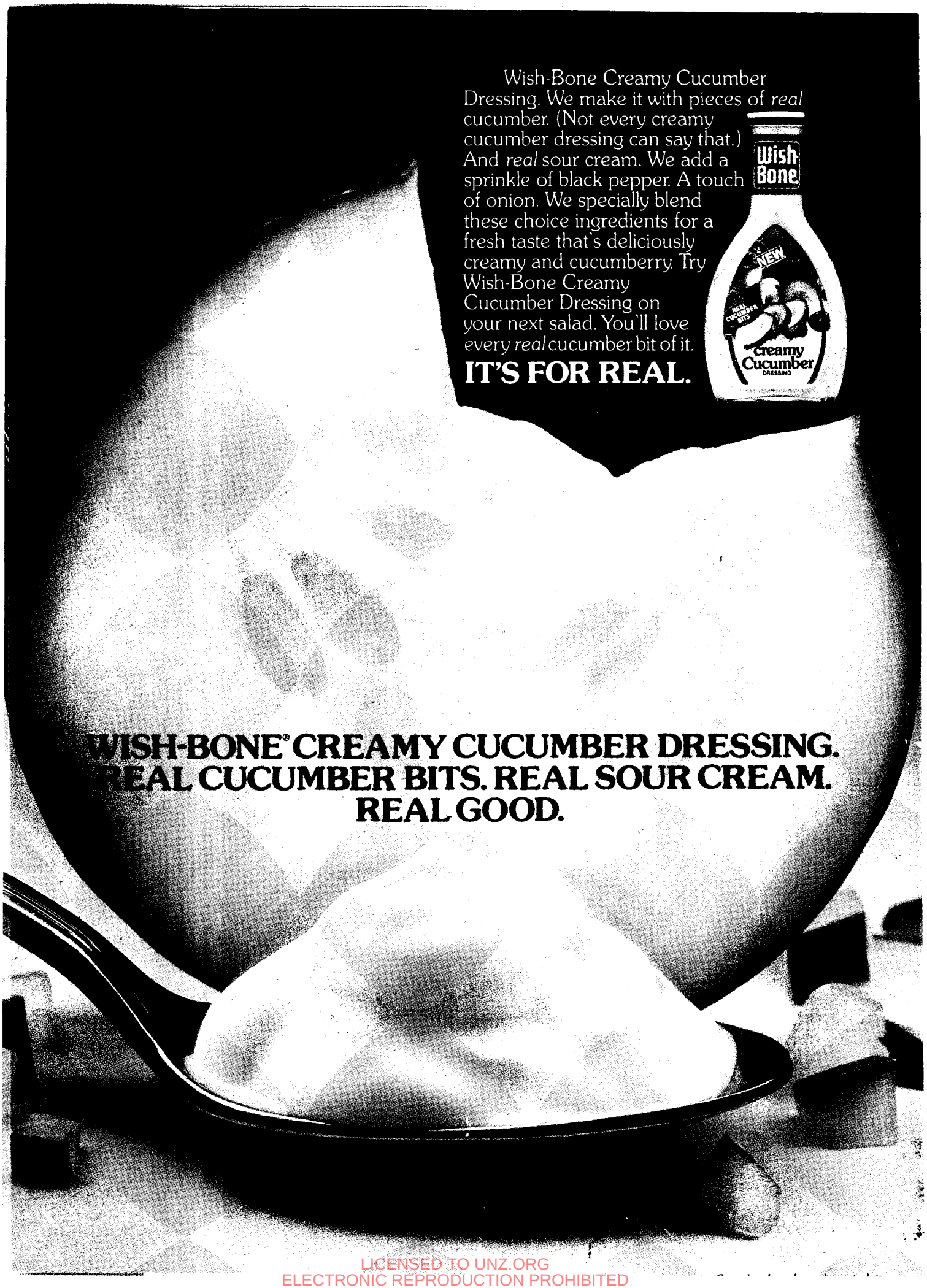
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